

TRUE STORY OF A STUNT GIRL

Silver Screen

July

10c

9 1938



Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn
in a scene from their latest picture.

ARE SCREEN SIRENS GOING TOP HAT?



If there was hope for Harriet, there must be hope for you

Let's look into Harriet's life a moment. She came to the city and a fair position from a small up-state town. No beauty, she was nevertheless intelligent, full of vivacity, and above the run-of-the-mill in good looks. What happened to her?

The girls at the office were cordial enough at first. Later, their attitude changed. They seldom asked her to lunch, so she usually lunched alone.

"Just a bunch of cats," THOUGHT HARRIET

Men usually found her interesting, yet seldom invited her out. Most of her evenings were spent at home by the radio or at the movies—alone.

"I wish some man were here beside me," SHE SAID



Seeing others of her own age enjoying themselves, she was at a loss to understand why her own life was so empty, so flat. Finally, it

began to get her. She wanted friends . . . attention . . . later, a husband and children. Yet she was haunted by a vision of herself as an old maid, friendless and lonely.

"Am I going to be one of these?" SHE ASKED HERSELF



Then one day her bored eyes came across an advertisement dealing with halitosis (bad breath) and the success of Listerine in arresting it. She could not get the advertisement out of her mind; it haunted her.

"Maybe that's my trouble," SHE SAID

Fortunately, she had hit upon the exact truth—which no one else had dared to tell her. Now she sensed a reason for the coolness with which others treated her. She made up her mind to begin using Listerine Antiseptic.

"I'll see what happens," SHE MUSED

Well, things did happen. She began to go out more . . . faced the world with new assurance

. . . made new friends. And men looked at her with new interest and began to ask:

"MAY I CALL YOU UP?"



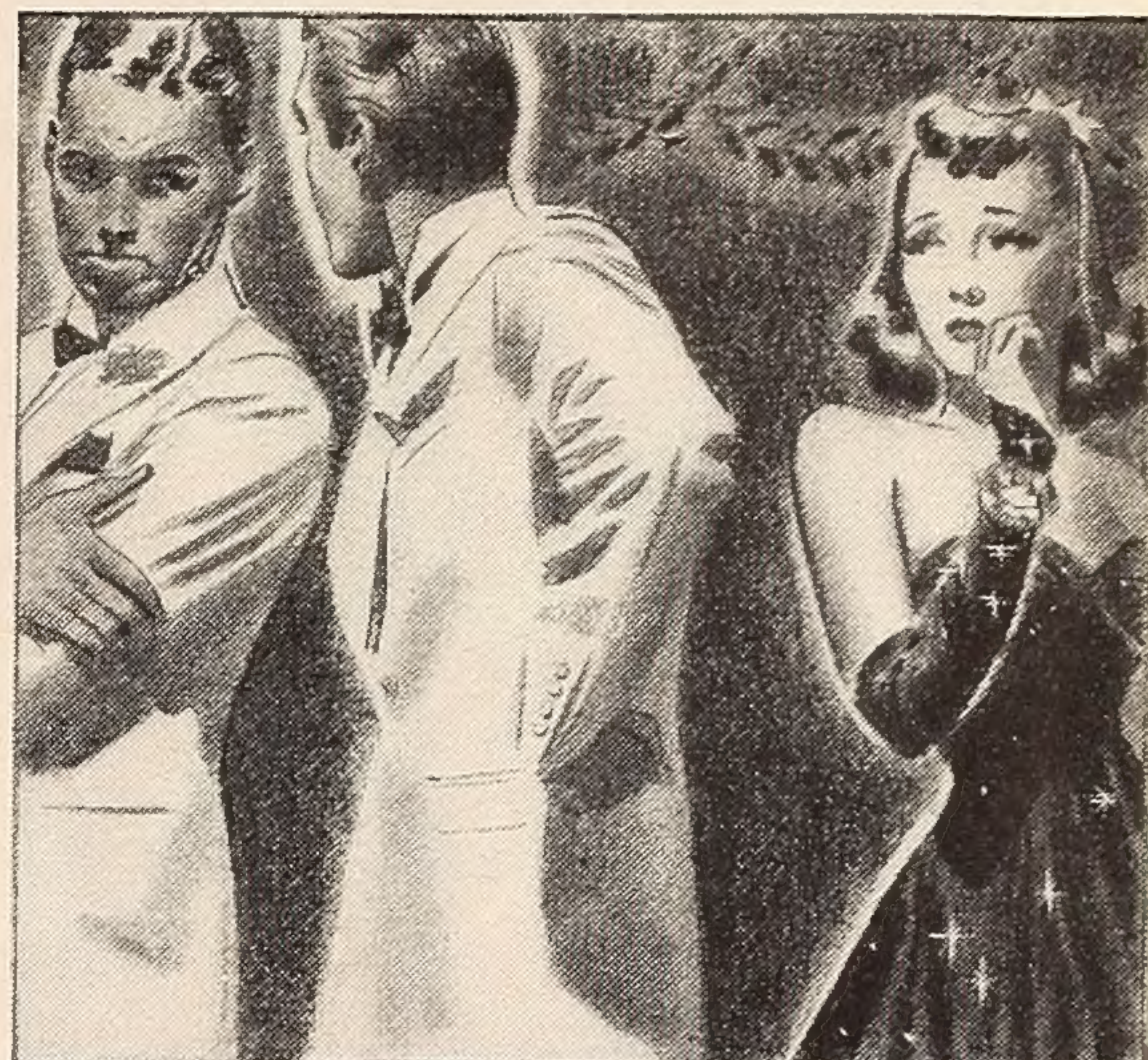
In less than a year, the empty little engagement book her father had given her began to bulge with "dates." Life began to be the romantic, exciting thing she had hoped it would be. Each day was a new adventure.

A HINT FOR YOU . . . AND YOU . . . AND YOU

Don't assume that you never have halitosis (bad breath). Everyone offends at some time or other. The delightful way to make the breath sweeter and purer is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic especially before business and social engagements. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation, a major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Nothing but Listerine can give your mouth that priceless feeling of freshness. Ask for Listerine and see that you get it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

ANN TOOK A CHANCE ON A BATH ALONE



JOAN PLAYED SAFE WITH A BATH PLUS MUM



Underarms need special care that a bath alone can't give!

CLEVER JOAN. Popular Joan! No matter how warm the evening—or how late the dance, Joan always has partners galore. Joan dances *every* dance.

For she never takes chances with underarm odor—the one fault above all others men can't stand. She realizes that a bath takes care only of *past* perspiration—that it can't prevent odor *to come*. So Joan never trusts her bath *alone*.

She follows her bath with Mum—to be *sure* she's safe from underarm odor. Mum makes the freshness of your bath

last all evening long. Don't risk the loss of daintiness, don't spoil your charm for others. Always use Mum, every single day and after every bath!

MUM IS QUICK! Just one-half minute is all Mum takes to apply.

MUM IS SAFE! Even the most delicate skin finds Mum soothing. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening.

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM—Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

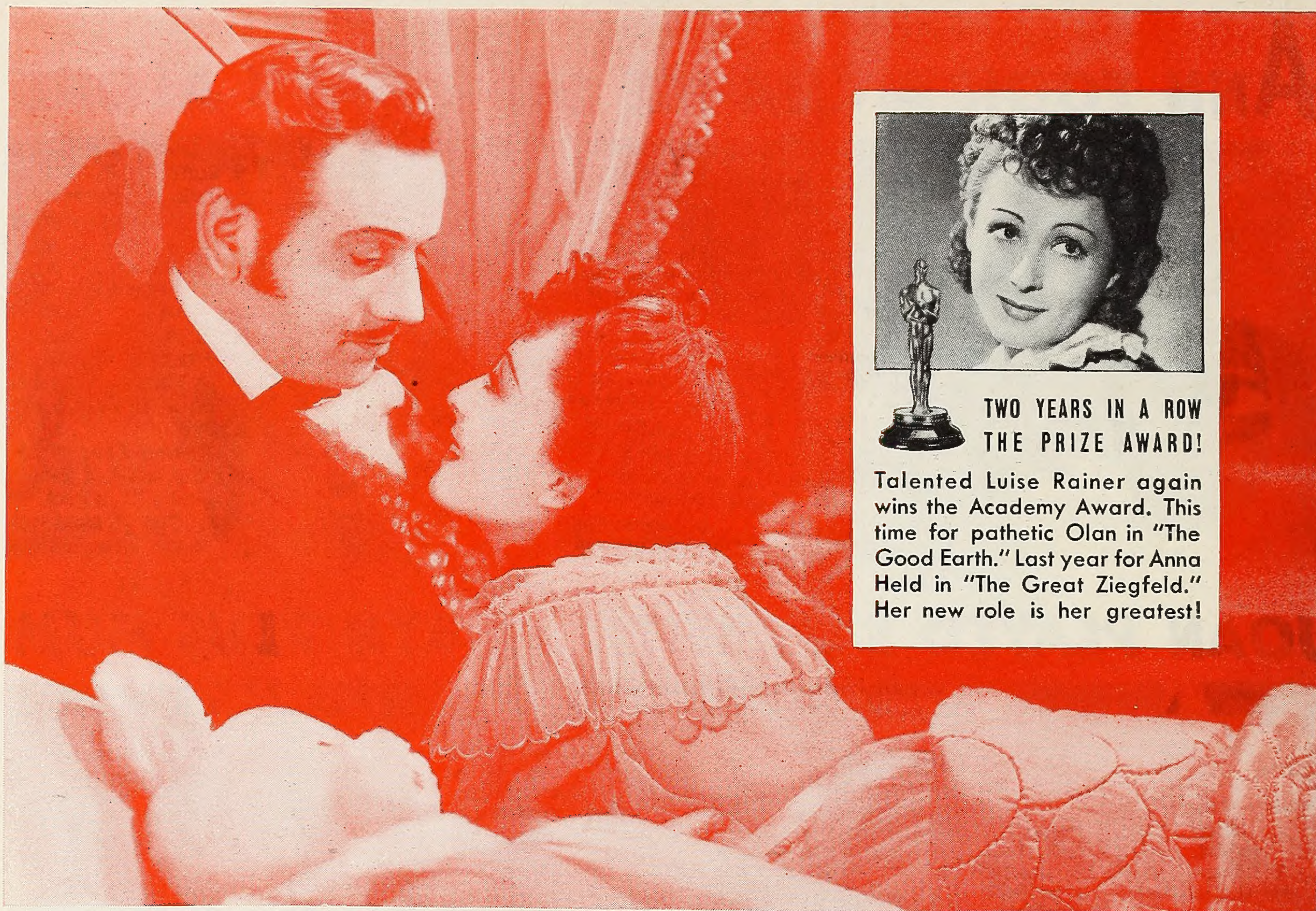


So easy to use Mum!

As simple as applying a touch of face cream. And—proof of Mum's gentleness—more nurses use Mum than any other deodorant. They know underarms need special care!

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration



**TWO YEARS IN A ROW
THE PRIZE AWARD!**

Talented Luise Rainer again wins the Academy Award. This time for pathetic Olan in "The Good Earth." Last year for Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her new role is her greatest!

Luise Rainer as **"THE TOY WIFE"**

...who has youth and beauty and all the world to gamble it in... "life slips too hurriedly by, so sip the cup of frivolity and danger while you may"... you will watch with beating heart this sensational drama of New Orleans' gayest, maddest era in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's glamorous production. In the cast also: MELVYN DOUGLAS, ROBERT YOUNG, Barbara O'Neil, H. B. Warner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Screen Play by Zoe Akins.



REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

JULY, 1938

VOLUME EIGHT
NUMBER NINE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
EditorELIZABETH WILSON
Western EditorLENORE SAMUELS
Assistant EditorFRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

PAGE

FLASHSHOTS	JEROME ZERBE	16
TITAH-MA-TITAH-OR STRICTLY SLUGOLA!.....	RUTH ARELL	18
A SALESGIRL LOOKS AT THE STARS.....	ANONYMOUS	20
NO GLAMOUR, PLEASE!.....	CYRIL VANDOUR	23
WHY CHANGE YOUR MAN?.....	RUTH RANKIN	24
ARE SCREEN SIRENS GOING TOP HAT?.....	HOWARD BARNES	26
THE FAN LAW	ED SULLIVAN	28
TRUE STORY OF A STUNT GIRL.....	As told to ED CHURCHILL	30
PARTNERS TO RENT	LEON SURMELIAN	32
AND HE ENJOYS IT.....	DENA REED	34
STABLE BOY BLUES.....	DAVID MANUEL	51
LUCKY NAMES	GORDON R. SILVER	54
PROJECTION OF CHARLES BOYER.....	ELIZABETH WILSON	56

MONTHLY FEATURES

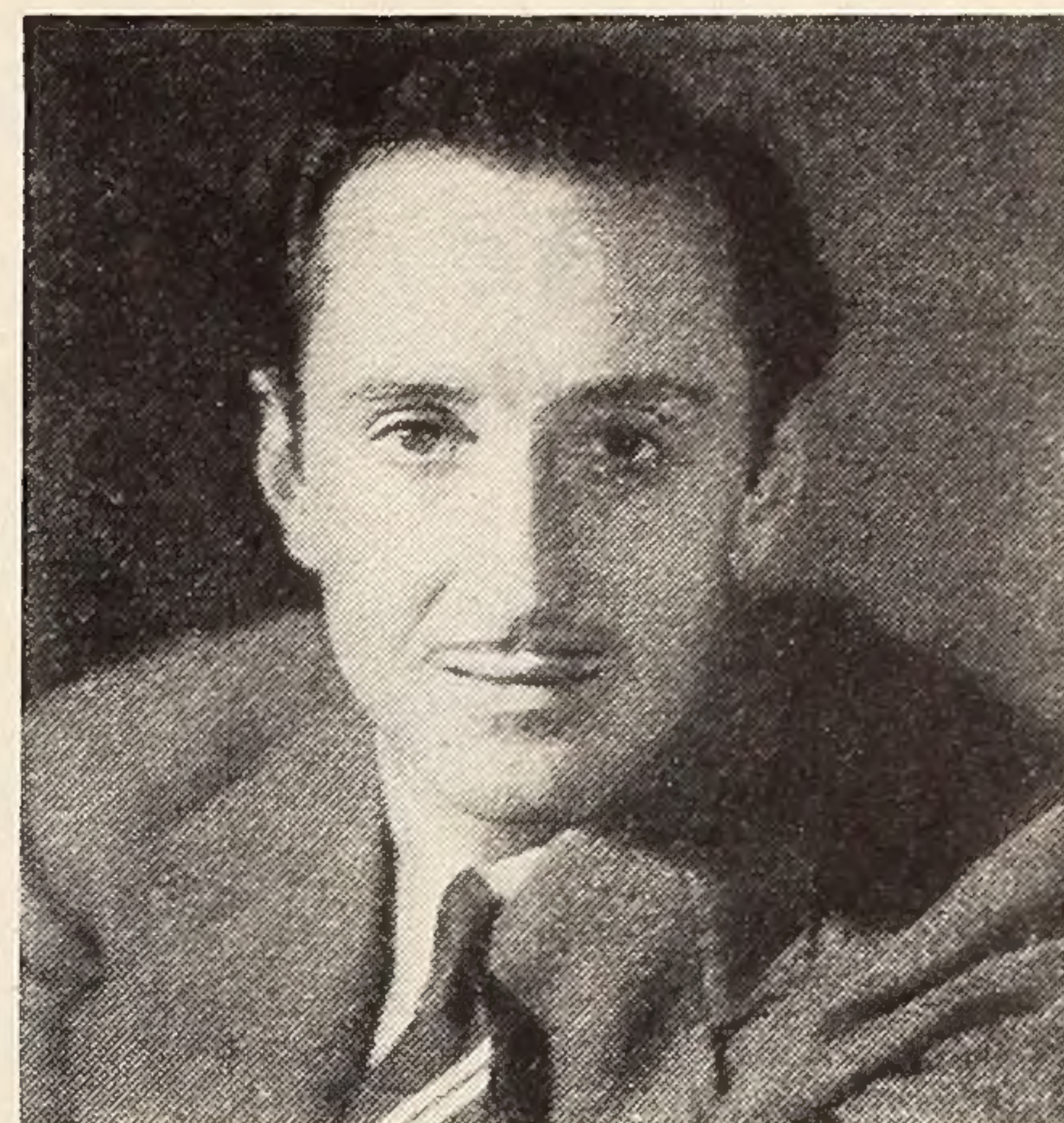
THE OPENING CHORUS.....	5
TIPS ON PICTURES.....	8
BUDGETING YOUR BEAUTY.....	Mary Lee 10
HOW ABOUT A PICNIC?.....	Ruth Corbin 12
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS	15
REVIEWS OF PICTURES.....	59
PICTURES ON THE FIRE.....	S. R. Mook 62
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....	Charlotte Herbert 82
THE FINAL FLING.....	82

ART SECTION

WE POINT WITH PRIDE.....	35
LAZY SUMMER DAYS	36-39
FASHION TIPS FROM HOLLYWOOD.....	40-43
NEW FILMS THAT ARE READY ON THE REELS.....	44-45
MOVIE-ETTES	46-49
SHOOTING STARS	50

COVER PORTRAIT OF OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND BY MARLAND STONE

The Opening Chorus



Basil Rathbone

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

Remember all those nasty things I said about Basil Rathbone in a recent letter? Well, I've got to eat my words, every one of them, and without Hollandaise sauce too. I received the following letter from Basil (oh yes it's Basil and Liza now, so cozy-like) and I accepted the tea invitation and I haven't met such mad, merry delightful people ever. Basil can point all he wants to and Ouida can wear Marie Antoinette's hairdress in front of me at previews and I'll just think it's all very cute. Doesn't it make a lot of difference when you like people!

Dear Liza:

But not Liza the Louse! No, no. Far more appropriate would be Liza the Logical. It's logical and right that you should object to a "finger pointer," but oh dear, oh dear, it's sad that this habit should have caught up with me again. Years ago I was practically thrown out of England for being a "finger pointer." You know how the English dislike any form of individual enthusiasm. (It's considered bad manners over there.) Well, my enthusiasm used to take the form of finger pointing.

So, being unable to cure myself of enthusiasm, I remained a "finger pointer" and left for more democratic shores where one could point at anything with boundless enthusiasm and not get into trouble. So you've just got to forgive me, Liza, because it's logical to be enthusiastic about Bette Davis in anything she does and, as you now must understand, I just can't help pointing under such circumstances.

About Ouida's hat, I am really sorry. (Just between you and me, it *was* a hat! Wasn't it?) The only reason, I presume, that she kept it on all through the show was because if she had ever taken it off and had had to put it on again at the end of the show, in all our enthusiasm, she might have stuck it on back to front. And imagine Ouida at a preview, walking out of the theatre with those feathers bobbing up and down over one eye, making her look like Maugham's "Liza of Lambeth."

Anyhow, please do come and have tea with us one day and let us tell you all about the preview of "Jezebel" which our concerted efforts prevented you from seeing.

Sincerely,

Basil.

Isn't he too, too wonderful!

Liza

WHY ACTRESSES USE A HOSPITAL-PROVED CLEANSING CREAM!

Go into the most famous dressing-rooms of Broadway and Hollywood . . . how often you'll see Albolene Solid used for removing make-up!

Actresses know they can trust Albolene Solid . . . because it's so pure and efficient that many hospitals have used it for over 20 years!



You'll be simply amazed to see how Albolene spreads and penetrates. Made of pure, bland, delicate oils . . . it dissolves readily . . . quickly loosens dirt. Albolene contains no gummy substances—it leaves your pores clean, your skin soft and silky.



ECONOMICAL!

What finer cleanser could you ask than one used *both* by leading hospitals and actresses? Get Albolene Solid now. Professional pound tin only \$1. Big jar, only 50¢.

ALBOLENE SOLID CLEANSING CREAM



20 FINE PHOTOGRAPHS

of popular movie stars, positively best poses, post card size.

Price only \$1.00.

Another series of 20 different poses will be published in a few months. This is a real treat for star photo collectors. Send \$1.00 with your order to

BROADWAY POST CARD CO.
1472 Broadway, New York.

WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

For Immediate Consideration . . . Send Poems to COLUMBIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD., Dept. 13, Toronto, Can.

•NEVER A HUNGRY MOMENT•

HOW AMAZING NEW
EXTERNAL REDUCER

**MAKES YOU
LOSE FAT!**

SAFELY • EASILY • QUICKLY • Or No Cost

NO LIQUID, PILLS, OR LAXATIVES TO TAKE. NO
DIETING • NO EXERCISING • LOSE POUNDS & INCHES

If you're too fat, not due to gland trouble—if dieting is a hardship and you fear drugs—just eat 3 square meals daily and rub on delightful Dr. Laun's Stimulating and Reducing BALM. Pay nothing if reducible pounds and inches of excess fat doesn't melt away almost like magic from neck, double chin, arms, bust, abdomen, hips, calves, ankles and feet. You are the judge. If the first 10 days treatment doesn't show the way to lose bulky weight, regain slender, fashionable youthful curves, gain in health and vigor, **without one minute's discomfort**, return the empty treatment for full refund.

SEND NO MONEY—TEST AT OUR RISK



Write today for the 10-day treatment of Dr. Laun's Reducing and Stimulating BALM. Deposit \$1.00 plus postage with postman when it arrives. Money refund **GUARANTEED** on return of empty treatment. If you're not delighted with results in 10 days. Send remittance with order and we pay postage. Don't delay. Test this new easy way to reduce at our risk.

Dr. Laun Sales Co., Dep. 5-SC, 207 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

How Do You Like Our New Cover?

For The First Time—
A Painted Cover
Portrait Of A
Movie Star Ar-
ranged With A
Photographic Back-
ground.



HERE is something new in a field that has had few enough new ideas. The portrait of a well-liked star, in full color, has always seemed the best cover for SILVER SCREEN. And here is where the new idea comes in. The cover portrait is still there (and Olivia de Havilland's face is lovely enough for any magazine) but, in addition, there is the black and white photograph of a scene from her next picture, "Four's A Crowd," in which she plays with Errol Flynn.

It is Olivia's screen appearance with which we are familiar, and to see her in a still recalls poignantly her screen charm. Because of the photograph of the scene in this new film we think that you will enjoy her portrait the more. This thought is based upon the *reality* of the photograph which is in such striking contrast to the full color portrait.

When you look upon a sculptured figure mounted on a pedestal against a background of nature, you have a feeling that the beauty of trees and sky contribute to the perfection of the sculptor's work. We hope that Olivia's portrait will gain in reality by the contrast with the photograph even as the color is made more striking by the black and white of the scene still.

SILVER SCREEN is a pioneering magazine at heart, and this cover, with its many novel and appealing qualities, is new. There are a number of reasons why we like the cover and we hope you feel the same way. As we have mentioned, the cover gives us Olivia's screen personality (not only the actress off stage), and it is the screen personality that we know and like. Then there is the news angle. Covers usually are just beautiful, but SILVER SCREEN's happy combination cover gives you a portrait of the charming actress, and screen news as well, by the reproduction of an actual situation in her next film.

The next cover will be a portrait in color and again there will be included a scene still, with action and atmosphere. Our new idea will give a boost to good movies, to the fame of some capable actresses and will perhaps even add to our circle of readers.

We should be delighted to hear from you, particularly if you write down some of the ideas and criticisms that pop into your mind—they are so helpful. After all, although we are living on a one way street,

and although thousands of copies go out in the mail, there is a mail coming this way, too. Write us, anyhow. How do we know what you like unless you write us a letter? So please dash off your opinion of the new cover for our benefit.

And speaking of letters, here are excerpts from two letters we received from the vivacious Olivia who is in England as we are going to press:

"The Normandie is overpoweringly magnificent—the luxuriousness of this extraordinary vessel is positively bewildering. It is a large palace of cafe-au-lait marble, gold lacquer, green metal and masses of murals.

"It is all very gorgeous and slightly discomfiting—I feel most at home on the boat deck, which is always deserted and which has a perfectly plain, simple wholesome unaffected wooden floor, salt sea air and a glorious, churning, frothy blue sea to look at.

"One rarely hears English spoken—and listening to French all day long is almost an education.

"Mother has been gathering herself for her first French sentence—she is suffering from stage-fright but one of these days out it will come. I have ordered a bottle of champagne to smash over her head when the moment arrives and the sentence is born."

* * * *

"The High Cliff Hotel, in Lyme Regis, Dorset, where we are stopping, is an old Georgian house which unfortunately has been modernized. Still beautiful, however, are the long curved windows, and the high molded ceilings of the oval rooms. The house is situated on a hill and one looks over the lawn, through pines and shrubbery, to the wide blue sea shining far below. There is a hidden garden bordered by apple trees in full bloom. And there is a look-out, too, where I sit and try vainly to put on a sketch pad the green fields rolling down to white cliffs and the sea.

"As you may have guessed, visually I am enjoying England enormously—at least the rural aspect which is the only one with which at present I am acquainted."

* * * *

Wait until Olivia sees our new cover! Do you think she'll like it?

Do you?

HERE THEY COME ON A MILLION DOLLAR SPREE TO WAKE AND MAKE AND TAKE PAREE!

Those gorgeous "Gold Digger" lovelies have taken America twice! Now see what they do to 50 million Frenchmen!



"GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS"



HEAR... for the first time on the screen—
The SCHNICKELFRITZ BAND

& 4 Brilliant Song Hits
"Day Dreaming" • "A Stranger
in Paris" • "The Latin Quarter"
"I Wanna Go Back to Bali"



Starring

RUDY VALLEE

ROSEMARY LANE • HUGH HERBERT

ALLEN JENKINS • GLORIA DICKSON

MELVILLE COOPER • MABEL TODD • FRITZ FELD

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT • Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and

Warren Duff • Story by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, Maurice Leo

From an Idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour • Music and Lyrics

by Harry Warren and Al Dubin • A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

SILVER SCREEN



WILL YOU HAVE CURLS in the morning? Yes, if they are set with Nestle Superset! This wave-lotion keeps your hair beautifully curled and perfectly in place for days.



ALL SET TO GO PLACES, with your hair always well-groomed. You can depend on Superset, the long-lasting, quick-drying wave-set that is never sticky or flaky.

Superset is the superior wave-set lotion that smart women prefer. It moulds the hair in smooth waves and curls; dries in record time; leaves the hair soft and clean. There is no greasy or flaky deposit. Superset waves last longer, too -- your hair is always at its best.

Choose either kind of Superset -- the regular (green) or the new No. 2 (transparent and extra fast-drying). Get the large bottle with the comb-dip neck at all 10-cent stores. 10c Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Nestle SUPERSET
WAVING LOTION

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
J. CHAS. McNEIL
BACHELOR OF MUSIC
4153-V South Van Ness Los Angeles, Calif.



after every bath

use **Hush**
and be Sure

Your bath is only half of keeping fresh and sweet. To complete your toilette get the HUSH Habit. You'll stay "bath-fresh" for hours longer. Wise girls find uses for all 3 convenient types.

CREAM—Pure, soothing to skin, harmless to dress fabrics.

LIQUID—Instant, protects 24 hours. Regular, for 1 to 3 days.

POWDER—Ideal for Sanitary Napkins. Keeps feet and shoes fresh.



25c 50c—10c size at 10c counters

Tips On Pictures



A scene from "Blind Alibi," with Richard Dix and Whitney Bourne.

BATTLE OF BROADWAY—So-so. Another Captain Flagg-Sergeant Quirt comedy. These old "pals" are brought together again during the American Legion Convention in New York and their battle, this trip, is over Louise (Gypsy Rose Lee) Hovick. It's a bit on the dull side. You can take it or leave it. I'd leave it.

BLIND ALIBI—Good. Richard Dix, one of our favorites who has been too long absent from the screen, returns in this tale of a man who, in order to squelch a blackmail plot lined up against his sister, pretends to be blind. This subterfuge engages the sympathy of all those from whom he requires helpful assistance. (Whitney Bourne, Ed. Cianelli).

COLLEGE SWING—So-so. One of those incomprehensible musical revues that leaves you somewhat baffled as to the sanity of all concerned, but which will probably amuse some of you if you're in a forgiving mood. Yes, there's a plot, too. Maybe you can figure it out; I couldn't bother. Cast includes Gracie Allen, George Burns, Ed. Ev. Horton, Ben Blue, Martha Raye.

CRIME SCHOOL—Excellent. A thoroughly engrossing story is woven around an unfortunate group of East Side hoodlums who are sent to the state reformatory. Their gradual regeneration when a humanitarian is given charge of this school is a fascinating thing to watch. Those marvelous "Dead End" boys are all here and prove themselves remarkably fine actors. (Humphrey Bogart-Gale Page).

FIGHT FOR PEACE, THE—Excellent. A compilation, for the most part, of newsreel shots that cover the highlights of world history for the past 25 years. Henrik Willem Van Loon, the famous writer and historian, is responsible for it and we owe him a debt of gratitude, for it is the greatest documentary evidence against Fascism yet compiled to reach the great masses in film form.

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS—Fine. Another eye-filling musical, lavishly produced according to the best Warner Brothers' traditions, with the setting in Paris for a change. Cast includes Rudy Vallee, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Rosemary Lane, Gloria Dickson. There are some excellent songs and beaucoup laughter.

GOODBYE BROADWAY—Good. Having to do with a couple of vaudevillians, Pat and Molly Malloy, who, when their act becomes aenemic, buy up a large suburban hotel and proceed to offer shelter to fellow-vaudevillians. It's really "The Shannons of Broadway" brought up to streamline requirements, with Alice Brady, Chas. Winninger, Tom Brown and Dorothea Kent.

HUNTED MEN—Fine. A story of the regeneration of a gun-man, that will "get" you. Lloyd Nolan, after killing a man, hides out with a wholesome middle-class family whose respect for law and order generally switches his entire way of thinking. (Mary Carlisle, Johnny Downs, Dorothy Peterson).

LITTLE MISS ROUGHNECK—Good. Now we have another child actress, Edith Fellows, featured in competition with Jane Withers and Shirley Temple, in an entertaining little film concerning a child star who runs away from Hollywood and seeks refuge with a Mexican miner (Leo Carrillo). Edith can best be remembered for her "bad-tempered brat" role in "She Married Her Boss."

MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS—Amusing. Faith Baldwin's the author of this lively opus about the inadvisability of men, women, marriage and busi-

ness getting all tangled up together. The two men in the case are Wayne Morris and Humphrey Bogart, and the gal who tries to handle both is Priscilla Wayne.

MOONLIGHT SONATA—Interesting. This was filmed in England, and, although the romance is trite and overly sentimental, it is well worth seeing because of the fact that it will introduce to a number of fans the great Ignace Paderewski, the composer-pianist who not only plays his own Minuet, but also, and magnificently, a Chopin concerto in its entirety, as well as the 2nd Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt and the Moonlight Sonata. (Marie Tempest, Charles Farrell).

ONE WILD NIGHT—So-so. This will be acceptable only as the second half of a dual bill. June Lang plays the society editor of a suburban newspaper, who, when she happens upon a mystery, drives her editor mad until it is solved. Mixed up in the crime detecting are Lyle Talbot, Sidney Toler and Dick Baldwin.

PEARLS OF THE CROWN—Excellent. A French made film that is fascinating; that is, if you don't mind having the dialogue spoken in three languages, French, Italian and English (with interpolated English captions throughout). It is a comic-tragedy that traces the history of the pearls in the English crown down through several centuries, and is exquisitely told and capably acted. (Sacha Guitry, Cecile Sorel, Jacqueline Delubac-Lyn Harding).

PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—Fine. This is really one of the few charming films to emanate from Hollywood during the past month. It is not exciting, nor screwy, nor melodramatic. It is just the gentle tale of a few simple folk living happily enough in the seaport town of Marseilles, until tragedy catches them up suddenly. The dénouement is as interesting as it is unexpected. (Maureen O'Sullivan, Wallace Beery, Frank Morgan, John Beal).

PRISON NURSE—Good. This is an interesting, although somewhat harrowing story of a flood that batters at the walls of a prison leaving the dreaded typhoid in its wake. A convict doctor, imprisoned because of a mercy killing, is finally inveigled into donating his services towards aiding the helpless levee gangs. There's romance, melodrama and—a happy ending! (Henry Wilcoxon, Marian Marsh, John Arledge).

RASCALS—Good. Jane Withers plays the leader of a band of gypsy rovers, comprising, among others, Borrah Minnevit and his harmonica players. The romance is furnished by a beautiful heiress (Rochelle Hudson) who has lost her memory and who becomes the gypsies' fortune teller. The plot's not much, but Jane always provides plenty of activity and entertainment.

RELIGIOUS RACKETEER—Good. An expose of the pseudo-supernatural "medium racket" as practiced all over the country. The producer, Fanchon Royer, requisitioned the services of the great Houdini's wife, and the latter also acts in the film along with such old favorites as Betty Compson, Robert Fraser, etc.

THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN—Fine. Screwball comedy that you can rely upon. Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas this time play the parts of the harum-scarum married couple whose antics have you "rolling in the aisles" as they call it. (Mary Astor, Frances Drake).



FROM STAGE HIT

TO SCREEN SENSATION in a blaze of glorious romance and heart-lighting laughter! . . . The play that pierced the armor of New York . . . screened in all the punch and drama and excitement that kept it running month after month on Broadway! . . . Get your hoped-for thrills from the screen this summer . . . in the vacation-camp romance that piles up all the adventures you've ever dreamed for yourself in new places among strange faces! . . . **DON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU AWAY!**



GINGER ROGERS AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

Having Wonderful Time

WITH

**PEGGY CONKLIN · LUCILLE BALL · LEE BOWMAN
RICHARD (RED) SKELTON · ANN MILLER · DONALD MEEK**

A PANDRO S. BERMAN Production · Directed by ALFRED SANTELL

Screen play by
ARTHUR KOBER
Adapted from his
New York Stage suc-
cess as produced by
MARC CONNELLY



SILVER SCREEN



I notice the girls with lovely eyes are using Wink Mascara!

Says
VIRGINIA JUDD,
Recently voted the most beautiful model in America.

Thousands of women every day are changing to this better mascara... because WINX is *different*! It has a *finer texture*...clings closer...seems to be *part of your lashes*. Makes lashes dark, luxuriant, silky... accents the star-like beauty of your eyes in a more *natural* way. Try WINX today!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Get WINX mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil—in the GREEN PACKAGES—at all drug, department and ten-cent stores

Change to **WINX**
the Finer Quality
M A S C A R A

LOSE FAT
Controllable

OHIO NURSE
Lost 47 Lbs.
...tells how!

● Would you like to get rid of controllable fat quickly? Then do something about it! You are possibly one of those many overweight people who are embarrassed and made uncomfortable with unsightly fat. Here is a suggestion: do what thousands of others have done, try the easy way to lose this fat, like Mrs. Gladysse Ryer, Registered Nurse, of Dayton, Ohio. She writes: "I had been overweight for 13 years and was getting heavier. Then I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS and lost 47 lbs.! Results were most satisfactory!" Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Ia., writes: "Lost 34 lbs. Delighted!" Mrs. Porter Tyler of Crandon, Wis., writes: "Reduced 67 lbs., felt better from the start." Miss Dorothy Lawrence of Detroit reports reducing 36 lbs. Violet Haskett, Registered Nurse, San Francisco, writes: "Lost 27 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS—felt fine ever since. Recommend them to my friends." These letters are typical of the many we receive telling of the wonderful success people have with RE-DUCE-OIDS. Why not follow these Nurses' examples, and try RE-DUCE-OIDS, the modern, easy way? Pleasant to take. Millions of genuine RE-DUCE-OIDS have been sold by reliable stores for the past 23 years. Sold by your druggist or department store. (If out—have him phone his wholesaler for RE-DUCE-OIDS—today.) If unable to obtain RE-DUCE-OIDS write American Medicinal Products, Inc., Dept. S387, 746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.



**Read
What
Others
Write**

BUDGETING YOUR BEAUTY

How One Secretary Solved This Problem.

By Mary Lee

ACTUAL stories, or case histories as they are called in professional circles, often answer many of our own problems straight to the point. And because the problem of looking lovely and smart on a budget is a very real one, and because no budget, whatever its size, ever seems quite big enough for all we want to do and want to be, let me tell you one typical story of how a girl managed to be an inspiration in appearance, personality and career.

Kay B. is a secretary, about twenty-two. In coloring, she is a compromise between Janet Gaynor and Jeanette McDonald; in expression, she reminds you of Margaret Sullavan. Without grooming and make-up, Kay would pass in a crowd unnoticed, as would so many of the red-gold hair type.

Kay's good points are: hair that has the richness and beauty of bronze, a clear, colorless skin, that make-up dramatizes to peaches and cream, and a petite, graceful figure. Her negative points are slightly crowded teeth, normal but too light brows and lashes, and a full, irregular mouth. Kay earns the average secretary's salary, contributes generously to her family and has the small balance for her own beauty. How does she do it?

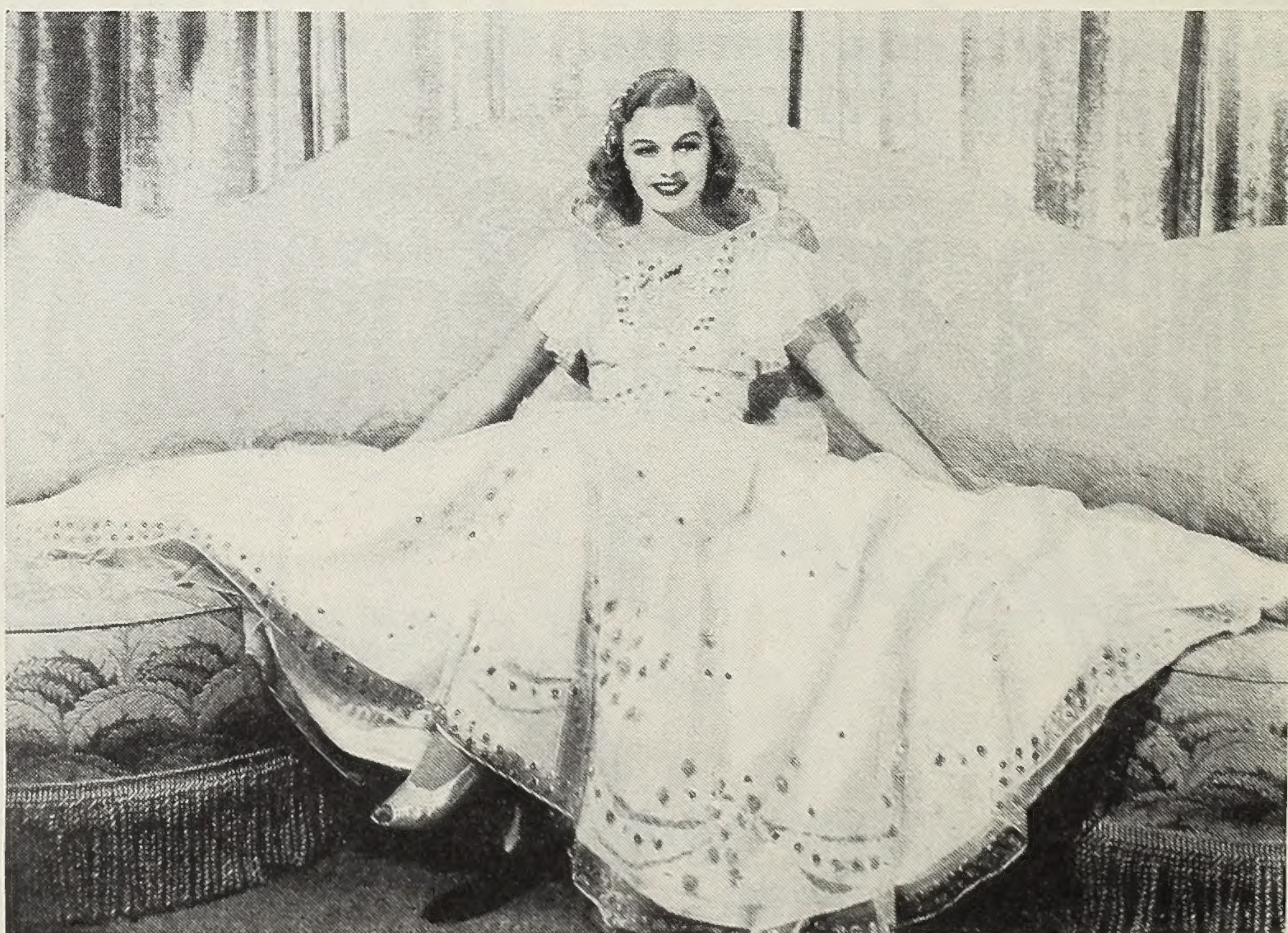
She can't afford weekly visits to the coiffeur, but every now and then she goes to a good one for a trimming and a new arrangement. Fortunately, she has natural curls, and these she keeps in the pink of condition by borrowing a grand hair secret from her brother. She uses his Glover's Medicated Soap for a shampoo, and before every shampoo she gives her scalp a good work-out with his Glover's Sarcopic Mange Medicine. She knows a healthy scalp means beautiful hair, and when a man approves a hair treatment, be sure it works. With all highly colored hair, beauty lies in its

brilliance, sheen and silky texture, and the very reputable Glover's preparations are designed from a medical standpoint to work at the very roots of hair condition—the scalp. If you have any of the usual hair ailments, dry, scaly scalp, lack-lustre hair, too much oil or dryness, these very practical aids should be your answer.

Kay's skin is paper-thin and fine, and so she finds Lady Esther Four Purpose Cream about takes care of that. This is the way she uses it, and the right way. First, an application to remove make-up and dust, then a fresh application that remains on while she is bathing or doing chores. This cream is ideal for general purposes and when removed, leaves skin slightly moist and ready for make-up. Of course she uses soap on her face, too, balancing the cream and soap to meet skin conditions, and when a big date pops up, she applies a Linit Facial Mask. One box of Linit serves a number of purposes for Kay. Instructions are on the box for this quick, economical and highly effective mask, and Linit in the bath is wonderful for body skin, leaving it smooth and silky.

I spoke of Kay's crowded teeth. Still, they are beautiful, so white, so sparkling, and you don't forget her smile. Her cleanser is Forhan's for two good reasons; the beauty of teeth and the health of gums. She knows that if she neglects tooth and gum health, there may be big dentist bills, and besides, she has a little trick of showing some gums when she smiles. When they are pink, firm, they add to the brilliance of a smile; never, if they're dingy and unhealthy looking.

Kay's colorless skin is a perfect canvas for artistic make-up. The Lady Esther Cream serves as sufficient make-up base. She has two make-up color plans—a warm tone when she wears greens, browns, yel-



Margaret Sullavan. Kay is often told that her expression resembles Margaret's—a real compliment.

lows and white; a pinker tone for blues, soft pinks, black and also white. Rouge goes high on her round little cheeks. She uses a cream form and applies it very lightly. She likes Helena Rubinstein's Rouge en Creme and Lipstick in two groups, Red Coral for the warmer tones, Red Strawberry for the pinker tones. Peachbloom is the rouge tone that complements the Red Strawberry Lipstick. Madame Rubinstein's Town and Country Face Powder in Peachbloom gives Kay's skin just that undertone of radiance it needs.

Kay's hazel-brown eyes are round, like Janet's, and so she keeps her brows mildly arched to be in harmony. Had she long, narrow eyes like Kay Francis, the straighter brow would be more becoming. Kurlash Tweezette, the semi-automatic, painless tweezer, does a fine shaping job, and all brows need grooming to a neat line, though that high pencil line is as definitely out as the high, buttoned shoe. If you want to see the amazing difference a real brow makes on a face, compared with that old feathery line, please notice Alice Faye in "In Old Chicago." She's twice as attractive with a fuller brow. Kay accents her brows with Maybelline mascara and eyebrow pencil—both brown.

Girls like Kay, of course, have a serious summer problem in sunburn and freckles. Dorothy Gray's Sunburn Cream is Kay's salvation. She applies it generously on all exposed skin before going out in the sun, wind or glare on an overcast day. She takes her bottle of cream with her, renews it frequently to her skin. This cream is a "must" for sensitive skins in summer. It really works, is fragrant, easy to apply and does not stain or soil clothing. Remember it for the children, too. In case of a touch of burn from over-exposure, Kay finds her Hinds Honey and Almond Cream a splendid skin soother. This is the preparation that keeps her hands lovely, too, throughout the year. A piece of special news, throughout the summer months when you buy the larger size of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, you get with it a gift of a gay bandana, in a choice of five colors to match sports or beach costume!

In the way of other accessories, Kay uses Arrid, a dainty cream deodorant that stops perspiration. It is gentle on skin and clothing, works immediately and is greaseless, stainless and soothing. Revlon Nail Enamel in the Riviera shade adorns this secretary's busy fingertips. The tone is lovely with her skin and all costume colors and the Revlon Enamels have a grand reputation for long wear.

These are just a few of the suggestions culled from one successful girl's personal habits. For Kay is successful. She is successful in her appearance; you like to look at her. Her boss and her office companions think there is no one quite like her for she knows that rare art of being more interested in others than in herself; at least, her self-interest shows in her appearance, rather than in her words, which is a lesson, in itself, for any girl who would be a success. To show sincere interest in others is Popularity Secret No. 1, and I believe you can do it best when you feel that you have done all you can to make yourself reasonably attractive to look at. Then, and only then, can you forget yourself enough to give and respond to others!

CHANGE OF TITLES

"Enemy Territory" (Virginia Bruce) has been changed to . . . "One Woman's Answer"

"In Every Woman's Life" (Kay Francis) has been changed to . . . "My Bill"



NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT

Is greaseless and actually cooling —checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

NOW, a deodorant that has *everything*—an ICE DEODORANT!

It's easy to put on! It's actually cooling! It's absolutely greaseless! Its own fresh odor evaporates immediately! It *checks perspiration!*

The wonderful new Odorono ICE is based on a brand-new principle. A gentle, cooling ICE deodorant that goes on like a vanishing cream and disappears completely. It is not greasy or sticky.

And here's another thing about this new ICE that will thrill you. It checks perspiration the instant you apply it . . . banishes worry over stained dresses and

offending odors up to three days!

Its texture, too, is delightful. So light and easy to spread. And its clean, wholesome smell of pure alcohol disappears as soon as it's on, leaving you fresh, dainty—cool.

After the first application you'll understand why so many of the women who have tried it prefer the new Odorono ICE. You'll never have another moment's uneasiness about underarm odor or perspiration.

Try this sure, easy way of guarding your charm. Get a jar of the new Odorono ICE tomorrow . . . only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

● "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when used carefully according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7-S-8*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

*Trade Mark
Reg. U.S.
Pat. Off.



ODO-RO-NO ICE
COOLING—NON-GREASY

SILVER SCREEN

Stops
PERSPIRATION
 FOR ONE TO THREE DAYS

ZIP CREAM DEODORANT
 Destroys body odors. Easy to apply; harmless to clothing; and ideal on sanitary napkins. Just a little under the arm and ZIP!—you're free of perspiration odor.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
 THE BEST TO BE HAD
 10c • 25c • 50c

ZIP
 Cream Deodorant
 A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION

For unwanted hair—
 ZIP Depilatory Cream

HAIR ON FACE ARMS, LEGS and BODY REALLY GONE!

ZIP
 IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
 E P I L A T O R

Simple. Quick. Leaves no trace of hair. With each package of ZIP Epilator, you get a large bottle of BOUQUET JORDEAU, a refreshing fragrance. This is a double value offer. Do not miss it. All good stores.

Treatment or Free Demonstration at
 Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

Be a FASHION MODEL *the hollywood way*

Home Study Course 17 Quick Lessons
 YOU TOO—Can be a Model. Exp. models earn \$25-\$100 wkly. Send 10c for book D.

ANNE ARDIS, Box 422, Hollywood, Calif.

SONG POEM WRITERS

Write for free book, 50-50 plan, Splendid Opportunity
 INDIANA SONG BUREAU, Dept. N., Salem, Indiana

"TRY SITROUX TISSUES"
They're Softer Stronger!

BOOTS MALLORY, Grand National Pictures Star....

SITROUX
 (PRONOUNCED SIT-TRUE)
 face tissues
 CLEANSING TISSUES

10¢ & 20¢ Boxes

NEXT TIME TRY...

SITROUX
 (Pronounced "SIT-TRUE")

Stars of stage and screen prefer Sitroux Tissues. So soft, yet so much stronger, they hold together! Care for YOUR complexion with Sitroux Tissues. Get a box today!

AT YOUR 5 and 10 cent STORE!

Although Claire Trevor's trailer boasts a tricky stove of its own, she enjoys cooking her breakfast on this charcoal grill after camping overnight.

It's Fun To Eat Your Meals Outdoors.

By
 Ruth Corbin



HOW ABOUT A PICNIC?

WE SHOULD really make the most of the very short season allowed us by Mother Nature and get out in the open for our meals as much as possible. Here are a few suggestions to help along your appetite.

Let's start off with the barbecue picnic. A place is chosen where pits or stone stoves are ready for the picnickers and most of the cooking is done there. Of course, if you prefer, the meat may be barbecued at home and brought along for reheating but you will miss a lot of the fun if you do that.

BARBECUE PICNIC

*Barbecued Meat

Corn-on-cob, cooked in husks on top of grids, buried in ashes or steamed in pot

Baked Potatoes (in ashes) Cole Slaw

*Chocolate Cake
 Hot Coffee Lemonade

BARBECUED MEAT

The best cuts of meat are the shoulder of beef, rib roast of beef, boned shoulder of lamb, or boned leg of pork. Pork, I believe, is more universally preferred. Dust meat well with flour before putting it to brown so it will brown rapidly and seal juices. Place a pan directly under meat to catch drippings. Baste from time to time. For additional flavor alternate by swabbing with a mop dipped in a sauce made by simmering 1 tablespoon cayenne, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 cup vinegar and salt to taste. Beat this into 1/4 pound of butter to which has been added 1 teaspoon pepper. All ingredients must then be simmered 30 minutes before using. Keep turning meat so it will brown nicely on all sides.

For people who like the barbecue touch without having the food too highly seasoned here is a grand substitute. It is prepared at home and carried along hot in a food thermos. In certain sections of Texas and the middle west Chili is served with spaghetti, which has been broken, before cooking, into short pieces. They call it Chili Three Ways and it is a tasty and appetizing dish.

CHILI CON CARNE

1 pound ground beef	Pepper or cayenne
4 onions, chopped	1 1/2 teaspoon Chili powder
1 tablespoon butter	
3 1-pound cans red beans	1 No. 3 can tomatoes
	2 teaspoons salt

Brown onions and beef in melted butter, cook for 10 minutes. Add beans, tomatoes, salt, chili powder and a dash of pepper or cayenne. Simmer for 15 minutes. Now, here is another and altogether new barbecue serving trick... toast frankfurters and place between finger rolls which have also been toasted. Pour the Chili Con Carne over them and serve at once.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Here is a new eggless delight. Blend 2 ounces melted Bakers Chocolate, a tablespoon butter and a teaspoon soda dissolved in 1/2 cup milk. If evaporated milk is used try White House and dilute to proper consistency. Add 1 1/2 cups Gold Medal Kitchen Tested Flour, another 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon Sunbeam Vanilla and a pinch of salt. Beat well, pour this thin batter in 2 8-inch layer cake pans. Bake 40 minutes at 350° F. Cool. Fill with a nut cream filling and frost with seven-minute icing.

BUBBLES

A light picnic sweet for any taste. Make a noodle dough by blending an unbeaten egg, 1 tablespoon ice water, 1 cup Pillsbury's Sno-sheen Cake flour sifted with 1/2 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder and a pinch of salt. Knead well but quickly, divide in several parts, roll and pull till paper thin, almost transparent. Cut in squares and fry in Crisco 1/2 an inch deep. This will make Bubbles puff, blister and curl quickly. Drain. Sprinkle with Domino sugar or cinnamon and sugar.

ANY OCCASION PICNIC

Broiled or Fried Chicken
 or

*Rolled Fish Fillets, Jardiniere
 Mixed Vegetable Salad

Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Cantaloupe or Honeydew Melon
filled with Fresh Pineapple or
Berries

Iced Tea, Coffee or Milk

The chicken may be wrapped in wax paper, and then in a cloth and thick layers of newspapers to keep hot or it may be allowed to cool before packing. For the mixed vegetable salad use the very new Sunbeam brand. It comes in glass jars all ready to serve and it is really delightful.

FISH FILLETS, JARDINIÈRE

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 cup shredded raw vegetables | 4 thin fillets flounder |
| 1 slice onion, minced | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 2 tablespoons Kraft's French Dressing | Juice 1 lemon |
| | Ann Page Salad Dressing |

Shred celery, cabbage, carrots and green peppers, add onion and mix with French Dressing. Spread vegetables on fish, roll and tie with string, or skewer with tooth picks. Place fish rolls in covered pyrex dish, sprinkle with salt, pepper and lemon juice, cover and bake in moderate oven, 325° F., about 25 minutes. Cool and chill in refrigerator. They may be carried to the picnic in dish and carefully removed with a perforated pancake turner to serve with salad dressing.

A cold baked ham, cold cuts, assorted sausages, potato salad, devilled eggs, potted meats, sardines and cheeses are always welcome additions to a picnic. There must be olives and pickles and, of course, sandwiches. Crosse and Blackwell's Date and Nut Bread spread with Philadelphia Cream Cheese is always nice. Sandwiches can be made up on the spot from the above assortment or prepared at home and packed ready to eat. Here are a few fresh ideas for sandwiches as well as some old timers:

Chicken salad spread; cream cheese, shredded pineapple and cherries (cream cheese is adaptable to many combinations with vegetables, fruits, even meats); shrimp or crab meat salad spread; the very new Sunbeam sandwich olive spread which may be used alone and in combination with other foods; corned beef with cold slaw; shredded raw spinach with chopped egg, celery, onion and seasoning; even the old fashioned hamburger may be included.

And here is a new set of fillings for the ever popular and colorful

SANDWICH LOAF

Remove crust from loaf of unsliced sandwich bread and slice lengthwise into four layers. Spread slices of bread with butter then with a *Red* filling made of finely ground ham or salmon mixed with chopped pimientos; a *yellow* filling . . . yokes of hard boiled eggs grated and mixed with Durkee's Mayonnaise; a *green* filling . . . sweet pickles, water cress or parsley, olives and nuts, chopped and mixed with mayonnaise; a *white* filling . . . cream cheese, grated cucumber mixed with mayonnaise. Tuna fish or chicken may be also used if desired. Put layers together then wrap loaf lightly with a damp cloth or wax paper and chill in refrigerator. Then cover loaf with a mixture made of cream cheese, Durkee's Salad Aid and Lee and Perrins Worcestershire Sauce. Garnish with slices of olives, tomatoes, or sprays of parsley. Two kinds of bread may be used for a different taste and effect.

No list of picnic menus could be complete without at least one good cookie recipe.

MOLASSES COOKIES

Cream 1 cup of butter, Crisco or Spry with 1 cup of sugar. Add 2 eggs, 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 cup of ice water, 4 cups flour, sifted. Mix well and drop by tablespoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet. Raisins may be added, if desired. Cook in moderate oven, 375° F.

Curve Controllers— the New JANTZEN Lastex Wisp-o-weights



Like magic! Jantzen's marvelous new Wisp-o-weight suits of pure wool and Lastex yarn smooth and soften unruly curves, slim-line your figure. Just the ideal ratio of *two-way stretch* achieves the comfortable figure-control of your sleekest fitting girdle. They are amazingly light, exceptionally soft, *remarkably rapid-drying*. Truly a wisp of weight with pounds of figure control. Try on a smart Jantzen Lastex Wisp-o-weight of luxurious wool with Lastex yarn knitted in by an exclusive Jantzen process. Feel the difference! See the difference on you! Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen
LASTEX WISP-O-WEIGHT SWIM SUITS

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 192, Portland, Oregon
Send me style folder in color featuring new 1938 models.
WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

ROCHELLE HUDSON

20th Century-Fox Star, appearing in
"Rascals." The "Cherie" \$6.95. Other
Jantzen creations \$4.95 to \$12.95.

FROM GREAT STORIES COME THE GREATEST PICTURES!

... and here is the story
the author of "Treasure
Island" always considered
his best!... now on the
screen for the first time!
...spectacularly produced
by 20th Century-Fox!

*Strangely they met...gallantly
they risked their lives for each
other...a valiant three against
a nation's vengeful might!*

Robert Louis Stevenson's
Kidnapped

with

WARNER BAXTER • FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

in the role you always
wanted him to play

in his first picture since
"Captains Courageous"

ARLEEN WHELAN

the year's emotional discovery in her sensational debut

C. AUBREY SMITH • REGINALD OWEN

JOHN CARRADINE • NIGEL BRUCE • MILES MANDER

RALPH FORBES • H. B. WARNER • ARTHUR HOHL

E. E. CLIVE • HALLIWELL HOBBS • MONTAGU LOVE

and a cast of 5,000

Directed by Alfred Werker

director of "The House of Rothschild"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by
Sonya Levien, Eleanor Harris, Ernest Pascal and Edwin Blum

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

A NEW TRIUMPH IN BIG-PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!

Topics For Gossips

AND now it is rumored that pretty Anita Louise will marry Buddy Adler. Sylvia Sydney's friends in New York report that Sylvia and Luther Adler are still deep in the throes of their romance. It looks like a big year for Adlers. By the way, Stella Adler of the same family, directed the Los Angeles company of "Golden Boy," and was pronounced quite the most dazzling director the West has ever had.

DESPITE the fact that the Janet Gaynor-Tyrone Power romance has been declared "off" by practically every columnist and commentator in the country it was little Miss Janet who sat at the head of Ty's birthday table, and cut Ty's birthday cake, at Ty's birthday party recently.

THE daily call sheet on the bulletin board of the Publicity Building of the Twentieth Century-Fox studio had the passers-by doubling up with laughter. It read: "Two elephants, two camels, mother lion, two wild hogs, lion cubs, two monkeys, two apes, Warner Baxter and Marjorie Weaver."

MARLENE DIETRICH is writing letters to Douglas Fairbanks Jr. from Europe—but Doug Jr. the gay cavalier, is now hopelessly mad about Loretta Young.

MOST movie stars simply flare-up in temperamental flames and do their best dramatic acting off screen if they aren't accorded the customary "star courtesies" in Hollywood. But there are two stars, Joel McCrea and Bette Davis, who demand no "courtesies," and, unlike their fellow thespians, get furious when favors are thrown at them.

Nothing makes Better Davis madder than to arrive at the Trocadero, or any restaurant, and have the head waiter say, "We are crowded tonight, Miss Davis, but for you we can always make room." And then crowd in a table on the dance floor. "It makes me mad," says Bette, "because if I happened to be Bette Davis, salesgirl, and not a movie star they wouldn't think of making room for me." Whenever Bette catches them "putting an extra table on the dance floor" she walks right out of the restaurant.

And the other evening at the revival of "The Shiek" Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were patiently waiting their turn in line at the box-office when the house manager spied them, and, as house managers always do for movie stars, rushed up and insisted that they follow him right into the theatre, sans tickets and sans crowds. "No thanks," said Joel, "we'll wait our turn in line. There are other people just as eager to see the picture as we are."

I'm telling you, you won't find many stars in Hollywood like Bette and Joel.

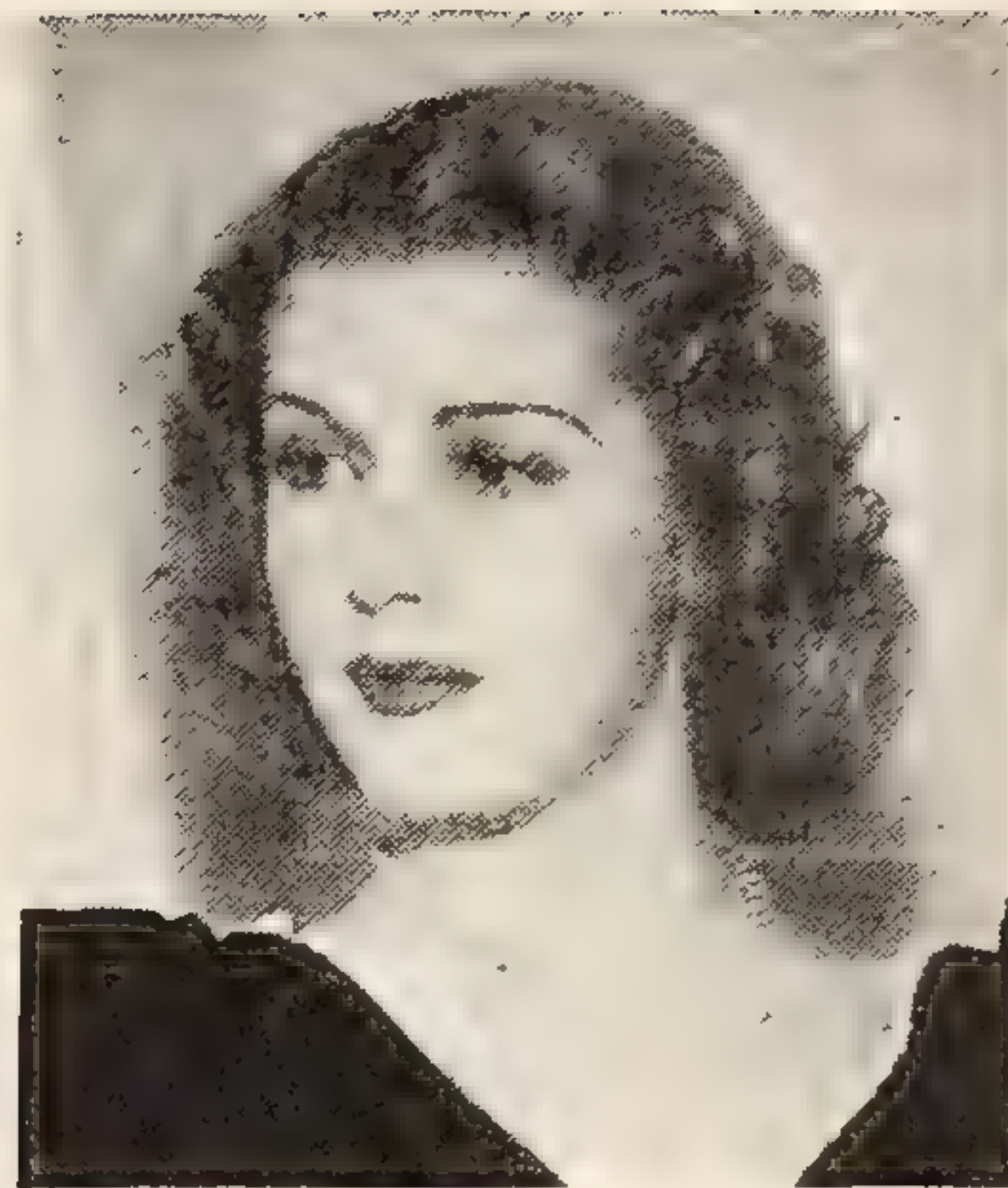
YOU can always tell if W. C. Fields really means it when he invites you to dinner. He sends you a map showing how to get to his house tucked away in the Bel-Air hills.

MARTHA RAYE is becoming famous for her impersonations. When things get dull she does an impersonation of Sonja Henie that will kill you. Her "Snow White" is becoming so famous that they now ask her to do it at Benefits.

JOAN DAVIS had an old gag pulled on her the other day and fell for it hook, line and sinker. During the cowboy number of "Josette," Joan, urged on by a prop



W. C. Fields



Anita Louise

SILVER SCREEN



Marjorie Weaver



Sonja Henie



Joel McCrea

man, drew her six-shooter from her hip holster and fired it into the air. Right after the gun barked the body of a man dropped from the rafters right in front of Joan, his face bleeding profusely. "I thought it was a blank cartridge," mourned Joan, "I've killed a man."

She was just on the verge of fainting when Don Ameche and Director Allan Dwan burst out laughing and confessed they had framed her. The electrician wasn't hurt and the blood was only catsup. Joan Crawford passed out cold the day the gag was played on her.

IT'S success at last for Marjorie Weaver. She has had a hog named after her! The other day she received a letter from a farmer in Perkinsville, Indiana, which read:

"Dear Miss Weaver—I am naming my best hog after you. I think she will get a prize at the county fair this summer. I will let you know whether your name helps the hog. Please send me a picture of yourself to put in the pen at the fair. Sincerely, O. D. Jaecke."

AND only the other day Gary Cooper received a fan letter from a woman in Texas who casually asked him to send her several dozen of his latest pictures at once, as she was expecting an heir in seven months and if she surrounded herself with

Cooper pictures the baby would resemble Gary. What will they think of next!

GENERAYMOND grew a mustache while vacationing in New York. Fans, though, seem to be death on facial adornments for their favorite young leading men, so Gene will probably have to remove it before he faces the camera again.

PATRICIA WILDER says she originated the "Big Apple" five years ago in Macon, Ga., when she ran into a horse-drawn applecart, upsetting it and scattering the fruit all over the street. The irate Italian driving it made her pick up every single apple, flicking his long horsewhip at her heels to keep her at it. She says the "Big Apple" steps are very much like those she employed in dodging the horsewhip while grabbing for the fruit.

PRINTED silk in vivid shades of cerise and blue is the unusual fabric selected by Sonja Henie for a pair of afternoon sandals chosen for mid-summer wear. The skating star had these shoes designed so that the fabric is crossed and wrapped

about the instep, and then tied in a tiny "bandana" knot at the side of the ankle. Sonja wears these with an all-white afternoon frock, and carries a bag to match.

WHEN a visitor on the set of "The Texans," asked Joan Bennett's small daughter, Melinda, if she wanted to be in pictures when she grew up, her reply was "no." It seems Melinda's main objection is "that greasy stuff you have to wear on your face."

THERE are no "yes" women on the staff of Bing Crosby, Inc., their vote for a screen lover revealed recently. Gladys Wayne, Bing's secretary, confessed that Bing is a swell boss but that Fred MacMurray is her idea of the most romantic screen star. Polly Ballard, another secretary, admitted that she thinks Bing is swell too, but she'll take George Raft on the screen anytime.

"It's all right with me," says Bing, "and I'm sure my wife will be glad to hear it."

IF YOU think the New York critics are satirical you ought to get a load of what the exhibitors say about Hollywood pictures. One of the prizes we picked up recently was said by Exhibitor Ely Sell of Davenport, Iowa, about Greta Garbo in "Conquest." Said Mr. Nelf: "Greta Garbo is often identified by the phrase, 'I want to be alone.' We have just finished a three-day run in our theatre of Garbo in 'Conquest.' No one bothered her."



Flashshots

By JEROME ZERBE

THE high ceilinged room, with its dark green walls and white curtains and furniture, was buzzing with the animation of arriving guests. Gladys Swarthout in the brightest of watermelon pink dresses with a gold brocade girdle and an equally pink camellia in her hair, had but just gotten there. Florence March in mists of dusty pale green tulle had already come in with handsome husband Fredric, and columnist Lucius Beebe was admiring his reflection in an exquisite Venetian Glass mirror as he mounted the stairs.

It was all as fascinating a group of charming people in the public eye as one could hope to encounter, and almost everyone was not only superb to behold but at the very top of their profession. To be sure, an overly-ambitious and under-helpful press agent added the acid note. The hostess herself, Mrs. George Schlee, better known as Valentina, the dress designer, has a rare and delicate sense of the exotic. Around the walls of her white dining rooms were individual pots of white hyacinths and everywhere



(Top to bottom) Marlene Dietrich dances with Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati laughing, perhaps, at the memory of the heap of books on Grace's stomach in "One Night Of Love." Wendy Barrie, just off a plane from the Coast, finds birthday wires waiting for her at El Morocco. (Right, top) Florence Rice hooking up her dress, much to Leighton Stevens' amusement. (Right) Nino Martini, Elissa Landi and Everett Jacobs.

When The Picture Stars Come Within Range Of His Impudent New York Lens, Zerbe Bags 'Em.

were great masses of white peonies.

There was fairly loud, happy laughter below stairs and in a few minutes, followed by her dark and adoring husband, Grace Moore came up. She was wearing a crepe dress of vivid green on one side and lighter green on the other. Such a robe as might well have graced the figure of a Grecian Tanagra. As she smiled and shook hands around the room, I wondered how so gracious a person could so often manage to be seen in an unpleasant light. There have been so many stories about her thoughtlessness toward fellow artists, of bad temper and temperament. I myself had once seen a flash of this, but I had been convinced it was unintentional and certainly this, evening at Valentina's she was in very good humor.

The whole evening was a splendid one. After a marvelous buffet dinner and after the liqueurs, Gloria Swanson, Tullio Carminati, Alfred Lunt, Dorothy Gish and the other twenty some odd guests, including the Grand Duchess Marie, heard Swarthout and Moore sing, and fat jovial little Rapael play his concertina like the great artist he is. It was one of those delightful and completely informal evenings that come only too rarely. It had an intimacy that in Hollywood seems strangely difficult to capture.

Not that Basil and Ouida Rathbone's parties are not great and magnificent successes that make those of New York's Elsa Maxwell feeble in comparison, but they are founded on the idea of large group entertaining rather than the [Continued on page 70]



(Above, left) Irene Hervey and Allan Jones, her husband, entertain Kitty Carlisle and another friend on the last night of their vacation. (Left) Clare Luce, of the Broadway hit, "Of Mice and Men," escorted by Chester Morris. (Top to bottom) Ray Milland with Anita Colby and a wee drop of champagne. Hostess Mrs. Schlee, Bontet de Monvel, Dorothy Gish and Gladys Swarthout. Comedian Charles Butterworth dining with Mrs. Julian Field. Nothing funny about that.

HAS this ever happened to you? You hear a funny story. You think it is great. Mentally you resolve to tell it to your friends who are coming to dinner tomorrow night. You know they enjoy Eddie Cantor and miss his program while their radio is being repaired. Gosh, his gags sure give you a big laugh and they ought to giggle when you repeat them.

Yeah . . . that's what you think!

You tell your tale, remembering every single word of the story. But instead of giggling, everybody groans. As they say in show business, "it laid an egg." Or even to quote Bing Crosby's great line, "it laid an angel cake, and that's two dozen eggs." Believe it or not, many a beautiful friendship has been wrecked because the listener didn't laugh in the right place. Well, if this has happened to you before, it needn't again if you are willing to do something about it. And that something is to understand comedy technique, to realize that there is a knack to telling a funny story.

I asked some of the best boys in the business to tell me how they do it. Being a professional comedian isn't exactly a laughing matter for when it comes to being funny for money, you'll find that the folks whose silly sallies send you into hysterics are quite serious about their work. But out of their long experience at "rolling 'em in the aisles" they have some excellent suggestions on how to put a story across, to "sell" it to the listener.

"In telling a funny story, it is most important to have the receiving audience in mind," points out Phil Baker. "In other words, are you telling it socially or professionally. Of the two, the social story is harder to tell and that's the one we'll deal with. It's harder to tell because your friends can, and do, talk back to you. On the other hand, in a large audience, there are always a few people who haven't heard the gag before. And even those who have, unless they have an unusual amount of my heckler Beetle in them, won't interrupt.

"First of all, memorize the story thoroughly. Nothing spoils the telling more than to be brought up short in the middle with a complete lapse of memory and to have to paw the air with a . . . well, now

Burns and Allen are a very popular team. They have turned nonsense into an art.



wait a minute, it's awfully funny if I can just remember how it goes.'

"Next, devise a means of edging in on the conversation. It's well if you can work your story in on a common topic. For instance, if everybody is talking about the unexpected summer shower, clear your throat and in a loud commanding voice, say, 'Speaking of rain, has anyone heard the story of the travelling salesman who was caught in the rain just as he was passing a farm house?' This is the crucial point. Don't give your audience a chance to reply. Someone has surely heard it or will claim he has. Launch right into the tale without hesitation.

"Then keep on talking. The faintest stammer will bring an interruption from the guy in the corner with the glazed eyes, who has been reminded of a story of his own. He will break in any minute with a 'Ha! Ha! That's very good, but did you hear the one about. . . .'

"Once you've found it will make them laugh, you can use that story until the crowd walks out on you at the first 'Speaking of rain. . . .' or until you're convinced that the one you took for better or worse really will make good on the threat to commit murder if you tell the story again."

That's Phil Baker's idea. My idea was for him to tell me the story about the travelling salesman caught in the rain, but the raised

Eddie Cantor senses the moment when your laughter will break loose. (Right) Fred Allen ponders over the devastating effect of scrambled words.



TITAH=MA=
OR STRICTLY

Catch On? Well, Anyhow, Read How The Radio Gag= Makers Pack *Their* Punches.



eyebrows of his wife showed me he knew it wasn't such a good idea. So sorry, readers.

Next I went to Ben Bernie who, beside sending intriguing tunes into your loud-speaker, also goes in for a bit of bright badinage. A wit, no less. Well, see for yourself.

He, too, believes in sizing up your audience, especially with regard to explanatory details. According to the old Maestro, the worst thing a story-teller can do to spoil his work is to put in so many footnotes that you stumble over them and lose the thread of the story. "Still worse is to build up to an anti-climax or to tip off the smash end before the right spot arrives. The best story I know is the one Bing Crosby told a group of us one day at the race track, about a London bookmaker who was tactless enough to have killed his wife.

"He had to hang, of course. There is simply no beating the rap in England. Having a lot of money and feeling sure he wouldn't need it where he was headed for, he willed his fortune to his assistant, Alf Whitson, whose job it had been to record the bets.

"Alf was in the courtyard of the execution-place the morning his boss was to swing, watching the gallows from a considerable distance. The trap dropped and the bookie swung at the end of the rope.

"One of the spectators, a little chap who used to place ten-shilling wagers, sidled up to Alf and whispered: 'Now you've got all the brawss, Alf, 'ow's about it for a couple of quid?'

"To which Alf replied, 'Not a farthing until the official goes up!'

"Now to a person ignorant of horse-racing and the customs of the track, Alf's reply wouldn't have meant a thing. But Bing knew his audience and the story was a slugola! You see, when a man is hanged in England, a black flag is raised to the top of the staff when he is pronounced dead. And at the race track, a red board is put up when the judges have finally decided which horse has won. That's called 'the official.' So Alf, true to his traditions, wasn't parting



with any of his money until all the formalities had been complied with.

"Bing might have spoiled the story if he had stopped to explain to his listeners about the flag. He took it for granted that he was talking to wise guys who knew the customs, and the result was a knock-out."

Incidentally, Ben told me that the gag-making fraternity has its own jargon for labeling jokes. One that brings merely a light laugh is a *titah-ma-titah*. A *hupcha-di-bupcha* is a general, resounding laugh. But the gem, the nugget, the pearl of great price, is the *slugola*. It's the gag that makes the laughter come out in long, loud, sustained yowls and things like a 25 per cent salary cut, a prolonged visit from the in-laws, and a hopping toothache—all happening at once—can't check the guffaws.

According to Eddie Cantor, the one big essential in telling a joke is a sense of showmanship. This means knowing how to time yourself so as to pull the punch-line at the right time and catch the listener unawares. So that he has to laugh in spite of himself. According to Eddie, that's the big thing the amateur story-teller has to learn. All too-often he "telegraphs" the answer, that is, he somehow lets the listener know what the end is going to be before it is actually reached.

The sign of the professional, in telling a joke, he insists, is the ability to make new ones out of oldies. "The person who goes in for story-telling will soon find, as we in the business have, that there are all too few original jokes. The thing to do is to develop an imagination that will give a gag an original twist, and at the same time make that twist timely. Thus, even if the start of the gag is old, the fresh treatment of its ending

may make it sound like an entirely new story.

"Here's what I mean. There is the old saw of the restaurant patron complaining to the waiter, 'There's a fly in my soup' and the time-weary answer, 'Why worry? How much can a little fly eat?'

"Of course it's timely for summer, but it's so old it has a long gray beard. A good switch, especially if you are telling it to a fisherman, is: 'Grab your fork—maybe a trout will come to the surface.' Get what I mean? These changes depend on your own ability. But if you can take old jokes and give them a novel ending that will guarantee to produce belly-laughs, I'll sign you up as a gag-writer. Say, I'm no dope."

In order to get [Continued on page 78]



A TITAH— LY SLUGOLA!

By Ruth Arell

(Top) Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone are both joke masters. (Right) Phil Baker even gives funny advice!

Adolphe Menjou's clothes attract immediate attention. (Below) Robert Taylor—a knockout.



Irene Dunne is always beautifully groomed. (Right) Ginger Rogers is the wholesome type.

I'M going to begin this article by being very clever about the whole thing and winning the undying gratitude of the 1938 crop of tourists who are planning their trip to California, the land of Never-Never Wanta Leave.

There is little doubt in my mind, but what you'll take in Santa Catalina, Santa Barbara, Santa Anita (the Chamber of Commerce extends regrets that there ain't no Santa Claus)—but how many have the slightest intention of returning without a stay in Hollywood and at least a glimpse of "Marbo Crawburn?" And right here is where I jeopardize a mighty fine job because I have been inspired to give you something very hot in the way of a tip. It's so simple. All you have to do is to find the most exclusive (pronounced x-pen-siv) complete apparel shop in town, browse through and you'll feast your eyes on Them.

Of course this little performance on your part will hardly be appreciated but nothing will ever be done about it unless you make the mistake of asking for an autograph—an action which would immediately make you the recipient of a most dignified bum's rush.

If you'll pardon me now, I'll step from the ranks and see what I can do for those unfortunates who won't be amongst us this season.

Suppose I conduct this class by leading with the question: What is the first thing you ask an individual who has recently returned from Hollywood? Why, you actually implore that Public Envy-Arouser No. 1—with reverence in your voice—to tell you what so-and-so really looks like off the screen. N'est-ce-pas?

Now I want you to know that I'm basing my whole theory on the absolute authenticity of the immediately preceding paragraph. I am convinced, O ye Followers of my Scribblings, that you'd by far prefer to have a glimpse of your favorite star through the eyes of a close and impartial observer than through those of a highly paid builder-upper.

And as long as Shirley Temple was your favorite film star again for '37 I figure she rates to top most anything—so let's begin with her.

She is without a doubt the cutest little doll you ever did see. We, my co-workers and I, haven't seen her since her mother was in the hospital, but she's been to Hawaii, Palm Springs, etc., having well earned vacations between pictures—so we forgive her. The last time I saw her, though, she was all in blue and looked adorable as usual. Her little skirt was just as short as it could be and she had a tiny blue hat set way back on her head. Her hair is really golden but instead of affecting the set curls of the renowned Shirley Temple coiffure, it is allowed to fall softly into little ringlets on her neck. The thing that intrigues me, however, is that she looks even younger off the screen and yet she's very adult in her conversation. On one occasion, her reply to my comment that she looked really lovely, was that she felt simply marvelous, too, and couldn't understand it herself 'cause she really had worked dreadfully hard the day before. Do you wonder that we love her?

She adores Bill Robinson and he carries a watch she gave him

which is inscribed on the back—"To Uncle Billy Robinson. Happy Birthday from Shirley." He showed it to me while I was helping him select a gift for her birthday. And if I may say so—I don't blame her. He's very regular. And, do you know that every day of the entire duration of Mrs. Temple's illness, he visited her in the hospital and never failed once to put on a little song and dance for the nurses or patients?

I'm asking you now, am I not a veritable fountain of information and this is only the beginning!

Personally, I just can't resist rolling a current event over a barrel—especially when it points a finger of disaster at my future happiness. This morning's rag insinuated that the early spring had turned Cesar Romero's fancy towards Ethel Merman. Why the idea is preposterous, I hope! Sooner or later the news is bound to get to Mr. Romero that he is the one reason I live and breathe and brush my teeth.

Promise me one thing, please? Don't ever hiss him in a meany role again—no matter how suave and sleek he appears. Because he's really not like that at all. He came into the store during the Christmas season in an old trench coat and with his hair mussed just a little and believe me when I tell you he has the darndest nicest smile. He'd come to buy his cook's wife a bag (s'help me)



A Girl Who Waits On
The Stars When They
Are Shopping Sees Them
As They Really Are.

Would you believe that Anne Shirley is crazy about horse racing? (Left) Cesar Romero has the nicest smile—it gets you.

By
A Worker
"Behind The
Counter" In
An Exclusive
Hollywood Shop.

They are all grand girls, but
Virginia Bruce is the most
beautiful.

LOOKS AT THE STARS

and in no time at all he selected one, found several other things that struck his fancy, and left—with my heart following him right down the steps and out the door!

Right here is where you reach the conclusion that I'm really ridiculous but I fool you immediately and relate a little incident concerning the sublime Norma Shearer. I haven't seen her since shortly after the death of her husband and she was really grief-stricken if ever I saw symptoms. She selected a purse, stumbled pitifully over the change, and then left by the front door which struck me as odd because the parking lot is in back, so I stepped to the window to watch her.

After standing on the curb for a moment she crossed against



A revelation to anyone. The author discovers that Marie Wilson's eyelashes are REAL! (Right) Humphrey Bogart looks like anything but a gangster!

the light which is dynamite in any part of California, let alone this particular corner. Then she waited on the next curb, quietly crossed the street against that light, too, and when she was just katy-corner from where she started she wheeled on her heel, returned to the store, and sure enough, the signals were against her all the way back. Why, a dozen drivers were scared silly. I was downright slap-happy, and she had never even batted an eye 'en route! I don't even like to think about it.

Now if my readers will rise, I'll relate to them the incident of the 11th day of the 11th month at approximately 11:30 A.M. Someone stood at our portals with her nose pressed against the glass for so long that I became worried about the shape of it (the nose, I mean), so I strolled down and opened the door. Her eyes, and very pretty blue ones they are, too, got twice as big and Gracie Allen (for it was she) said, as only she could have said it, "Oh, then you are open on Armistice Day!"

Gracie Allen Burns is probably our star customer and is beloved by all. Her two youngsters are adorable and she dropped by my department the other day to tell me that they had recently listened to the broadcast for the first time, and that both were very pained that Georgie said "Quiet, Gracie" so often because they considered her so good that they wanted to hear more. I informed her that we all felt just the same and she was THAT pleased.

Now here's something else again—the well-known bitter that accompanies the sweet, so to speak. You see, the males of the species so seldom frequent our little firetrap that I'm really sadly lacking in lowdown concerning them. They all come flocking in at Christmas time but, of course, so does everybody else, and consequently I've no time to absorb personalities nor observe incidents, but for one or two exceptions, and you've read those. I can tell you that Robert Taylor is a knockout but not so much so as to warrant babes under

his berth; that Tyrone Power is very, very passable and, tie this—the girl that waited on him didn't recognize him; that Don Ameche has a splendid physique; Edgar Bergen barely moves his lips when he's talking to you; Johnny Downs is a serious and thorough shopper; Adolphe Menjou is a sensational dresser; Bing Crosby and his inevitable yachting cap reminds one of the famed rear admiral of the Swiss navy; Stu Erwin is the only one who'll go shopping with his wife; Franchot Tone looks and carries himself as good stock will; Jimmy Stewart is always a little vague; Humphrey Bogart looks like anything but a gangster.

Dietrich is a glamour gal if I ever saw one. Her skin is



lovely. Her speaking voice thrills you to the marrow and then some. She buys lots of very good accessories which I can guarantee will all be returned within the week. And isn't it a shame that the famed Dietrich limbs never show up to the best advantage because her hose never seem awfully secure and the seams are invariably twisted?

But there's something about Marlene I can't quite lay my finger on that makes you unconsciously try to brush hayseed off yourself when you're in her presence. If she wasn't born with a little lapus-blood in her veins, then she's performed the impossible and cultivated some.

And because I believe in opposites, I'll now tell you—those that are still with me—about a very sweet little girl named Anne Shirley. She's the prettiest thing and so slender that she buys anything—any size—because everything has to be cut down anyway.

One day while Anne was being fitted she became quite ill and had to rest a while, and she told me, between spells, how I could make my living playing the horses—just put my money on the favorite to show

and to double back if he became an "also ran." She neglected to tell me, however, how much intestinal fortitude one required to follow a system like that. Ah, Anne, the money I've lost—and all 'cause you had a tummyache!!

Again the columnist in me bobs up so hang on to your hats—here we go! Arlene Judge is the only woman I ever saw who looks darn near as cute during pregnancy as she does normally; Joan Crawford has marvelous taste in clothes, but her usual lack of coiffure kills the effect; Leah Ray has a beautiful mouth and teeth and sports a solid gold chastity belt on her charm bracelet; Joan Blondell is always so jovial and has lovely hair; ditto Glenda Farrell; Virginia Bruce is the most beautiful girl I've ever seen and she's nice though aloof; Dorothy Lamour looks better in less clothes—she loses that "umph" in real life!

Una Merkel and Madge Evans are inseparable pals and both are grand girls; Dolores del Rio and Ann Dvorak can either one top the list for Hollywood's most beautiful brunette; we all like Elaine Barrymore and wish you would too—she's really very all right; Verree Teasdale is our most refined dresser and has a handsome man-child; Jean Parker is surprisingly sophisticated; Ann Sothern and Anita Louise tie for second place in the blonde beauty list; Loretta Young looks more wholesome and less fragile in real life; Maureen O'Sullivan has lovely hair and coloring and is always acting a little bit for us; Martha Raye dresses like a million and is very quiet and unassuming; Barbara Stanwyck is charming—smiles all the time; Marie Wilson has eyelashes an inch long and they're her own, too; Irene Dunne's appearance is above reproach; Ginger Rogers goes in for spectator sports apparel but she buys exquisite dancing frocks; and Ruby Keeler has a charm seldom found in Hollywood.

And Paulette Goddard isn't exactly a sphinx but she's built a wall around herself that definitely leaves her public on the outside—me included.

Well, amigos, I'm about through. I just want to close class with a bit of advice for those poor parents whose daughters have "gone Hollywood." Tell them they *must* wear a nice bright lipstick and good fitting tailored clothes with quiet accessories but—no more rouge—no more daytime eyeshadow—no more bleached heads—no more noticeable powder—and then they'll look like the real McCoy!

Goodbye now—to all of you—from

The Salesgirl who looks at the Stars!



Franchot Tone is definitely an aristocrat. See him in "Three Comrades."

NO GLAMOUR, PLEASE!

By Cyril Vandour

Luise Rainer Is An Emotional Actress Of Fine Artistic Integrity, Who Prefers To Stand Or Fall As An Artist—Not To Be Propped Up With Adjectives.

THE Biltmore Bowl was jammed with a galaxy of stars and celebrities. . . . Outside, softly purring limousines continued driving up to the gate of the swank hotel to discharge their precious cargoes. . . . Gorgeous, lovely, vivid, languid, provocative ladies alight with their stiff-shirted, tanned escorts, and are greeted by a barrage of photographic lights and popping bulbs. . . . And as a radio announcer described their charms on a coast to coast hook-up, they swept in through the lobby in all the splendor of their wealth, fame, power. . . . Everybody excited, at his or her best. . . . The film colony was enjoying its tenth annual Academy award banquet.

On that same night Luise Rainer was spending a quiet evening at home with her playwright husband, Clifford Odets of the professorial specs. She had no intention of attending this gala dinner, when, at about 9 o'clock, she received a message from the studio informing her that she had won the award for the best performance of the year by an actress for her role in "The Good Earth."

In a flutter of excitement, she donned a simple pink crepe gown and black velvet cape, and without troubling herself about make-up or even brushing her hair, she hurried to the Bowl with her husband to receive the acclaim of the industry for the second consecutive year.

Mr. Odets, we might remark, wore a business suit, with a scarf wrapped around his neck. . . . They were the last to arrive, and stood out, in that spectacle, with their unpretentious homely simplicity and complete lack of pose.

It was a double triumph for the little Viennese gal with the child-like eyes. No other actress in the history of these famous banquets has won the coveted gold statuette twice.

"How do you feel about it?" we asked her at her home in Brentwood.

"I didn't expect it, I'm very grateful, of course," she said, the color deepening in her sunburnt cheeks. "But," she opened her eyes wide, "I don't feel any different! I wish I could." She gave a little laugh, threw herself into an armchair.

If you were to see her in the street you would never take her for a movie star. She doesn't have that orchidaceous hoity-toity manner, if you know what we mean. She was dressed in slacks and a reddish blouse with short sleeves, and wore monastic sandals. Her skin is of a warm olive tint, and has all the marks of being exposed to the copyrighted California sunshine without benefit of make-up. Her dark rebellious hair never looks combed. She is frail, 5 feet 4, and looks more like an impecunious Green-



As she appears in her new picture, "The Toy Wife."

wich Village poetess than a vendor of movie glamour. The architecture of her home is severely simple, and has the appearance of a streamlined greenhouse on top of a hill—all windows, air and sun. It gives you a feeling of being high up in the air, and we can imagine Miss Rainer sitting in her living-room and dreaming during the glittering Pacific nights. She lives close to the elements. We noticed bird guides and flower guides on the book shelves that line the walls. And in a bowl there were bananas, apples and grapes.

O-lan in "The Good Earth" remains her favorite role. "It was the most difficult part I've ever played," she explained, patting her Scottie dog on the head. "And the most interesting. I didn't want to do it at first, I was afraid that I might not be able to do it justice."

No other actress of Miss Rainer's age, standing and cinematic reputation would have accepted that role. She was known to the public as a Viennese glamour gal. She had won the Academy award as the sexy Anna Held [Continued on page 66]



Mr. and Mrs. Frank McHugh. Frank loves to have his friends come in and form a quartet, or something.

an old theatre wrapper, smeared with grease paint, over a pair of cotton pyjamas!"

"Isn't it maddening," Joby Arlen sighed. "Did you make him change it?"

"No," Ouida said, thoughtfully. "I didn't. Maybe I'm wrong—but I don't believe in making husbands change. That goes for everything—not just dressing-gowns.

"When you fall in love with a man, you fall in love with all his habits and traits of character and idiosyncrasies, too. They are the man.

"So why try to change him into someone else? Someone you probably wouldn't like, after you went to all that trouble!"

"Hoorah!" cheered Joby. "You've no idea how that encourages me. You know, all these years I've been secretly kind of mawtified with myself for not doing more home-work on Ahlen. Thought maybe it was just my natchel Southern indol-

just seems so incongruous to have those classic features of his get together with a *cigar*. But he would certainly feel deprived if he didn't have one after dinner—and if I were silly enough to fuss about it, he would merely retaliate by smoking them all day, instead of cigarettes.

"Basil loves his fireside, and I love to go places. He never wants to go out during the week, or to have anyone in except perhaps a close friend. So all our gaiety goes on over week-ends, and that is why I give great big parties at intervals—to pay off all our social obligations in one fell swoop. He won't step out of the house to go dancing any more—I love to dance. So I always have an orchestra at our parties; he has to dance, then, and really enjoys it. And both of us are satisfied.

"There is no reason to be a martyr about things—men hate that, too. I think they hate it even more than nagging, if possible. But it isn't fair to try to change anything fundamental about them, simply to suit your own convenience and plans! Women should learn more about the art of compromise."

WHY CHANGE YOUR MAN?

By
Ruth Rankin

Some Hollywood Wives Tell The Aggravating Habits Of Their Star Husbands—But What To Do About It?

A BUNCH of the girls were whooping it up at Ouida Rathbone's tea-party. "The girls," in this case, were a group of Hollywood wives. And what do Hollywood wives discuss over a fragrant dish of tea?

Naturally, their husbands.

"Basil," said Ouida, nimbly juggling teapot, lemon-or-cream, and conversation, "is an ungrateful wretch. Every time there is the slightest excuse for it—birthdays, Christmas, travelling—I buy him a handsome dressing-gown. Really, he is magnificent in a good dressing-gown.

"But do you know what he does with them? Leaves them hanging, still in the original tissue wrapping, in his wardrobe! Last night he came from the studio, tired, and found we had a friend in for dinner. He didn't want to dress.

"So did he come downstairs regal in the magenta poplin, from Sulka? He did not. The creature burst upon my vision in

ence—that let-well-enough-alone attitude us Southern belles are famous for. But I don't know—maybe after all," Joby smiled modestly, "I'm just smart!"

"Maybe, my eye!" Ouida laughed. "You've resisted the strongest temptation in woman. It's so easy to give in to it, once you have them in your power. Because men will agree to almost anything to keep the peace.

"We can find so many excuses for our little reforms: 'it's for his own good;' 'because we are so proud of him and want other people to see him to the *best* advantage;' (sometimes they fall hard for that;) 'because he must live up to his position.' But no matter how adroit we are, they always see through us. And resent it, ultimately.

"For instance: it always gives me a jolt when Basil lights a cigar. It



"Come on, Eloise," someone said to Pat O'Brien's wife. "Your turn. Do you make subtle changes in Pat—or take him as he is?"

"Change that stubborn Irishman?" laughed Eloise. "I should say not. He's okay the way he is. But, there *is* one thing . . . Well, I'll tell you. It's something he used to do when we were engaged, and I thought it was cute, *then*. So when he does it now, I just hold hard to the thought that what was cute then, *must* be cute now.

"Pat, you see, is a point-killer. He simply can't let me tell a funny story without finishing it for me. I like to build up the suspense and have them holding



Ouida Rathbone and her famous husband, Ouida says "Women should learn more about the art of compromise." (Left) Pat O'Brien has two traits that drive his loving spouse mad. (Center) Joby and Richard Arlen. Dick likes to rummage through desk drawers creating havoc as he goes.

start their quartet—Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, and Jimmy Gleason—Pat tries to sing tenor. And can't. They *all* try to sing tenor—and can't. You could call it a quartet of disappointed tenors, only not to their faces. I suppose," Eloise laughed, "the other wives just have to be brave, too."

"Lady," piped up Joby—if you can pipe in a drawl—"you ain't heard nothin'. That Ahlen is nothing more nor less than a busted-down barber-shop baritone—and what he likes best is to give imitations of Bing Crosby.

"I will say this much for his voice—it keeps the jay-birds and woodpeckers away. We used to have an awful lot of them in our trees and they would wake me up, tapping away, early in the morning. Anyone you know who is troubled with woodpeckers—just tell 'em to send for Ahlen and turn him loose on 'Love In Bloom.'

"He's a desk-drawer excavator, too. Nothing on this earth excites him so much as the sight of a nice neat desk-drawer, with the cancelled checks rubber-banded in sequence, the current and receipted bills separated, and the personal correspondence all bunched together. He goes mad. Like a bolt from the blue, inspiration comes to him. What was the name, he demands, of that fellow who makes golf-clubs? The one who made him the marvellous putter, about three months ago. He wants to order a mashie from him. Right away . . .

"No one can recall his name? Well, that's easy, says Ahlen. The name is on a cancelled check, *some* place in that drawer. Instantly, the checks begin to fly like an unbleached snow-storm. Ahlen, he uses the terrier-technique to find things.

"As for putting them back the way he found them—it is to laugh. It is to shriek with glee unholy. . . . He just is *that* way, the same as I am *this* way—and he doesn't try to change me. *Noblesse oblige* is what I always say. What do you always say?"

"Well, I always say," Eloise summed up, "that the more you try to change your man, the quicker you get the chance to change him for another one. Of course, the system has its advantages if you happen to *want* to change. I don't. Pat will do for me."

onto their chairs—but Pat, he thinks brevity is the soul of wit. At that, he may be right. Nobody ever gave me any

medals for the way I tell a story—or a picture contract, either! And anyway, I wouldn't change it for any one of the faults a lot of my friends' husbands have!" Eloise exclaimed, loyally.

"The two little traits that used to get me almost wild," she continued, "but I managed to keep quiet about them, thank goodness, until now I hardly even notice them—were his string-saver and putter-awayer instincts. He keeps everything, that man. Every corner and cupboard in our house is packed full of Pat's junk, stored away lovingly. But neatly. On his days off, he adores to haul it all out—and put it all away again. He fusses even with the kitchen cupboards until the cook can't find anything. We have a very philosophical cook, fortunately. She takes it all in stride, the way I do.

"Another thing that could probably get me down, if I let it, is this: every time the boys come over and



ARE SCREEN SIRENS

Or Are They Growing More Earthy?
The Modern, Realistic Picture Girls Have
Everything, Including A Date For Friday.

By
Howard Barnes

JOAN CRAWFORD, who has played all sorts of fallen women from a "dancing daughter" and Sadie Thompson to the gal who liked to wear red, won't take the title role in "Shopworn Angel." Bette Davis, the perennial bad girl with a heart of gold, wants to play Sarah Bernhardt on the screen. Even the undulating Mae West has changed a lot since she created Diamond Lil. Few of the youngsters, meanwhile, are to be seen flouncing spangles or casting "come hither" looks at the various men in their vicinity.

You can claim that the glamour girls are going good on us. You can put it another way and say that they are creating new characters—characters that we film-goers want them to play, just as much as they want to play them. The point is that we have new ideas on love and love-making. The vampire, for whom men used to go rushing off to perdition, has given way to the girl who "pitches woo" (petting to you!) or makes a honey of a wife. The sheik who not so long ago galloped off into the desert with his women is now an engaging fellow, who is likely to take his lady love over his knee in a crisis and paddle sense into her.

There is a lot of nonsense talked about the "typing" that is done by Hollywood. Those people who still think the movies aren't here to stay, like to insist that the top-flight stars are always the same, no matter what the film may be. "It's another

Joan Crawford picture," they will say, or "Oh, it's just another Gary Cooper show." As far as I can see, the point they try to make is that Miss Crawford looks like the actress we know as Joan Crawford, whether she is wearing an evening gown or a Tyrolean costume; that Gary Cooper is still recognizable as Mr. Deeds or as Marco Polo and that therefore they aren't really actors.

Marlene Dietrich hasn't heard about the great reception that real talent is receiving. She still has the beauty and the legs but her sirens are like the old oaken bucket—moss covered.



The point that they overlook is that acting, on the stage or screen, is not merely a matter of make-believe. All the craftsmanship in the world won't take a player to the top unless he or she has a vivid personality and glamour and knows how to project it to an audience. There are a few really great actors and actresses who can make you forget them completely in their acting for a brief moment. Helen Hayes has been doing it for some time now in her magnificent and cleverly made-up impersonation of Queen Victoria in "Victoria Regina." Paul Muni did it in "The Story of Louis Pasteur" and again in "The Life of Emile Zola." Those are straight biographical character studies, though, which give a player something real and vital to work with, while the bulk of acting before cameras or footlights, is something else again.

As a matter of fact, Miss Crawford and Mr. Cooper are being paid high compliments when people talk about "their shows." In many cases, it is only because they are appearing in them that they become something to see. They give their personalities, their peculiar ways of talking, doing things and feeling them, to motion pictures and to you as the spectator. If you find them engaging, you will want to see them again. There are few stars who have

GOING TOP HAT?

not appeared in some pretty dreadful shows, as well as entertaining ones. A measure of their greatness is their ability to carry on persuasively in new shows after set-backs.

Certainly Hollywood "types" many of its stars, but why not? The reason they are stars is because they have that indefinable something which makes them at once extremely individualistic and yet representative of all of us. It would certainly be ridiculous, for example, to have Deanna Durbin put on a white wig and play an old woman although she might very well be able to counterfeit the character. It is quite possible that Robert Taylor could play a bearded rajah or that the Marx Brothers could play three solemn wise men, but I prefer to see them in the portrayals they know best how to do.

At the same time, I have considerable sympathy with Miss Crawford, Miss Davis or a dozen other stars I could name, when they get sick of playing the same old role time after time and fight to get new parts. The militant Miss Davis had done it before. When she came back from England on that occasion, she took her medicine gallantly. The story is that her studio went out of its way to cast her in fallen women roles, from "Marked Woman" to "Jezebel." That didn't stop her for a moment. In both of those films she turned in amazingly fine performances and, in between, she took on a comedy assignment in

"It's Love I'm After" opposite Leslie Howard and did a very nice job with that, too.

It is my hunch that the stars are frequently a couple of jumps ahead of their producers. It is not only because they want to try their acting talents on new characters that they are turning up their noses at siren and sheik impersonations. In part they are reacting to changing public tastes and trying to get their studios to drop cycles which have worn themselves out. For, unless I am mistaken, film-goers are pretty tired of tarnished women and irresistible men. They would like to see their favorite actors and actresses in something a little different—something that strikes closer to the realities of present-day life and feeling.

If you can remember back then you may recall that Norma Shearer once played ladies of ill-repute, before she broke away from type portrayals and finally demonstrated her mature acting power in "Romeo and Juliet." Myrna Loy used to be an Oriental seductress on the screen, before she left all that to be one of the most engaging comediennes that there is in Hollywood. The careers of most first-rate veteran players [Continued on page 70]

Myrna Loy's recent performance with Clark Gable and Tracy gave the story life and character. A glamour girl seductress in the part would have left "Test Pilot" empty make-believe.

Bette Davis has not become arrogant over her success. She, like Norma Shearer and others, believes a part, any part, must represent an individual—a character. Then let the statuettes fall where they may.



THE FAN LAW

If You Think That The Fans Are Just The Suckers Who Fill The Money Drawers At The Box-Offices, Think Again. They Are The Law In Hollywood. From Their Verdicts There Is No Appeal.

By Ed Sullivan

FRED ASTAIRE and Ginger Rogers, who wanted to break apart, are back together again on the screen because The Fan Law so ordered it. Warner's, contrary to the studio instinct to get rid of James Cagney, bent the knee and conciliated him because The Fan Law commanded it. Loretta Young, who tried a new coiffure in "Four Men and a Prayer," abandoned it in her next picture because The Fan Law turned thumbs down on the innovation. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy who wanted to dissolve their vocal partnership, have resumed it because The Fan Law handed down a decision from which there was no appeal. The whole field of newsreels was changed, because The Fan Law decreed that the "March of Time" formula was correct.

It is expressed in two ways, this Fan Law that makes the laws of behavior for major studios and major stars—it reaches Hollywood in the direct form of preview cards and letters; it reaches Hollywood indirectly through the box-offices of the nation. And there is no appeal from the verdict of the fans, once it has been rendered. The "no's" of the fans submerge the "yesses" of the yes-men of Hollywood. You, you, you and you are judge and jury and prosecutor. You may be timid in asking a star for an autograph or a picture, but not so timid as the star in Beverly Hills awaiting your verdict. Because The Fan Law makes 'em and it breaks 'em.

When you read in the Hollywood columns that a Paramount biggie or an RKO biggie or an M-G-M master-mind has been released from a contract, it means that the impact of your letters and your absence from certain pictures has written the victim's sentence. The Fan Law has taken him or her by the scruff of the neck and tossed him aside.

In "True Confession," the Paramount comedy starring Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray, there was a courtroom scene which you'll recall. Following that, there was a scene in the jury room and, in the midst of the jury deliberations, one jurymen climbed up on top of the table and started selling a patented medicine which he represented. When the picture was first shown at the studio for the bigwigs of Paramount, that scene exploded the executives into paroxysms of mirth. "That is the funniest thing that's ever been filmed" they told Director Wesley Ruggles. Miss Lombard roared at it, so did Fred MacMurray.

So the picture was taken to Glendale for the first public preview. The jury room scene flashed on the screen, and the audience, which had been roaring suddenly quieted down completely. It was so quiet in the theatre that you could have heard a Zukor drop. The Paramount officials were flabbergasted, turned hastily to the preview cards which are still another expression of The Fan Law. "The jury room scene is in bad taste," said the first card. "The scene in the jury room is a mockery of American law," said the second. "It is unfunny" read the third. Every preview card had the same decision written on it. The amazing thing to me is that here was an audience recruited from all sections of the community, different races, different creeds, and from different environments. Yet unanimously they reached the same verdict, experienced the identical reaction to a scene that was looked upon as the most hilarious scene in the picture.

Paramount yanked the offending scene out so quickly that it would ruffle your hair. The Fan Law had handed down a verdict, and it would have been idiotic to argue that decision. The scene was junked. Even their yes-men couldn't persuade the Paramount executives to retain it once the fans had spoken.

It was the same with the last picture which Gladys Swarthout and John Boles made, "Romance in the Dark." The highlight of that film, from a comedy standpoint, was the scene in which Miss Swarthout, singing from the stage, is pelted with ripe tomatoes. At the studio, it was agreed that as a result of her willingness to play such a scene, Gladys Swarthout would become overnight the best liked operatic star in flickers. It proved, agreed the execs, that she was "regular" and the public would love it.

To their horrified amazement, the fans responded bitterly to the scene. The fans said unanimously that the tomato-pelting was

an insult to a fine artist, a reflection on all women, a conception of such marked bad taste that they couldn't understand the mentality of the makers of the picture.

Note again and again how the public, which is supposed to have the average mentality of a 12-year old, unerringly points to Bad Taste. The intellectuals of the picture colony profess to sneer at the public, but the public can give them cards and spades in perception of vulgarity. The fans spot these things immediately and react immediately.

Let me tell one on myself to show you how accurate is this Fan Law.

Nelson Eddy is not one of my favorite performers, yet the fans enjoy his work tremendously. When "Rosalie" was released, I gave it a good scuffing, and pointed out that Eddy was about as believable in the role of a West Point cadet as Charlie McCarthy would have been. The fans deluged me with letters, pointing out what I had completely overlooked—that I should have berated M-G-M for its stupidity in miscasting Eddy, rather than berating him for doing the best he could with a part that was forced upon him. The cold logic of the fans, as evidenced in their letters, gives a Hollywood columnist a hearty respect for their powers of perception.

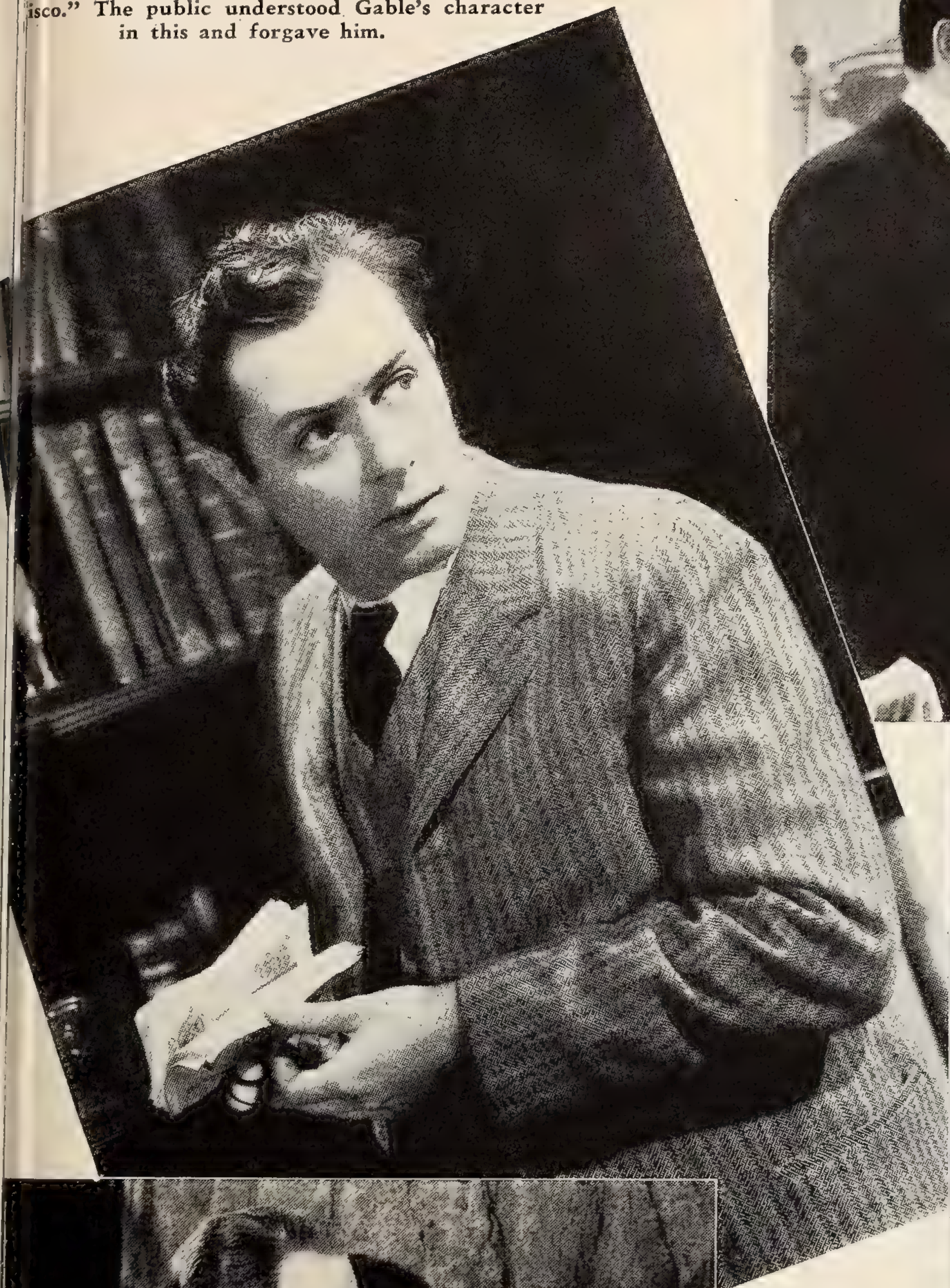
Sometimes, of course, The Fan Law is heart-breaking in its individual effects, and perhaps stultifying. A Robert Montgomery, seeking broader fields of expression, turns from the role of a cocktail-shaking dilettante to the wider emotional range of "Night Must Fall." The fans stay away from the box-offices in droves, and Montgomery is bludgeoned back into the character which the fans have become accustomed to. Jim Cagney turns from grapefruit-heaving roles to that of a song and dance man. The fans all over the country refuse to go and see him. Cagney is beaten back into line. Joan Crawford tries to spread out in "The Gorgeous Hussy" and "The Bride Wore Red," and the fans turn thumbs down so quickly that the Crawford teeth jolt in the Crawford head.

The Fan Law holds that each player must attend to the thing in which he has specialized. It may be unfair, but it is The Law and there is no escape from it. Every performer in this colony has learned that lesson, but the grass always is greener in the other fellow's yard.

The studio decided to show that Gladys Swarthout "could take it." But the fans, on thousands of pieces of paper, with pencils, pens and typewriters, notified the studio THEIR decision. It was final.



w) What of Robert Montgomery, who, filled ambition, gave up playboy roles? (Right) Clark and Spencer Tracy with Jack Holt in "San isco." The public understood Gable's character in this and forgave him.



An invisible force draws Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald together for their screen lives.

(Right) In "The Gorgeous Hussy," Melvyn Douglas and Joan Crawford. Talent seemed to avail them nothing in this film.



It has been said that major studios make stars. Zanuck, Goldwyn, Mayer, Berman, Wallis and Cohn have been applauded for their daring in introducing new performers. I tell you in all earnestness that no producer and no studio ever has made a star. The studio proposes, but the Fan disposes.

Goldwyn it was who tried to ram Anna Sten down the throats of the movie fans. He gave her everything—preparation, production values, a terrific advertising campaign. The fans turned her down. Goldwyn bought up the unexpired balance of her contract. He is a vigorous, self-confident man is Goldwyn, but even he would not attempt to dispute the verdict of the fans.

I asked Darryl Zanuck how he came to star Tyrone Power in "Lloyds Of London." The little Swiss genius of celluloid made this remarkable answer: "The fans told me he was a star," he said. "Remember 'Girl's Dormitory,' Ed? Power appeared briefly in that picture, meeting Simone at the railroad station. He made just a casual impression at the studio, but I was struck by the letters that came in after the picture was released nationally. Nearly every girl who wrote wanted to know the name of the boy who had met Simone at the station. [Continued on page 78]

TRUE STORY



Shirley Ross and stunt girl, Frances Miles, between takes on "Prison Farm." (Below) A scene from "You and Me," just before the fight starts. Frances, who is between Bob Cummings (foreground) and Barton MacLane (standing), is waiting for the melee. She loves it—danger and all.



The lovely profile of Frances Miles which is in jeopardy at every turn.



Frances Miles once "whipped around" a big town car which Kay Francis was supposed to be driving, and crashed into a curb.



THOSE automobiles you see careening across the screen, crashing into ditches, over cliffs, into buildings? We drive them—

Those caged animals that spit and claw and charge? We dodge them—

Those wild horses that dash wildly through the westerns? We ride them, fall from them, roll out from under them.

We stab sharks, jump parachutes, brawl in bar rooms, pull hair, perish in airplane crashes, leap from windows, plunge through windshields, rush from burning buildings, dive into lakes, rivers and pools, brave live steam, smash things, get trapped in sinking boats—

We're the stunt women. Today there are thirty-seven of us, on call twenty-four hours a day. We're known as the Riding and Stunt Girls of the Screen, if you want to be formal about it. A division of the Screen Actors' Guild. There used to be sixty-seven of us. Marriages, better jobs, retirements and less than enough work to go around during the recent days of the parlor dramas and the musical romances, the process shots and a wave of sanity which has swept the industry, account for the dwindling ranks.

There Are Thirty-Seven Girls
In Hollywood Who Actually
Enjoy The Thrill Of Danger.

OF A STUNT GIRL

By
Frances Miles

As told to
Ed Churchill

The long shots of Carole Lombard in the lake in "True Confession" were made by a stunt girl, but, for the close-ups with Fred MacMurray, Carole herself was dunked. By the way, Carole gets the vote of the stunt girls for being the "most regular fellow."

It's a hell of a life—but we love it.

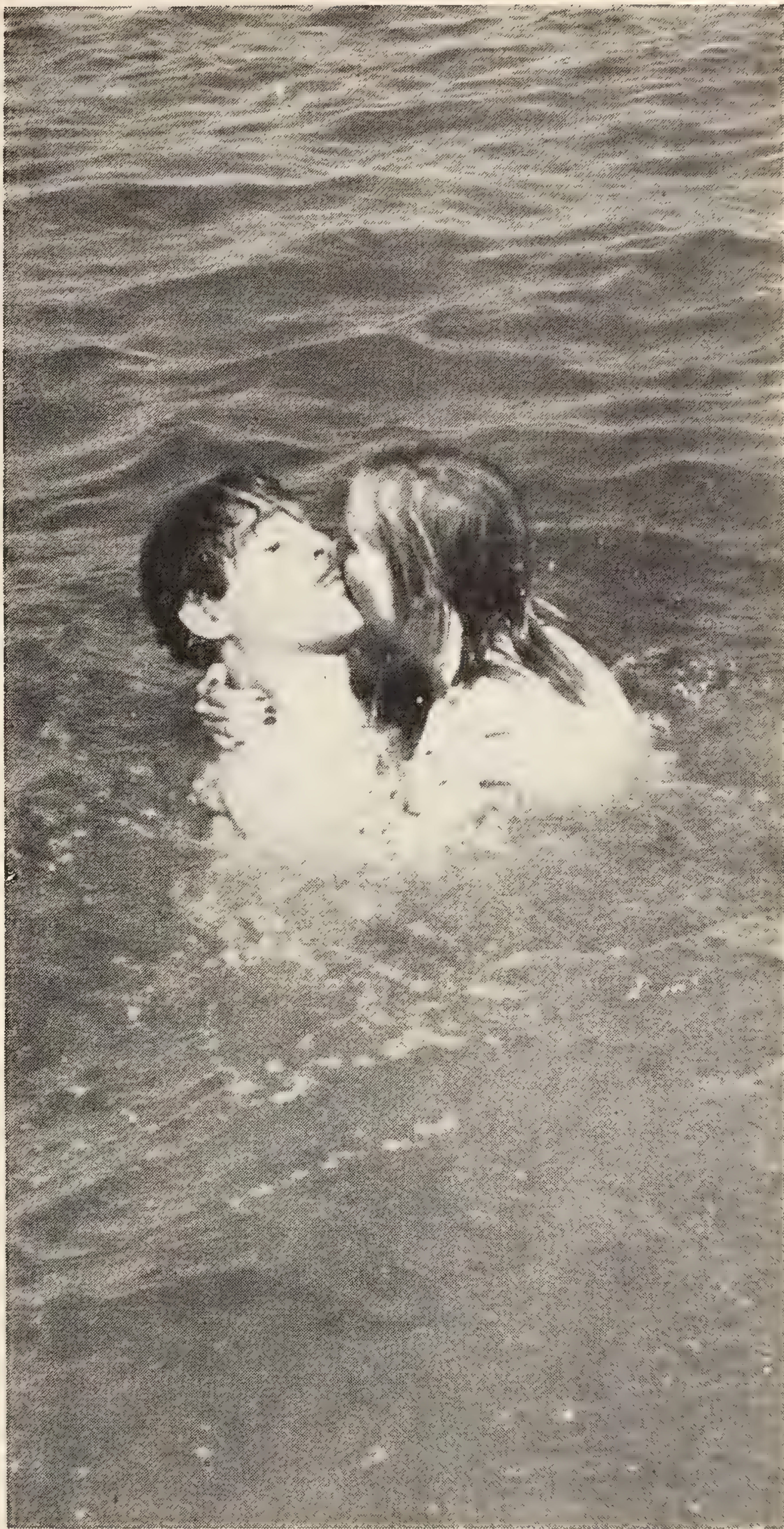
There's something about excitement that gets you. You can't shake it. I guess that's why our organization has Helen Gibson for treasurer, Helen Holmes as head of the complaint committee, and Marin Sais in its ranks. If you're around thirty-five, or even younger, you remember Helen Holmes as queen of the railroad serials; Helen Gibson as the star of Kalem chapter dramas, and Marin as the neck-risking wife of Jack Hoxie, once ace of the outdoor epics. These gals went to town for the movie mad millions in the days when trick shots were unknown and what we call "effects" and "transparencies" went under the head of cheating the public.

Also, we have Olive Hatch, Olympic swimming champion, who'll dare anything in water—for a price. Olga Celeste will have her fun with any kind of animal that grows. Ione Reed will train the beasts who don't like to be trained. Mary Wiggins will make a parachute jump, drive a car in a gangster chase. More about the others later—

The point is that we're a bunch of specialists these days.

When I was born in Minneapolis—did I take my bow as president of the Riding and Stunt Girls of the Screen?—on February 14, 1908, I had no idea what was in store for me. Maybe you can blame the adventurous streak in my father, Oscar Martinson, chief of police of that city—sheriff—chief of the Universal City police—police employee at Paramount. He died in 1935, with a record of twenty-eight years as a law enforcement officer.

My mother had no adventurous ideas. Nor has my sister, Sally, now married. Nor Uriel, who is a studio property man. The first outcroppings of what the future held came when I got a tomboy



classification at Margaret Fuller grammar school in Minneapolis, and at West Side High School. I starred in field meets. Let that be a lesson to you.

Bill Koenig, studio manager at Universal City, asked dad to take charge of Carl Laemmle's gendarmes in 1923, and dad took the job. We drew a house right in Universal City, so I got very close to motion pictures. I hung around, watched, now and then did bits, extra work, and built up a reputation for having nerve.

So, at sixteen, I found myself fighting a shark.

I'd done this and that when a temperamental leading woman had gasped:

"Oh, my deah—don't awsk me to—I realleh couldn't!"

Aileen Sedgwick gave me my first chance. Not by being "broad A" as noted above, for she was regular. But by being slightly unenthusiastic about fighting the shark. The sweet little fellow was about 12 feet long, and swam happily and hungrily about in a tank nine feet deep. The portion of the plot that has to do with the story is this:

Bill Desmond, serial star, was trapped in a submarine. Aileen was to dive into the water, be attacked by the shark, kill it, open the conning tower, and save Bill. Oh yes—I was to dive with a knife in my mouth. Bill Koenig had asked my father if I could do it, and everyone was wise when I was brought onto the scene, supposedly to do a little [Continued on page 72]



A group of professional escorts waiting for clients in the lounge of their agency.



Cherie Ray, who runs the escort bureau.

DO YOU need an emergency bride—an attractive young woman to act as your wife—an emergency wife you can be proud of? Do you need expert bridge players to fill in your party because some of your guests didn't turn up? Have you just arrived in Hollywood and want someone to take you to the Hawaiian Paradise, the Trocadero, Cafe Lamaze, the Clover Club, La Golondrina, La Conga, to the races and fights, to Palm Springs and point out the stars to you? Are you lonely and blue and want someone sympathetic and understanding to talk to?

There is an escort bureau on Hollywood Boulevard that will supply you with the person you need on a moment's notice, for \$10 or \$15.

It's run by Cherie Ray, a former actress, and Jack Elloway, a medical student, and is a member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

They have 55 girls and 30 young men on their payroll, all carefully selected, who know Hollywood and the stars, and are accomplished in the social graces. Believe you me when I tell you that a girl can't have a more intriguing and romantic occupation in this intriguing and romantic village of ours than toiling as professional escort. It's the smart thing right now, and quite a few of these lovely escorts don't need the money and do it for the fun of it. As for the young men, paid cavaliering is hardly less exciting, and is at the same time a definite profession, like law or selling insurance. Nearly all have had a college education, for the qualifications required for being a "de luxe" escort are rather high.

But most of us are still old-fashioned and think of these girls as demi-mondaines and of the young men as gigolos, so they are rather chary of publicity. For that reason some of the following names are strictly professional and not the real ones. Others, courageous, defiant souls, see no reason why they should disguise themselves. They even let me photograph them.

Marguerite Bernard, 27, is a veteran in the game, having started over a year ago. (Professional escorting is a new vocation.) She is a titian charmer, a graduate of the University of Southern California, and the widow of a well known physician who died three years ago. She spent four years in Europe—London, Paris, Rome, Milan—studying music. Sings at private parties, on the radio, and in the Sunday evening concerts of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Works in pictures, is an expert driver, and can pilot a plane, with fifty hours of solo flying to her credit. There is a modern girl for you!

I asked her why she became a professional escort. "Partly out of curiosity," she said, "and partly because—well, a woman sometimes is in a romantic mood!" she laughed. She laughs a great deal. "I tried a few other things, experimenting, you know, but was disappointed every time. When I heard about this escort

foreign atmosphere places. "He was very charming, had a wife back East. He just wanted somebody to show him the town."

Then Marguerite met her "Big Moment," a Belgian baron and steel magnate, 45, handsome, on a business trip around the world. She took him to different places in Hollywood, showed him the studios, from the outside, and one Sunday drove him to Palm Springs, where they had dinner at the Desert Inn, by candle-light, and he proposed, but she did not accept his offer of marriage. The baron left for China and Japan, hoping she will change her mind, soon. They are corresponding.

As an escort, Marguerite says, "I've always had good luck. Cherie doesn't introduce me to anybody without preliminary investigation. I enjoy my work as an escort very much. It pays for my music lessons."

The fees are paid directly to the bureau, and never to the escort, which puts the relationship on a business-like basis and saves embarrassment. The escort is given half of the fee paid, \$5 or \$7.50, depending on the clothes he or she has to wear. Five dollars for street clothes, \$7.50 for evening gown or tuxedo. The fee is double when an after-



(Above) The escorts have to point out the screen players—"Oh, there's Tyrone Power." Claudette Colbert is one of the sights of the Cinema City. (Right) Imagine the pride of an escort when Clark Gable appears.



PARTNERS FOR RENT

In Hollywood You Can Hire An Escort
And Mix With The Players On Parade.

By Leon Surmelian

noon and evening are combined. But nearly all the escorts have regular employment during the day and are not dependent on their professional dates for their bread and butter.

These guides know the favorite night spots of the stars, and *who* is to be seen *where*. Says Miss Bernard: "Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond rarely go to night clubs. Their hang-out is a dude ranch in Palm Springs. It's a very exclusive place, and most of the guests are society people from the East. You don't hear people talking about pictures there, and that's why Jeanette and Gene like it. They are never dressed up at the ranch. I usually see them in dungarees and loud sport shirts. Jeanette's, especially, are loud. One night I saw them enjoying a barbecue party and cooking their own steak right out on the desert."

A favorite night club with Miss Bernard is the Hawaiian Paradise. "All the movie people go there for dinner. The lighting is very low, and it's a very atmospheric place. There is a rustic bridge in the Lenai Room, where the cover charge is \$1.50, and where there is water all around the dance floor, containing turtles and fish. On the backs of the turtles you can read the names of Garbo, Crawford, Ginger Rogers and other stars. The club has a section where you don't have to pay cover charge, and where you can have practically as much fun, but the stars are in the Lenai Room."

Miss Bernard knows, also, the food habits of the stars. For instance, at Clara Bow's "It" Cafe on Vine Street, she can tell that Jeanette MacDonald is sure



to order an asparagus omelet, and Gene Raymond a steak. Anita Louise will have curried turkey. Bette Davis, who goes there often, never fails to order pineapple salad.

At the "It" Cafe they have floor shows in the evening, and recently Eleanor Powell's double has been dancing there. Marjorie Gateson and Kerry Conway, Miss Bernard says, are steady customers of the Little Club on Sunset Boulevard. "It's a small, cozy place, where a roaming girl singer will warble your favorite songs."

If a visitor wants to see the Pat O'Briens, she takes

(Above) If you go to La Conga you may be lucky enough to find Loretta Young there. (Right) Simone Simon. This little French star always excites the interest of visitors.

him either to the Cocoanut Grove or the Beverly Wilshire. The latter is featuring Harry Owens and his orchestra. Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor, are also most likely to be found there. The Basil Rathbones dine and dance to the soft music at the Victor Hugo. Wendy Barrie will take a party of friends to the Beachcombers, a night spot with a South Seas atmosphere just off Hollywood Boulevard.

Dolores Del Rio likes the Olvera Street, in downtown Los Angeles. In this district the two chief night clubs are the Caliente and La Golondrina, frequented also by Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman and Bill Powell, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. "Caliente is new, and very popular, but La Golondrina is the oldstand-by. It has a picturesque [Continued on page 80]

Ralph Bellamy Owns A Home In Hollywood
And A Farm In Connecticut. Oil Gushes Forth
From His Louisiana Land But What Beats
Everything Is His Growing Screen Reputation.

By Dena Reed

"THE Awful Truth" about Ralph Bellamy is that he is a
"Magnificent Lie!"

Starting his film career in the latter and achieving his
greatest success in the former, the popular Columbia star has
a personality which follows along the same paradoxical lines.

He's both the least—and the most—married man in
Hollywood!

He's been on the verge of suicide and on top of
the heap!

He's at one and the same time the colony's leading
sophisticate and its most naive citizen!

He's the most temperamental of stars—and the sanest!

He's gone hungry in prosperity and struck oil at
the depth of the depression!

He's been the most inhibited and the gayest of
Hollywood's hell-bent-for-hi-de-ho sons!

And therein lies the awful truth about Bellamy!

To know Ralph and the charming Catherine Bellamy
is to know Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles in person! Noth-
ing ever seems to bother them very deeply, they're each
free to think and act individually and yet there is a
oneness of interest and understanding which
makes for that ideal state which Myrna Loy and
Bill Powell have developed as the model mar-
riage pattern.



(Above) A scene
from Ralph's latest
picture, "Boy Meets
Girl," with James
Cagney, Pat O'Brien
and Dick Foran.
(Left) With his
wife.

thing big, like buying a house, and it's worth a really sizable
blow-up! The little things which break up marriages, things
like waking up cross in the morning and sulking at breakfast,
or complaining that his shirts aren't stiff enough, or soft enough—
those little things never seem to come up."

Naturally it's much easier to be charming and affable with
a nice seven year contract in your pocket, and owning four or
five estates scattered over the country, than it is when you haven't
eaten for days and your future is bare of prospects. That's true.
But I knew Bellamy when. If, at that time, he wasn't exactly
starving, he was still a long way from the security he now enjoys.
There was even a time when suicide seemed preferable than a
diet of—water! He told me himself, shuddering at the memory
of three meal-less, delirium-ridden days when the prospects of
relief from the pangs of hunger and fear and hopelessness seemed
preferable to nebulous prospects.

"I needn't tell you," he remarked, "I'm glad I didn't obey that
impulse!"

No, he needn't. Since then he's done right well by himself—
he's now at the top of the heap. Appearing consistently in films
he has steadily accumulated a home in Hollywood, a fifty-two acre
farm in Connecticut and a huge hundred and fifty-two acre tract
at Palm Springs which he and Charlie Farrell have converted,
out of desert land, into a tennis club. So successful has it
become that he's going to sell his share to Charlie because it's
beginning to take too large chunks [Continued on page 66]

"I don't think anyone enjoys single-blessedness, in the best
sense, more than Ralph. I always let him have his way," Cath-
erine confided to me recently. "And then I invariably find that
his way is my way! And that makes him a much-married man,
you see. It's so much simpler than making a situation out of
nothing and having to fight for your rights. I never do. Ralph
feels as though he can do whatever he wants—and then wants
to do what I want!"

"Is it always as simple as that? Don't you ever fight it out
on the domestic front if it takes all summer?"

"Oh, sometimes," she admitted, "but then it's usually some-



With Frieda Inescourt and Roland Young in "Call It A Day."



(Top) In "100 Men and a Girl," she gave just the contrast needed for Deanna Durbin's character. (Above) Alice and Barbara Read react to Swami Mischa Auer in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938."

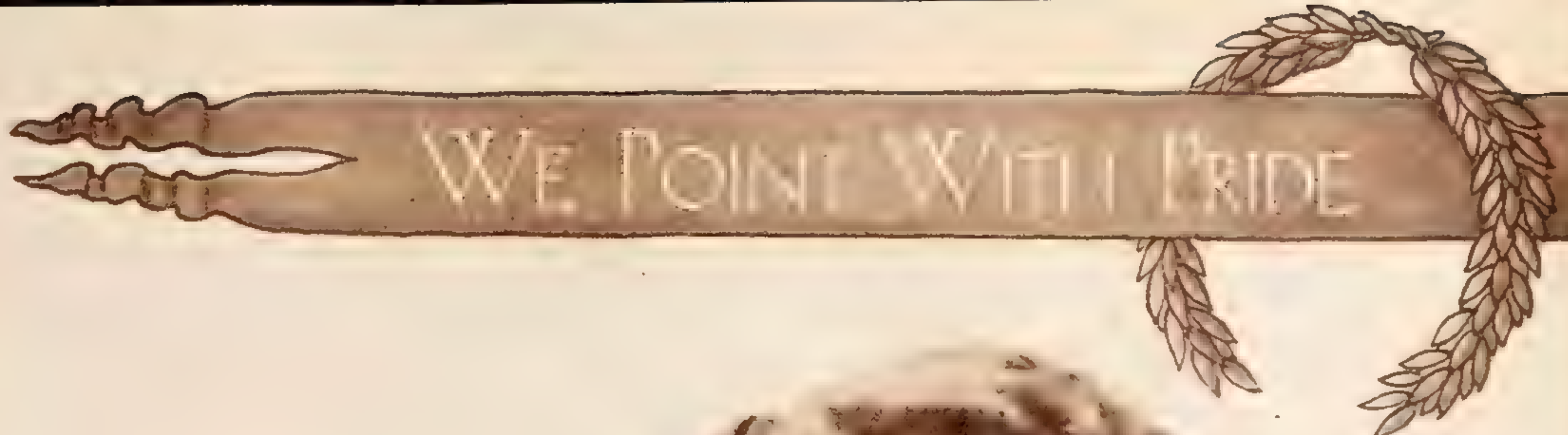
TO

ALICE BRADY

A New Yorker Born And Bred
Who Has Brilliantly Upheld
The Honor Of The Empire State

IN RECENT years, Alice Brady has been cast in silly comedy roles and she has gushed through them as airily as a nitwit. But Mr. Zanuck gave her a real part in "In Old Chicago" and the success of this picture is largely due to her inspired performance as the mother of the three young men. It earned for her the Academy Award, given each year to the actress contributing the best work as a supporting player. Miss Brady, is the daughter of William A. Brady, well-known theatrical producer. She was once married to James L. Crane and is the mother of an eleven year old son.

(Above) A scene from "In Old Chicago." (Right) In her most recent role in "Good-bye Broadway," with Charles Winninger.





LAZY

SUMMER

The Healthful Rays Of The Summer Sun Rest And Rebuild The Players. It's strange To Think That The Same Rays That Rejuvenate Garbo Also Pep Up Aunt Emma!

(Above) Myrna Loy recuperates at her home from the exhausting task of receiving the adulation of the fans. (Left) Florence Rice. DeLuxe edition of a flower farmerette. Gardening is her avocation.



Sally Eilers has pretty legs and doesn't care if the whole Pacific Ocean knows it.



This golfing shot of Rosalind Russell is no pose. It is evident that she's a player.

DAYS

THE world at large labors under the delusion that screen stars are always on vacation. But the stars say: "That's what you think!" They know that the brief rests they enjoy between pictures are best spent visiting New York, seeing the current plays and making a round of the prominent night clubs. "That's good publicity!" say their producers. And good little stars have to obey their producers—or else!

But when summer-time rolls around, the stars put thumbs down on publicity, and go away to seaside or mountain or farm, or, even as you and I, stay in their own back yard, enjoying the thrill of doing exactly what they please.



Dick Powell, carefree and happy, at the tiller of his yawl "beating to wind'ard." No wonder he sings! (Right) Madge Evans tries out the mattress qualities of a couple of bales of hay. (Below) Picnics are a universal relaxation and every hillside may be the background for thousands of snapshots, and the forest dells ring with merry laughter. Lynne Carver takes to the open with the lunch basket. "Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow."



(Continued on Next Page)



Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy on polo ponies, all set for a day of frolic. Spence taught Joan the game.





(Top) The script is getting slight attention from Don Ameche who is making the most of the dappled shade of his lawn. (Next, below) Ronald Reagan and Margaret Lindsay wave and grin and register joy in their own fashion, for the director wasn't invited. (Above) Danielle Darrieux trying out the restful qualities of her checkered playsuit. (Left) Rita Hayworth, feeling the Robin Hood influence, doesn't quite understand about the target yet.

Mary Maguire on the lake shore. A swing girl on vacation.



(Left) Warner Baxter, with his wife, enjoying a terrace luncheon at home in summer idleness, but his shadow self is working on a thousand theatre screens. (Top) Gloria Dickson demonstrates a swell way to carry an apple when the Tarzan urge comes on. (Next, below) Bobby Breen in placid waters, where success has taken him. (Above) Beatrice Roberts and Paul Kelly at Northridge ranch, posing "Bee." The calf was not 24 hours old when this photograph was taken.



FASHION TIPS FROM HOLLYWOOD

Life In The Country Or
Down By The Sea
Demands A Wardrobe
That Just Fits The Time,
The Place And The Girl!

AT LONG last vacation time has come around again, and so, off we hie ourselves to the wide open spaces where we can bask in the sunshine, let our hair blow in the breeze, and just loaf and loaf to our heart's delight—as long as the pocketbook holds out.

As trailers have become so popular of late years, we thought we'd include an outfit suitable for such a luxurious method of going "back to nature." However, we haven't neglected the summer girl who looks for a bit of romantic philandering while away from the city, nor have we forgotten the girl with the form divine who is anxious to give the onlookers a treat.

Jantzen modeled the two interesting swim suits worn by the lovely Brewster twins; Gloria (at left) wears the Fiesta and Barbara, the Mexicana. They are made of hand printed Wisp-o-weight fabric in which pure silk is combined with Lastex yarn. (Center) After a dip in her swimming pool, lovely Loretta Young slips into this comfortable robe of raw silk printed in large multi-colored plumes.



(Continued on Next Page)



Lucille Ball demonstrates a full day's outfit for the girl who travels by trailer. A quilted red and white taffeta bathing suit for that early dip; a blue and pink dirndl peasant frock for breakfast. For all sports she wears dark blue jersey slacks and blouse, with the addition of a beige cabby coat fastened with huge brown buttons for cool mornings; a riding suit in a brown and white combination for mountain trails; and one "dress-up" outfit, consisting of pale yellow wool suit, a brown silk blouse, and long brown and white checked coat. Her hat is of yellow antelope. For sleeping Lucille wears heavy wash crepe pajamas.



(Above) Ann Miller looks particularly happy in her blue, red and yellow dotted playsuit with its white background, accented by a royal blue cotton bolero jacket. A large white linen sun hat and Mexican huaraches (sandals to you) complete the costume. (Left) Rosemary Lane models a shirtwaist type of playsuit, with buttoned skirt, in striped green and white silk jersey, with play shoes of woven straw in deep green to match her belt.



(Hats, below) Joan Bennett dines in this quaint little black stitched crepe hat of the pancake variety, highlighted with bright pink roses. A wide-brimmed, tied-under-chin navy straw braid hat is most flattering to Nan Grey for all daytime pastimes.



(Above—L. to R.) Loretta Young looks cool and contented in her white crepe afternoon frock with its arresting design of prim tulips in pale green and yellow on the bodice panels. Rita Hayworth in a unique spectator sports ensemble, combining a natural pongee frock with halter top and deep hem banding of forest green to complement her smartly cut bolero. A huge forest green linen hat ties under the chin. Barbara Read borrows an idea from the Gay 90's for her afternoon beach costume of black and white challis. (Opposite—L. to R.) Maureen O'Sullivan in a late afternoon or informal dinner frock of crisp white organdie designed with a cluster of vivid red cherries and bright green leaves. Polka dots highlight her luncheon frock, the box-pleated skirt in a background of navy with gold dots and the blouse just reversed. A saucer-brimmed leghorn hat adds a charming note to this simple costume. Maureen chooses a hand-blocked linen for spectator sports wear. It is in two pieces, and the combination of colors, green, maroon and blue, is distinctly eye-catching. A stitched white felt hat is worn with this.

Hats And Frocks For More Conservative Occasions At The Country Or Beach Club.

(More hats, reading L. to R.) June Lang shows how picturesque a huge natural straw hat can be when it is banded by a coarse black net veil over the forehead. A flared off-the-face stitched blue silk hat, accented with a fuchsia grosgrain ribbon band is Claire Trevor's striking choice. Dorothy Lamour likes this carnation turban, with its starched blue face veil.



Frances Robinson in a dusty pink milan straw bonnet adorned with a single rose and a black lace cob-web veil.



NEW FILMS THAT ARE



Fred MacMurray, Dorothy Howe and Harriet Hilliard in "Cocoanut Grove."



Andrea Leeds, Rita Johnson and Eve Arden in "Letter of Introduction."



George O'Brien and Ed Pawley in "Gun Law."



Pat O'Brien, Marie Wilson and James Cagney in "Boy Meets Girl."



Loretta Young, Spencer Charters, Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore in "Three Blind Mice."



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Danielle Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris."

READY ON THE REELS



Henry Armetta and Lynn Bari in "Speed to Burn."



Richard Dix, Torben Mayer and Whitney Bourne in "Blind Alibi."



Jack Holt, Russell Hopton and Marcia Ralston in "Crime Takes a Holiday."



Melvyn Douglas and Luise Rainer in "The Toy Wife."



Matthew Boulton and Freddie Bartholomew in "Lord Jeff."



Andrew Tombes, Sidney Toler, June Lang and Dick Baldwin in "Time Out for Murder."



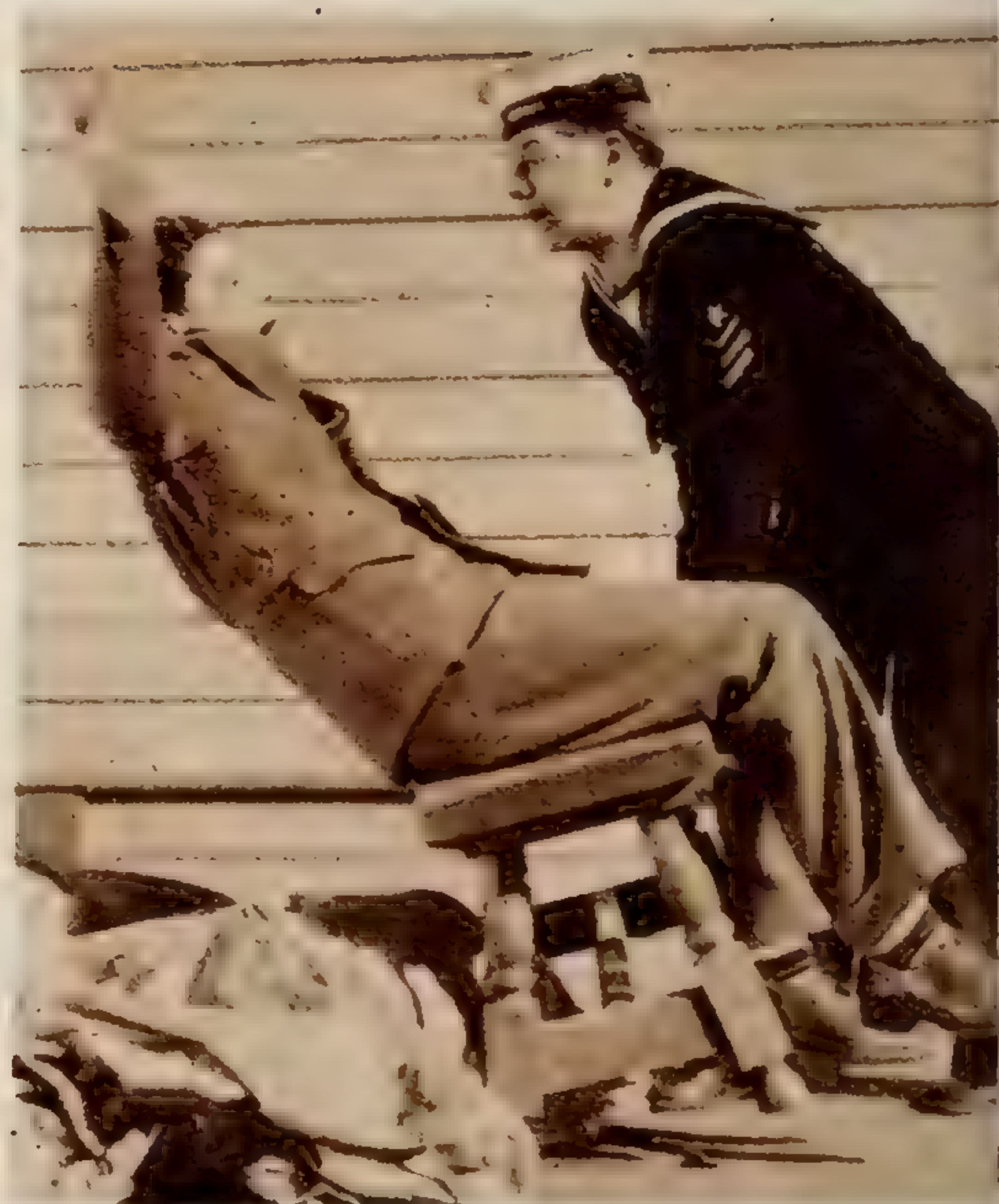
Rudy Vallee and Rosemary Lane hear the call to arms in "Golddiggers in Paris." Rudy smiles in the face of danger and in the third picture moves to consolidate the forces. Is that salute sincere? Or is it acting?

MOVIE-ETTES

The solitary figure is Leo Carrillo in "City Shadows." First he listens—Then he differs—And his eye intensely glitters— Now suspicious—"You wanta mine—Bigga Apple?—I give 'em shine!"

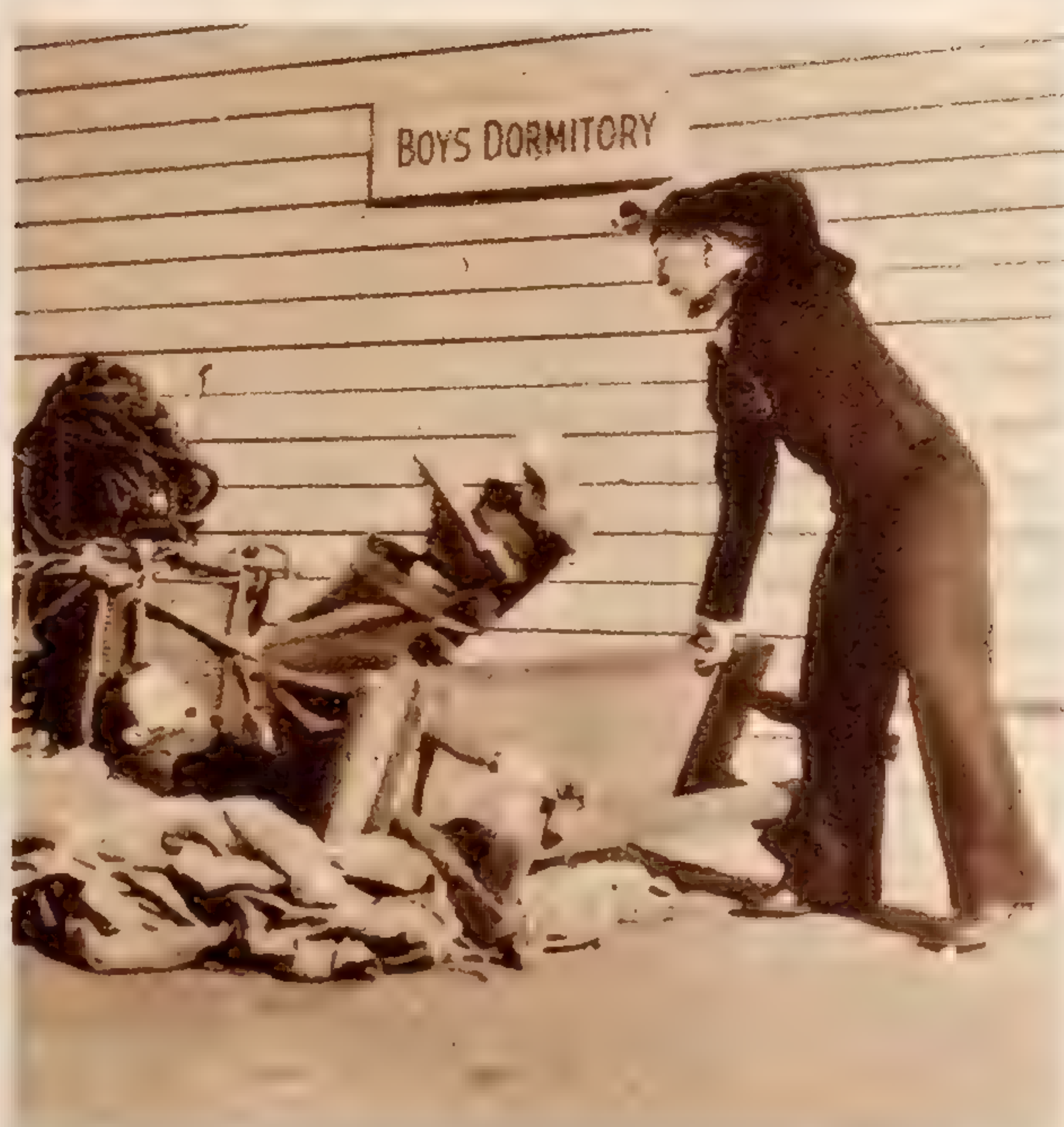


(Right) In "Lord Jeff," Freddie Bartholomew (a big fellow now) and Mickey Rooney take the bench. But Mickey is up to his old tricks—comedy that knocks them off their seats. Bam! (Bottom) Ian Hunter, Isabel Jeans and Kay Francis in "Secrets of An Actress." A question of taxi etiquette comes up and Isabel decides that if she is going to sleep she should of course first remove her jacket and check both it and Mr. Hunter. Tut, Tut!



(Continued on Next Page)







Betty Grable in a dance routine illustrating four million reasons why a dancer with pretty legs should keep in practice—or maybe she is trying out the skating routine that Sonja Henie put over.





(Top) Ah, the whirl of excitement in Hollywood! Olympe Bradna expresses it in her "whirl away" dance movement. Try it some headachey morning.



Walter Pidgeon wrestles with the idea of rolling his own smokes. You put some paper around some tobacco—See! It's very simple; in fact, it's foolish! Gimme my briar!



and no sign of "middle aising"?

**DON'T LET THE BEST YEARS
FOR MARRIAGE SLIP BY!**

Here are some suggestions...

No matter what your age, remember: romance comes to girls with charm. If it seems to pass you by, you may be neglecting charm's first essential . . . remember it is *daintiness* that wins.

Avoid Offending

Just one hint of "undie odor" is enough to spoil any romance. Don't risk it! Lux undies every night!

Lux takes away all odor—protects your daintiness. Saves colors, too. Avoid soap with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. These wear out delicate things too fast. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

23 years for marriage:

Statistics based on 60,000 marriages show that most girls marry in their early 20's—58% before they are 24. How many women who are truly charming can marry at any age.

Protect daintiness—Lux lingerie daily

Making Movies Requires Many Men, Many Ideas And A Lot Of Patience.

Three different scenes from "Four's a Crowd" are being taken at the same time. In foreground, Olivia de Havilland in bed. On the left side, half way up, is Rosalind Russell in an office set. Near the window in back another crew is at work shooting Errol Flynn. Observe the sound engineer at lower right, near corner. (In circle) The "Time Out For Murder" company. The property man dropped the telephone stand on June Lang's head eight times before the director was satisfied.



SHOOTING STARS

Director George Cukor showing Doris Nolan and Cary Grant how he wants them to do a scene for "Holiday." Try getting into step, Cary.



(Below) The wind machine gives the touch of realism to the flag. Eleanore Whitney making a publicity still. (Right) How a set looks to show action on three floors. It's for "Letter of Introduction."





As soon as he stopped singing, I said, "Hello. Who are you?"

STABLE-BOY BLUES

In The Racing Game Love
Isn't Always In The Money.

By

David Manuel

I LEFT the clubhouse and started for the paddock. I knew I would be in for a lively session of abuse from Jimmy when I got back. But I knew I could take it without a word, which would only make him angrier. Sooner or later he would learn not to take girls out, especially me, when he was hunting news for his daily column. Anyway I wanted to see the horses, and I didn't see why, instead, I should trail around with Jimmy Evans finding out who was attending the races with whom, and what the well-dressed movie actor was wearing.

It was bright and sunny; flowers were in bloom; there was a pleasant crunch of gravel as I walked along. I am fond of horses, and I was having a fine time all by myself, going from stall to stall. Suddenly I heard someone singing. I turned in that direction, because the song was one of my own, one I had written recently, and the singer was doing very well by it. On the far side of a freshly-painted fence I discovered a young man singing softly and at the same time putting a dark sleek beautiful horse through his ablutions.

Had you seen this male specimen you would probably have been as surprised as I. He had yellow hair, a very ruddy complexion, dreamy blue eyes, and was built like men you read about—or girls dream about. The fact that his clothes were old and soiled did not make a particle of difference. And there he stood, unconcerned as you please, singing my song better than I had ever heard anybody else sing it. I was amazed.

As soon as he stopped singing, I said, "Hello. Who are you?"

He looked up from his work and his eyes were a nice combination of curiosity, amusement and independence.

(Sketches
by
Lloyd
Wright)



"Nobody you would care about," he said cheerfully. Even in speaking his voice had a nice husky, throaty quality.

"I came out to look at the horses," I said, "but I didn't expect to find a crooner."

"My good woman, I'm no crooner, I'm a stable boy. A toiler. I'm to this horse what your maid is to you. I take it that you're a damsel who would have a maid—and a string of polo players." He grinned.

A rather flippant young man, I thought. I said: "Do you mean you wash horses for a living, with a voice like that?"

"I generally use soap and water." His eyes twinkled as he plied a curry brush. "Anyway I like washing horses, especially this one. And I prefer horses to people. Horses never ask silly questions."

"You can't squelch me," I said.

"Oh, I didn't mean you." His tone was disarming.

"What's his name?"

"Gold Prince. You see, I raised him from a baby, and one day I aim to own him myself."

"How, may I ask?"

"I don't know why you'd be interested, but one week from Saturday, in the Santa Clara Handicap, I am betting my little nest egg on him. Nobody appreciates him but me, and this little bangtail ought to pay plenty. To make a long story short, after a couple of more races he's going to run right straight into my arms."

"How romantic," I said. "But no horse is that good, except Man o' War, and he doesn't run any more. It would be much more sensible if you'd cash in on that voice of yours while you're still nice to look at."

He didn't seem to care much about this remark, and he frowned slightly. "Excuse me," he said politely. "I'm busy and I'm afraid I don't have time for any small talk."

I stood my ground. I may be a member of the weaker sex, but I have a good head for business. Furthermore, although my own voice was considered good in certain circles, I knew that there were some of my songs I could never hope to put across as well as I thought he might.

"How would you like to make fifty dollars?" I asked. "That would be a little extra to waste on your baby here."

"Say, who are you? And how can anyone make fifty dollars when he has a full-time job already? You'd better run along, before I take you up."

"Stop being skeptical," I said. "And listen to me. My name is Anne Reid. I don't suppose you've ever heard of me, but a lot of people have. I wrote that song you were singing just now—and I have a radio program—Thursday's from nine to nine-thirty, sponsored by Crawford Soups. Haven't you ever heard of the soup with a soul? Besides that I have my own club, the Club Stratford, where I sing every night. I'm telling you all this because you don't seem to know anything, except about horses. Well, if you want I'll put you on my program for one night, as a guest—sort of a tryout. We'll interview you about your job, and you can sing one song—one of my songs—for all of which I will pay you fifty dollars. Do you want it?"

He accepted this with a tantalizing grin. I began to be a little annoyed.

"Anyway, you write nice music."

"Do you or don't you want it?"

"Sure I want fifty dollars," he said. "Who wouldn't?"

"Fine. This is Tuesday. You come to my apartment tomorrow night for a trial rehearsal. Franklin Arms Apartment, Hollywood. Can I count on you having your horse bathed and put to bed and arriving about eight?"

"Sure. I'll be there." He gave me a gallant bow, in which there was still a trace of amusement. "And thank you, fair lady, for putting me on the road to success."

"I'm not sure you deserve it," I said.

On my way back to the clubhouse I was full of plans for my discovery, whose name I didn't even know. If I could get him away from that horse, I thought, we'd both make a fortune. His voice and my songs—what a beautiful combination! Why the simpleton didn't seem to realize that if he was a success he could have all the horses he wanted.

For once I was fortunate. Jimmy was talking to a beautiful blonde girl and he merely growled at me that females with faces like mine should not wander unescorted about race tracks. I trust he meant this in a complimentary sense. He introduced me to the blonde. She was Janice Robinson, a girl Jimmy was trying to get into the movies. She was rich and socially prominent, and it



seemed she yearned to be connected with the cinema. Jimmy seemed to think she was the greatest find since Garbo, and there was no question about it—she *was* attractive. For the rest of the afternoon—between races—he elaborated on his plans. How he was going to publicize her in his column, get her picture in all the papers, and finally land a big fat contract for her. Of course, I knew that when that happened Jimmy would step in and take most of the credit.

He said he was bringing her to my club that night, along with a photographer, so that I would cash in a little on the publicity too. But my mind was too busy to pay much attention to his prattling. I wasn't until he was driving me home that I told him what I had done and asked him if he could be on hand the next night to work up an interview. Jimmy was master of ceremonies on my program, and interviewed all the guest stars.

Then I got what I expected. A tirade. "Anne, why in the name of heaven can't you behave like a sensible dignified girl?" Jimmy raved. "And not go around talking to strange people! How do you know anything about this fellow? He might be a criminal, or a bum. How do you know if he can sing before a mike? What can I possibly interview a stable boy about?"

"Calm yourself, Jimmy. I should think he'd be a novelty—after all those half-baked movie heroes."

"Why don't you let me run the program?" he asked indignantly.

"I do—usually."

"Probably he won't even show up. You don't know a thing about this boy!"

"He has nice hair and beautiful eyes," I said.

Jimmy snorted unintelligibly.

"I believe you're jealous," I said. "Do I get jealous when you build up blondes for the movies? No. Do I get jealous when you talk to beautiful stars? No. Do I get jealous when I don't see you for a week? No."

"Maybe it would be better if you did," he growled, jamming on his brakes for a traffic light and almost throwing me off the seat. "Then I'd know where I stood with you. Sometimes I think you love me and sometimes I don't."

"That's funny," I said. "Sometimes I think I do, and sometimes I think I don't."

He ranted on for a while, but I just smiled sweetly. When we got home I told him I'd see him and Janice at the club. And that I'd expect him to have some nice questions for my stable boy the next evening.

"If it would make you feel any better," I added, "you can bring a gun along for protection."

He didn't see anything funny

"You will notice," he said, "that it says she went to the Club Stratford especially to hear that lovely lady, that charming chanteuse, that gifted composer, none other than Anne Reid—which means you, in case I didn't make myself clear." His dark eager face was near mine, and his excitement was contagious. "That's just to show I have no hard feelings about this race-track guy."

"Mighty white of you," I said, rumpling his dark hair. This usually annoyed him, but tonight he paid no attention.

"Where's your prodigy?" he asked. "Anyway, let's hope he leaves the stable at the track."

Jimmy began extolling Janice but was interrupted by the arrival of my "race-track guy." My apartment was spacious and attractively decorated in pastel colors, but somehow my stable boy did not look at all out of place. In fact he looked very well. His clothes fit him, were neat and in good taste, and he was just twice as appealing as I had thought.

"Jimmy," I said, "this is—is . . ."

"Paul Remy," he supplied, bowing politely.

They shook hands, looking each other over. I explained all about Jimmy, but Paul did not seem too impressed. This annoyed Jimmy tremendously.

"Have you had any experience?" Jimmy asked abruptly.

"I've been around," Paul said defensively.

"You know what I mean—radio experience?"

"No, afraid not. But I guess almost anyone could talk into a gadget."

I grinned at Jimmy and he glared back. His tactics would have annoyed anybody.

"You've never sung in public then?"

"Oh sure," Paul's eyes twinkled. "Picnics. Choirs. Barber-shops." While he was speaking he gave me a rather thorough examination. It was as though he had never seen me before. Somehow I felt tremendously flattered.

"Nice to see how the other half lives," he said to me, smiling.

"Do you think you're going to like being famous?" I asked, for want of something better to say—"And meeting famous people?"

"I don't want fame; just the fifty dollars. You keep your famous people—I'll stick to my horses. A fellow knows where he stands with them."

"Ah, a homespun philosopher," Jimmy said sarcastically. "Don't tell me you whimsically discuss the birds and bees with your horses."

"No," Paul said disarmingly, "we never discuss anything except gossip columns, radio programs and such important things."

Score one for our side, I thought.

After a little more of such talk Jimmy said, "Now about this broadcast, Anne? I'm to ask Mr. Remy a few questions that you think might interest people, and then he's to sing one number. Is that right?"

I nodded. "About a three-minute interview. Did you think up some questions?"

"How about these?" Jimmy continued. "How long have you been connected with the track? What are your duties? Have you always been interested in race horses? . . ."

This went on for some time, and between them they worked up a nice little interview. Paul's replies were intelligent, and his nonchalant delivery pleased me no end. Everything was satisfactory. While Jimmy finished the interview I rehearsed Paul in one of my songs. It was one I had never been able to do justice to. It needed a voice like Paul's. He leaned against the piano and sang in his easy careless manner—and the song really came to life. It made me proud of my work.

Paul said he couldn't get to the rehearsal next day, but Jimmy told him coldly that it wouldn't be necessary. Their attitude to each other convinced me right there and then that there was going to be trouble—what with Jimmy's sarcasm and Paul's light-hearted attitude. That night I went to the club happy in the thought that the program would go well, but wondering why a horse should have first claim to a nice boy with such a swell voice.

Thursday evening, at eight-thirty, I was at the broadcasting station waiting for Paul. He was late, which annoyed me, as I had wanted to rehearse him again. But all he said when he arrived was that Gold Prince had run a mile in a minute or something. However he assured me he didn't need to rehearse any more.

In the studio everyone seemed nervous except Paul. Anyway, I was. There was the usual expectant hush from the audience. Jimmy, the announcer, and the orchestra were all in place. Before I knew it we were on the air and Jimmy was introducing Paul. There was mild applause.

"Are you a college man, Mr. Remy?" I [Continued on page 74]



in this, and he was scowling darkly when I ran up the steps to my apartment.

At the Club that night Jimmy was somewhat distant. But then he was very busy introducing Janice to all the celebrities he could corner. This routine was familiar to me, for at times Jimmy's desire to be world-known as a newspaperman was all-important. His method was to build people up via his column and feature stories, and then bask in their fame. He was doing much the same thing for Janice that he had done for me the year before. It was through his efforts that I became so successful in Hollywood, even though I was already pretty well known in New York. That was why, when I got my radio program, I rewarded him by getting him on it too.

Jimmy and I usually got along very well, except for the fact that he seemed to have a burning desire—when he wasn't too busy—to protect me from the evils of the world. At times, even I thought he was really in love with me—next to his career, that is.

I was ready early the following evening, not being quite sure when to expect either Jimmy or my discovery from the racetrack. I didn't share Jimmy's belief that my protégé wouldn't show up. Jimmy's ring came, and I knew by the way he bounded up the steps that things were all right with him. He came bursting in, with the glad tidings that he thought he was about to land a contract for Janice. Her picture was on the front page of the paper he thrust in my face.

Just then Janice, Jimmy's blonde gal, came to Paul's rescue, dragging him out on the dance floor.



The name Dorothy Lamour is so descriptive it seems real.

New Names For Old And Perhaps A Lifetime Of Happy Days In Place Of A Destiny Of Disaster.

than once if the names your beloved favorites go by are their very own. If I should ask you to write down the "screen names" of, say—Bill Dunkinfield, Lily Chauchoin, Asa Yoelson, Gladys Greene, Fanny Zilverstitch, Timothy Noonan, Dorothy Slaton and Lolita Asunsolo de Martinez, well, it's dollars to doughnuts your exam papers wouldn't rate a 100% perfect. A few MIGHT, but I doubt it.

Even if I asked if you knew Richard Ewing Powell, you might shake your head. Yet, that's merely how our old friend, Dick Powell, signs his contracts and legal papers.

Then we have Alice Leppert—how many know this winsome young lady? Her name now happens to be Alice Faye. Born in New York City on May 5, 1915, daughter of a policeman, she changed her name to Faye when her professional career began. She thought that name lucky because Frank Fay was then the top-notch star on old Broadway.

The tragic mystic verse of Edgar Allan Poe so inspired Annabella, the little French star, that she went to one of his saddest stories for the movie name that she uses. As Anne Carpentier, her maiden name, she was playing bit roles a few years ago in French films when she read "Annabel Lee." The poem haunted her so much with its sad beauty that she decided to use Annabel as her trade name. Before she came to Hollywood, she added another "la" to make it more musical.

Actors and actresses don't always name themselves. Sometimes the studio exercises its "say." Sometimes other sources come

into the matter. Lucile Langhanke became Mary Astor by vote of the dramatic critics of New York newspapers. A fan contest conducted by a magazine gave Joan Crawford her name. Before that she was known as Lucille La Sueur. Her real name was Cassin. Louise Dantzler became Mary Brian because Director Herbert Brenon thought that name better suited to her personality.

Most folks know lovely Jean Arthur by that name only, but Jean has more than once confided to intimates that her real maiden name was Gladys Greene.

Even Charlie McCarthy was "born" with a different name. He started out being called Charlie Mack, named after the woodcutter who fashioned him! Charlie's make-up is the result of long months of experimental work and, incidentally, that led to a new name. He was first painted (oh, the shame of it!) with ordinary house paint! As he moved up in society, in swanky night clubs and such around the metropolis, he needed a more convincing job on his face. Bergen had to find something so his beloved pet's face wouldn't shine so much. All kinds of paints and lacquers were tried out but with little success. At last Bergen hit upon the expedient of mixing powdered pumice with paint, to get a soft skin texture, and it worked out beautifully. Then Ed's eye fell on Charlie and he cried, "Heavens, you're now an Irishman, so I'll have to give you another last name!" He finally hit upon McCarthy, so Charlie McCarthy was born!

Bergen himself then condensed his own name of "Berggren"—thinking it wouldn't look good in electric lights—to "Edgar Bergen."

SHE was born in Brooklyn on July 16, 1907, and her name was Ruby Stevens.

She hated it with all her heart and so, when she grew up and got her first chance in a Broadway show, "The Noose," she decided to cast away forever the "Ruby" and adopt her favorite girls' name—"Barbara." But what shall I do for a last name?" she mused to herself. Her eyes lighted on an old theatre program on a nearby desk, and a sudden inspiration came. She took a pencil, shut her eyes and brought down the point, making a mark on the program. The mark was opposite the name "James Stanwyck." "That's my new name!" cried little Ruby in glee, "BARBARA STANWYCK!" And sure enough, it brought her fame and fortune.

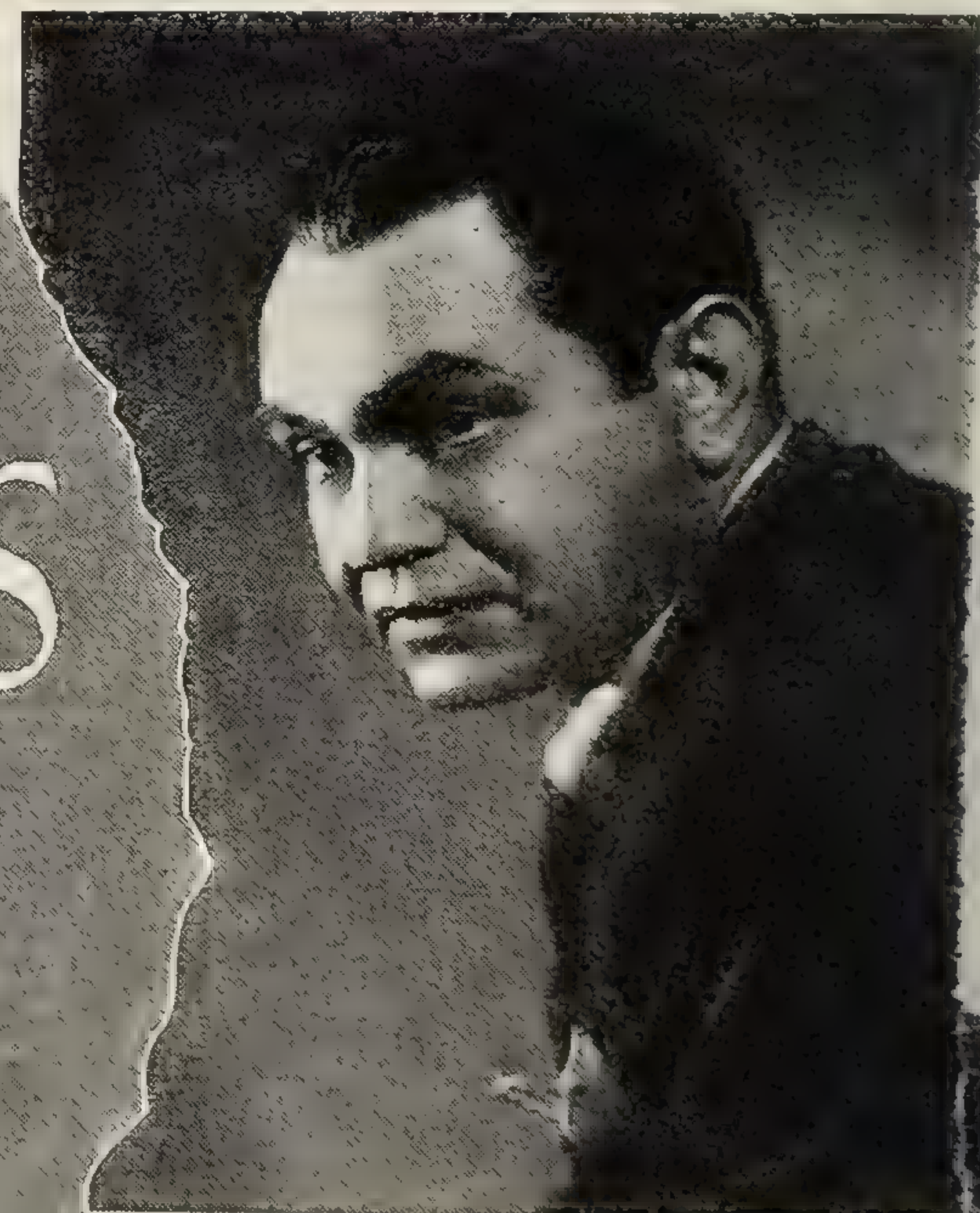
It is an interesting fact that eight out of ten stars have risen to glory with other names than their own. There are various reasons for this. Sometimes the real name is too long; sometimes it is too hard to spell or pronounce; sometimes it just sounds funny; sometimes it is too common and sometimes numerology enters into the matter.

This shedding of old names for new sometimes gets a person's "goat." Only last summer it completely got the goat, so to speak, of a certain State Representative in Boston and he promptly introduced a bill in the Massachusetts legislature to compel "all actors and actresses to henceforth use their 'right names' or be barred from Massachusetts appearances!" Penalties would be—a \$1000 fine for first offenders, a \$2000 fine or six months' imprisonment for second offenders, and a state-wide ban on performances, either in person or on the screen, for third offenders! But nothing came of this bill, fortunately.

Undoubtedly you have wondered more

LUCKY NAMES

By
Gordon R.
Silver



On the billboards and in the advertisements she is Alice Faye, but Mrs. Tony Martin has quite a different name on her birth certificate. (Above) He has had great success in gangster roles and "Little Caesar" is as near to his real name as "Robinson."

CHARLES BOYER

frightening snarl. Their plan was to hide in an alleyway and when an unsuspecting victim walked past they would step out in the street with the lion on a leash. The results were most gratifying. Women shrieked and fainted dead away on the cobblestones, and not even the most stalwart of men seemed eager to remain in the lion's vicinity more than the fraction of a second.

But the lion soon lost interest in the game, and what with supertime coming on his eyes wandered to a butcher shop across the way—zowie, with one bound he was free of his leash and in the shop, his teeth sunk in a juicy leg of lamb. Amid a flurry of "Mon Dieu's" the butcher summoned the gendarmes and the young men, quite content with their experiment, landed in the local police station. And that, dear reader, was the one and only time that handsome, dignified Charles Boyer had been in the hoosegow.

As he grew older, and became an actor on that stage he had watched so greedily as a boy, his obsession continued to be "accuracy in characterization." To obtain accuracy one must work relentlessly, seriously—and Charles Boyer has never been one to shirk the work he loved so passionately. "I do not want an audience to see me on the stage, or screen," he has said time and again, "as Charles Boyer. But as the character in the story." He has been successful in carrying the realism of his roles to the nth degree on the screen because he works hard to transform himself into the character he portrays.

When he prepared for his role in "Thunder in the East" he locked himself in an apartment for three



weeks and read Nipponese philosophy. For weeks before he played the young psychiatrist in "Private Worlds" (which picture by the way happens to be his favorite) he studied psychiatry and visited institutions.

When he prepared himself to play Napoleon in "Conquest" he read hundreds of volumes on Napoleon. He had a mask made of Napoleon's face and took endless make-up tests at the studio so that Bonaparte might obliterate Boyer. He spent hours practicing Napoleon's peculiar manner of walking. And for five and a half months—all the time that "Conquest" was in production—he carried

With his wife, Pat Paterson, a former English musical comedy star.

his chin deep in his collar in the manner of the Little Corporal, so that now, as a grim result, he has a double chin.

Boyer really becomes the entity he is creating—he is a Trappist monk, he is Napoleon Bonaparte, he is Prince Mikail Ouratieff of the White Russians, he is Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria.

When he is making a picture Boyer closes his set to visitors and interviewers—not that he has an exalted idea of his own importance but because he does not wish to be recalled to his identity until the production is completed. He feels that he is the character he is portraying, and that he could not remain so if persons having nothing to do with that character should happen to intrude. For instance, a fan writer simply couldn't ask Napoleon, "Do you like swing music?" But I have seen Napoleon forget about his campaigns and his beautiful Countess long enough to argue, and volubly, with the director about a certain scene. Or am I being catty?

When you are putting your whole soul and body into being somebody else, and not yourself, I suppose you have a right to demand peace and silence on a set. But whenever I find a set closed and am told I can't enter it because an actor, or an actress (and this means you, Miss Garbo) is in the throes of Art and portraying a character I always think of the greatest actress of them all—Helen Hayes.

When she was in Hollywood a few years ago Helen Hayes' set was open to writers, publicity people, and visiting fireman any time of day and night. Neither the crew from a British warship anchored off San Pedro, nor the Rotarian Club from Kansas



A scene from Charles Boyer's latest picture, "Algiers," with Hedy Lamarr.

City could upset her mood. I shall never forget the day I saw her do her famous crying scene in "The White Sister." Helen, lovely in her nun's clothes and looking like something out of another world, was playing a snappy game of "Hearts" on a property table with Clark Gable, a woman from the wardrobe, and a three-fifty a day extra.

"Miss Hayes," said the director who had worked with the Glamorous Ones for many years, "it is time for you to cry. This is your great emotional scene in the picture. Would you like to have a little sad music played on the victrola? Don't you think you should be quiet in your dressing room for a while? I'll clear the set."

"Don't bother," said Helen with a hearty chortle as she passed the Black Queen to Gable, "when you are ready for me to cry I will cry."

But after all we can't all be Helen Hayes I suppose. And even I am clever enough to realize that there are always two ways, at least, of doing things. And I who worship good acting in my quiet little way would be the last person in the world to belittle Charles Boyer, whose superb acting in "Mayerling" touched me so deeply.

He who would one day express sadness better than any other actor on the screen was born in the small village of Figeac, France, just as the century was beginning to turn. He was an only child, so naturally his parents, Maurice and Louise Boyer, decided that he was the smartest child in France—and they were more right about that than they knew. The Boyers for several generations had been manufacturers of farm machinery, and Charles' father believed that some day his son would inherit the factory in Figeac, and carry on the family heritage. Maurice Boyer died when Charles was ten.

When her husband died Madame Boyer sold the factory but continued to live in their old home in Figeac. She told her son that she sold the factory because her friends advised her to do so—but Boyer, who is, and always has been, very close to his mother, suspects that she would have sold it, advice or not, so that there could be no question of his ever having to take it over. Her son, Madame Boyer had decided, would be a great professor.

But Charles Boyer had other ideas. Grease-paint meant far more to him than a frock coat and scholastic dignities. When he was twelve he announced to his mother that he was going to be an actor when he grew up. What a blow that must have been to Madame Boyer, but she took it very sensibly. "You are young," she said, "you will finish your school work here and enter the Sorbonne and win your license as I have always wanted you to do. And then, if you still desire to become an actor, you will have my blessing and my hope that you will succeed."

The course at the Sorbonne finished, young Boyer was presented with his license by the worthy doctors, and that night he and his mother, who had come to Paris for the Occasion, had a very serious talk. Her son had kept his part of the bargain, it was now up to her to keep hers.

So Boyer entered the Conservatoire de Drame in Paris, and at the end of the first year there won the second prize. And then he had the "break" which all actors hope for. It was not according to the rules of the Conservatoire for a student to take part in a professional production, but now and again such a thing was overlooked. M. Gemier was directing "Les Jardins de Murci" and at the very last moment the leading man fell ill. No one could learn the lengthy script by the following night—that is, no one except Charles Boyer who was famous for his remarkable memory. He learned the entire part in less than twelve hours!

His success in "Les Jardin de Murci" started him off on a long, uninterrupted chain of successes.

When pictures learned to talk he made a talkie in Germany for Ufa, shortly after which M-G-M asked him to come to Hollywood to make French versions for them. There followed a period in Boyer's life which he would sincerely like to forget. His first visit to Hollywood was in the nature of a tragedy. After he got here the studio decided not to make French versions after all, so they gave the idol of France a bit part in "Red Headed Woman" starring Jean Harlow.

Perhaps you recall it—it was the part of the chauffeur. He was bawled out by the director, and kicked around on the set like an old piece of prop furniture. Though I recall both Jean Harlow and Una Merkel telling me at the time what an excellent actor he was and what a pity it was he was being made to play a bit. Boyer couldn't stand it very long so he broke his contract and returned to Paris, where he made pictures in French—and studied English diligently.

When "La Bataille" (released here as "Thunder In The East") was released Fox Films decided that the young Frenchman with the sad face had possibilities so they cabled him to return to Hollywood for the lead in "Caravan." For a second time Boyer crossed an ocean, and a desert, to try his luck in Hollywood, but a second time he lost.

"I can explain my return only by admitting that my previous failure rankled," Boyer has said, "It was an unhappy and unlaid ghost that haunted me. 'Caravan' was ridiculous for me. I am not the type to wear black curls and play mad music in the moonlight. I felt a fool. Again I asked for my release and got it."

But a few days before he was to catch the Chief he met producer Walter Wanger. Wanger induced him to co-star with his fellow-countrywoman, Claudette Colbert, in "Private Worlds," and following the release of that picture Boyer and Wanger got together on a long term contract.

Charles Boyer was thirty-five before he fell in love, deeply and seriously, for the first time. He met Pat Paterson, a young English actress, at a Hollywood party, and it was another case of love at first sight, which must have surprised him no end. The marriage was as unexpected as their meeting. Arriving at a movie one evening they discovered that the house was sold out. As they stood in the lobby, debating where to go, Boyer suddenly said, "Let's get married." Within an hour they were aboard a chartered plane, en route to Yuma, Arizona, Hollywood's Gretna Green.



Errol Flynn as Robin Hood greets Maid Marian, Olivia de Havilland, in a manner hallowed by time and unchanged through the centuries—a kiss.

REVIEWS OF PICTURES

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD

COLORFUL ROMANCE THAT SHOULD PLEASE EVERYONE—IVB

AFTER all there is nothing like high romance and exciting adventure, now is there, and the newest version of the Robin Hood legends abounds in plenty of both. Done in Technicolor, and lavishly produced, it is one of the most beautiful and thrilling pictures you'll ever see. If there's a spark of romance in you you'll simply glow with joy. Errol Flynn is excellent as the swashbuckling Robin of some seven hundred years ago—and so dashing.

Told in picturesque episodes, with much fanfare and pageantry, the story concerns the attempts of villainous Prince John to seize the throne of his brother, Richard the Lion-Hearted of England, while Richard is away on a Crusade against the Saracens. The Saxons, taxed beyond endurance and tortured mercilessly by evil Prince John and his Norman lords, turn to Robin Hood to save them from their oppressors, which he proceeds to do in a most daring and delightful manner.

There's comedy, and there's intrigue, and there's a flawless cast of characters. Lovely Olivia de Havilland plays Maid Marian and

no princess ever looked more beautiful and romantic on her balcony than Olivia. Basil Rathbone's performance as the deadly and dastardly Sir Guy is perfection itself, as always, and his duel with Robin is quite the most thrilling duel ever screened.

Stand-outs are Claude Rains as the scheming Prince John, Melville Cooper as the cowardly Bishop of Nottingham, Ian Hunter as the stalwart Richard, Alan Hale as tough Little John, Eugene Pallette as martial Friar Tuck, Patric Knowles as loyal Will Scarlett, and Una O'Connor quite priceless as Maid Marian's maid in the throes of a romance with Will Scarlett. You'll long remember the new Robin Hood as the most colorful and dashing of pictures.

VIVACIOUS LADY

IN WHICH ACADEMIC LEARNING TAKES A GOOD SPOOFING—RKO

GINGER ROGERS' new picture, without Fred Astaire, is a quaint sort of comedy with hilarious moments—and such a relief after all that slap-happy, screwball stuff we've been subjected to lately.

Ginger plays a New York night club dancer who falls in love quite suddenly with James Stewart. Jimmy is an associate college professor, the son and grandson of college presidents, and if there's anything the family doesn't want it's a night club dancer. Besides, Jimmy has a nice, hometown fiancée, Frances Mercer. So the newlyweds aren't particularly welcomed at home, and it's all pretty upsetting to Ginger who is a swell kid. But, before there can be a divorce, her mother-in-law rallies to her side and gradually wins over the father and the whole town.

Beulah Bondi as the mother and Charles Coburn as the father stand out as tops in an excellent cast. The scene in which Ginger and Jimmy Ellison teach Beulah to dance the "Big Apple" is a grand bit of comedy that will have you in hysterics. Jimmy Ellison, by the way, is simply excellent. You ought not to miss this one. It's swell entertainment.



Jay Adler (on the floor), Jack Carson, Paul Guilfoyle, Anthony Ward, Louis Hayward and Kay Sutton in "The Saint in New York."



Bea Lillie and Bing Crosby in "Dr. Rhythm." The Physician turns cop and—all is swell.



Laurel and Hardy in "Swiss Miss," dishing up the tragic theme which prolongs the laugh moments of the mousetrap salesmen.

FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER

SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN MYSTERY STORIES
—20th Century-Fox

SOMETIMES this is grimly tragic, sometimes it's delightfully humorous, but at all times it is extremely well acted by a capable cast headed by lovely Loretta Young (What hats, Loretta, my eye—what hats) and that very handsome English importation Richard Greene, who is supposed to be Twentieth Century's rival to Metro's Robert Taylor.

Whether the girls go mad about Mr. Greene as they did about Mr. Taylor is something we shall soon find out. He's very effective in his American debut.

Briefly the story is about four fine young Britishers, George Sanders, David Niven, Richard Greene and William Henry, who set out to remove the stain of dishonor from their father's dishonorable discharge from the British army in India, and clear the mystery surrounding his death. C. Aubrey Smith plays the father and is

magnificent as usual in his few scenes.

Their search for the guilty parties leads them from India to South America to Alexandria, where all kinds of things befall them, including a dandy little revolution.

Loretta plays the rich and spoiled American girl who is so much in love with Richard that she follows him from country to country—and eventually discovers to her dismay that her father, a munitions magnate they seek, is the villain. But due apologies are made for him (after all he is the heroine's father) and the blame is put on a munitions salesman, Alan Hale, who can take it.

Berton Churchill, Reginald Denny, Edward Bromberg and John Carradine complete the excellent cast.

THE SAINT IN NEW YORK

A FINE MYSTERY NOVEL BECOMES AN
EQUALLY FINE MYSTERY FILM—RKO

THE Saint, created by Leslie Charteris, is a modern Robin Hood, whose exciting adventures in the underworld have been read eagerly by thrill-lovers for a number of years. Thank goodness, he has at last arrived on the screen, and perfectly portrayed by Louis Hayward. The Saint's pet philosophy is direct action without the least regard for legal procedure, and so when the New York police department becomes hopelessly stymied by red tape in fighting a crime wave the Saint is called in and given carte blanche to take over. Charming, debonair and fearless he becomes a lone wolf and strikes with unerring aim.

It's thrilling, and it's fun. Here's hoping there'll be more "Saint" stories adapted to the screen, and with Louis Hayward playing the lead. In the cast are Kay Sutton as the gal who loves the Saint and often

James Stewart meets the "Vivacious Lady" (Ginger Rogers) in a night club.



saves his life, Paul Guilfoyle as a gun man with a sense of humor, and Sig Rumann as a deadly gangster who can crack a joke as well as a skull.

SWISS MISS

A NEW LAUREL AND HARDY FARCE—MGM

IF YOU are fans of this team there are three sequences in their new musical film which will roll you in the aisles. Stan Laurel trying to wheedle a keg of brandy from a surly St. Bernard, Laurel and Hardy trying to move a piano over a rope bridge which spans a mountain chasm, and a pipe organ blowing bubbles—these are the funniest sequences to be found in any picture this year.

But, unfortunately, there are sagging moments in between. Laurel and Hardy play a couple of mousetrap salesmen who go to Switzerland because the cheese is most plentiful there. At a resort hotel they meet Walter Woolf King who is trying to get away from Della Lind long enough to compose an operetta. Rotund Oliver immediately falls for Miss Lind and becomes her cat's paw.

Miss Lind, a recent European importation, sings exceedingly well, and so does Mr. King, so the picture is vocally most pleasant. Their best song number is "I Can't Get Over the Alps."

STOLEN HEAVEN

MUSIC LOVERS WILL ENJOY THIS—Par.

OLYMPE BRADNA, a seventeen year old French girl who is both talented and charming, plays her first lead in this picture and proves beyond a doubt that she can take her place right up there with the Glamour Girls.

The picture, which is done in sort of a light opera vein, concerns the exciting adventures of Europe's most daring jewel thieves who, disguised as musicians, go in for big time robberies. The members of the band are Olympe, Gene Raymond, Glenda Farrell, and Porter Hall, and a finer bunch of screen crooks you never saw.

With the police on their heels after a sensational necklace robbery, they take refuge one night in the lonely cottage of Lewis Stone, a once famous concert pianist who lives to give one more concert, but doubts his failing ability. He is taken in completely by the "musicians" and in time comes to depend helplessly upon the inspiration given him by the charming Olympe.

A concert appearance is arranged for him and of course the thieves know that they

will be recognized at once so they plan their escape. But Olympe and Gene, who love each other, will not desert the aged musician in his crisis—and are captured. The plot affords an opportunity for the interpolation of Liszt's Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody, his Liebestraun, a Chopin waltz and a Strauss medley, played beautifully. If you went for "The Miracle Man" you'll go for this.

TEST PILOT

A SPLENDID DRAMA OF AVIATION—MGM

CLARK GABLE, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy star in this grand story of the air, which is without a doubt the greatest entertainment that any studio has produced in a long, long time. The picture has everything—a human story with just the right amount of brilliant comedy, a magnificent air spectacle, and three of the most popular stars in Hollywood. What more can you ask?

The story involves an unusual triangle: Three souls who constantly fight the tragedy of death in the sky. Clark Gable, in the finest performance of his career, plays the daring, wise-cracking hard-drinking young test pilot who continually risks his life in the interests of aviation.

Myrna Loy gives a vivid portrayal of the tortured, hysterical, but ever-loving wife who "doesn't become alive until her husband lands his plane safely."

Spencer Tracy plays, as only Spencer Tracy can, the inarticulate and devoted friend who has to worry over both his test pilot buddy and the young wife. His death in a plane crash practically crushes the

heart out of you, it is so intensely real.

In the strong supporting cast are Lionel Barrymore as a builder of airships, Gloria Holden as a test pilot widow, and Marjorie Main as a landlady with a sense of humor. The power dives of the Army pursuit planes and the magnificent, wheeling flight of the new Army bomber are breath-takingly thrilling. It's a picture no one wants to miss.

DR. RHYTHM

A MUSICAL WITH A PLOT 'N' EVERYTHING —Par.

BING CROSBY'S new picture is most important in that it brings back to the screen the pixilated Bea Lillie, the cleverest of all comediennes. Her elegant drolleries will have you in stitches. Long a favorite with theatre-goers in New York and London Miss Lillie (Lady Peel to you social climbers) now proves that her inimitable humor can be tossed off on the screen with equal hilarity.

Adapted, but loosely, from O. Henry's "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon," the picture tells of the misadventures of a nice young doctor when, to save a job for a plastered friend, he disguises himself as a policeman and becomes the bodyguard of an eccentric social leader and her romantic young niece.

Bing, of course, is the doctor turned cop, Mary Carlisle is the niece, and Miss Lillie is the eccentric Mrs. Dodd-Blodgett. Andy Devine is the cop on a bender, Fred Keating the gangster in love with Mary, and Laura Hope Crews one of the doctor's patients trying to reduce.

Bing sings several song hits, among them, "On the Sentimental Side." The picture, unfortunately, has quite a few low spots, and one sort of waits for Bea Lillie to return with her priceless absurdities.

SINNERS IN PARADISE

A "DESERT ISLAND" MELODRAMA—U

MAYBE this is the desert island picture to end all desert island pictures, but I guess we can't be that optimistic.

A giant airliner, flying from California to China, crashes well off its course in mid-ocean and bursts into flame. The passengers and one member of the crew escape and find themselves, later, washed up on the shores of a—desert island.

The passengers are Madge Evans, who plays a young woman tired of married life and on her way to become a nurse in China, Charlotte Wynters, one of the richest girls in the world, Marion Martin, a fugitive from a gambling investigation, Bruce Cabot, a racketeer and gunman, Nana Bryant, a mother on a visit to her son, Gene Lockhart, a pompous senator, Milburn Stone and Morgan Conway, two ammunition salesmen.

This oddly-assorted group of passengers find the island inhabited by a man of mystery, John Boles, and his faithful servant, Willie Fung. There's comedy, and intrigue, and melodrama, and assault and battery before our little group gets away from the island. The love story between Madge and John is sadly neglected, which is a shame as both of them are such excellent actors when given a chance.



A "Desert Island" harbors the airliner's stranded passengers, while the plot hatches—in "Sinners in Paradise." Madge Evans in the foreground.

Survey of the Sets

By

S. R. Mook

INCLUDING A REPORT OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THE M-G-M STUDIO

By Maureen O'Sullivan

WHAT a beautiful world it is, my little fishie-wishies, as Billie Burke murmured in "Merrily We Live." I waken with a feeling of foreboding and then suddenly remember it is *Der Tag*—the day to cover the sets. But, lo and behold! The doorbell rings and it is Maureen O'Sullivan's chauffeur holding out a huge envelope. At first I think it may be an invitation to dinner. Then I realize no invitation could be that heavy, unless she was sending the dinner by mail. Next, I think perhaps she has made up a schedule of all her free evenings so I can take my pick.

By this time I have the envelope ripped open and the contents are even better than an invitation to dinner. That blessed child has kept her word and covered the sets at M-G-M for me, as she promised she would before she went to England to do "A Yank At Oxford!" So, ladies and gents, permit me to introduce a girl who, as an actress, needs no introduction and whom yours truly and Silver Screen are proud to present in her debut as a writer—Miss Maureen O'Sullivan.



PICTURES ON THE FIRE

M-G-M

BY MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

TODAY is "Actors' Field Day" on this lot (they don't know it but it is!) because I am going to write Dick Mook's column from an actor's viewpoint.

This will be a very busy day for me because, besides being a writer I am also an actress (or am I?) and am working in a film called "Hold That Kiss." I have to leave home at 7:15 in order to be ready for shooting at 9:00 but, as it is a lovely day, I do not mind very much being up so early.

Off to the studio I go wearing pajamas and no make-up (this is practically an actress' uniform for going to work!), down the winding road from my hilltop house, past the golf course where I see a lone figure teeing off from the 18th hole. (Per-

haps it is Katharine Hepburn as she lives near here). In about fifteen minutes we are at the studio and shooting in the main gate.

"Good morning!" shouts Mr. Coppo, the policeman. Yes, that is really his name!

"Good morning!" I wave back and so to my dressing room and the many rites that have to be performed before I can call myself ready to work.

To tell you about the scene we are doing today I shall have to explain a little about the story. The picture starts with a big society wedding at which I (who work for a dress shop) am helping dress the bride. On my way down to collect the bill I meet Tommy Bradford (Dennis O'Keefe), who has brought the steamship tickets for the honeymoon.

Meeting in these surroundings, he thinks I am a "society girl" and I mistake him for "one of the smart set." Becoming involved in the lies we tell each other, we have to keep up the pretense which lands us in

Frank Albertson, Jessie Ralph, Dennis O'Keefe, Fay Holden, Phillip Terry and Maureen O'Sullivan. A scene for "Hold That Kiss."

many amusing situations throughout the picture. But to explain today's scene.

Jessie Ralph, who plays my Aunt Lucy, is a housekeeper for some very wealthy people. As they are out of town she decides to give a dinner party for my family to meet Dennis. She nonchalantly invites us all to the penthouse where she works and passes it off as her own. She thinks a penthouse more suitable to entertain the supposedly wealthy Dennis than the rather squalid apartment in which we all live.

I have a large, crazy family comprised of Ma (Fay Holden), Steve, my brother (Frank Albertson), Chick, another brother (Mickey Rooney) and Ted, still another brother (Phillip Terry).

Just before dinner Jessie finds the silver is missing, which isn't strange because Frank has pawned it to raise money to bet on the horses. Consequently, we have no knives or forks. Nothing daunted, Jessie, with her knowledge of society, gleaned, no doubt, from reading the etiquette columns, says, "All right, we'll serve the turkey 'chow mein' and use chopsticks like the Vanderpool party last month."

It is now 9:00 AM. We have all just finished breakfast but we have to take the dinner sequence in the picture. We sit down to the table and stare moodily at some rather dreadful sticky mess—chow mein of some kind—which we are going to have to eat and pretend we like it!

Dennis is late on the set so we sit around the table talking. Fay Holden says she had an awful dream last night. She dreamt she was on the stage and when the curtain went up she suddenly could not remember a word of what she was supposed to say!



We all agree that, at one time or another, we have had the same dream—sort of an actor's nightmare.

Jessie Ralph goes her one better and says *she* dreamt she, likewise, was doing a play and when they got to the third act she could not remember anything at all about the play. She asked the director to give her a script so she could read it hurriedly, get an idea of the scene, and 'fake it'—making up her own dialogue. He gave her the script and when she tried to read it, found she could not open her eyes.

Another popular dream of actors seems to be finding oneself in front of the au-

dience inadequately clad! Never having been on the stage my nightmares are less terrifying because, in pictures, one can always make another take!

Dennis finally arrives and after a couple of rehearsals we are ready for a take. Despite our various nightmares, we have no trouble remembering our dialogue. Our butler for the evening is a little colored boy who runs the elevator and is helping us out. He has found himself a mandarin coat and is wearing it, much to our consternation as he looks frightful and most un-Chinese. He also insists upon saying "Come right up" to every request. The dinner starts and none of us can manage our chopsticks.

"What's the idea of the chopsticks?" Phil Terry grumbles.

"The Chinese didn't use knives and forks," Ma answers politely.

"Then how did they eat?" Phil persists.

"With their mouths, with their mouths," Frank informs him. But by this time even Frank is baffled by the chopsticks. "How do you use these things?" he queries.

"Like they did in 'The Good Earth'," Phil comes back.

"I didn't see the picture," Frank counters. "What am I going to do?"

Aunt Lucy comes to the rescue. "Show him how, Mr. Bradford," she urges Dennis. "I'm sure *you've* had experience with them."

"Oh, yes," Dennis bluffs, "on my last trip to the Orient. You take them between the two fingers of your right hand—"

"I'm left-handed," Frank objects. "Guess I'd better just put mine on a hunk of bread." For this remark I reward him with a beautiful kick—under the table.

At this moment there is a terrific blare from a loud speaker. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen—" It is Mickey Rooney, the youngest member of our family. Mickey, who has a band, is hoping the wealthy Mr. Bradford will like his music, get him some society engagements and, accordingly, has wired a loud speaker to the floral centerpiece on the table.

Embarrassed, we shout above the din. "That's Chick. He wanted you to hear his band, Mr. Bradford."

"Don't think you'll have any trouble!" Phil yells.

"Mother spoils that boy," I scream. "Gives him everything he wants—bands, loud speakers."

"Loud speakers," Mr. Bradford repeats in a daze.

Ma determinedly attacks her chow mein. A large piece of turkey flies from between the chopsticks into the finger bowl.

"Now I understand why they have fans in China," Frank mutters disgustedly, putting down his chopsticks.

That is the end of the scene and we are all very pleased at having got through the

first time. But we haven't quite pleased our director who calls for "one more." This time Phil spills some chow mein on his vest and spoils the take.

"You should have worn your tweed suit," Frank jeers. "Then it wouldn't show."

Twice more and we have it right. "Now we'll do Mickey's close-up," they tell us. "Mickey is going into another picture so we have to finish with him first."

So, while they're working with Mickey, I shall go call on Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce, who are working in "Yellow Jack," and also on Freddie Bartholomew who is doing "Lord Jeff."

As I walk on the stage where "Yellow Jack" is shooting, I hear a piano and voices singing. It is Virginia Bruce playing and harmonizing with the director and assistant director. She looks very beautiful in her nurse's uniform, vintage of 1900. This is her seventh time as a nurse in pictures.

Virginia is one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen—even more so off-screen. She seems very happy—probably because she is still a bride and, perhaps also, because she has finished work for the day!

The property man is putting some nasty looking mosquitoes in a jar. "Watch this scene," Bob invites.

"I'm a writer," I warn him. "I'm really Dick Mook in disguise."

"Well, you can stay anyway," he concedes. (I guess that's a compliment, Dick!)

They rehearse only once or twice, just for camera positions because you can't rehearse mosquitoes. Bob is a soldier in Quemados near Havana where the dread



(Above) Jane Withers and Henry Wilcoxon in "Hello Hollywood." (Below, left) Bobby Jordan, Bonita Granville, Anita Louise and Kay Francis in "In Every Woman's Life." (Below) Warner Baxter and Eddie Conrad in "I'll Give A Million."





Pauline Moore, Marjorie Weaver and Loretta Young in the opening scene of "Three Blind Mice."

disease known as the "Yellow Jack" runs rife. Unable to determine the cause of this sickness, which they *think* may be carried by mosquitoes, a man volunteers to be the "guinea pig" and allow himself to be bitten by them. He contracts the disease and dies. This, however, is not conclusive proof, so Bob becomes the second volunteer.

"Ready for a take," the director calls.

Bob sets the jar which is full of *stegomyia* (mosquitoes to you—AND me) on the bed, which is boxed in by a net covering. He is clad in a pair of shorts, although they also made a take with a shirt on! He rips the gauze off the jar and gently shakes the mosquitoes out. "Come on out, girls I'll buy you a drink," he urges them. We hear them drone as they fly out until there are no more left in the air. Bob lies back on the bed. One settles on his side. While he is looking at it another settles on his back. Involuntarily he starts to slap it—then checks himself. "I can stand it if you can—have a good time," he murmurs.

He lies quiet and seems to drop into a sort of coma. We hear him occasionally mumble an incoherent word. As the mosquitoes settle and rise the sunlight streams through the window and catches the gleam of their wings.

I think Bob is a brave man. I'd hate to be in there! When the scene is over I ask him if the mosquitoes had a good time but he says no, he put some stuff on to stop them from biting. I think he'll find he is wrong in just a few minutes, though, because they seemed awfully hungry and settled on him as though they really meant business!

I haven't much time left as I have to go over and call on Freddie Bartholomew before going back to work. So I say goodbye to Bob and on my way to Stage 9 I wonder how they can possibly manage to get the mosquitoes to land in the same places!

Stage 9 has a "No Visitors" sign on the door but I walk right in. "No visitors," says the doorman who doesn't recognize me. "Press," I retort and, looking a bit puzzled, he lets me through! Freddie is rehearsing but he sees me and says "Hello, Dora. Use my chair." He still calls me *Dora* from the part I played in his first picture—"David Copperfield."

The scene takes place in the superintendent's office of M. Barnardo's home. This is one of the institutions founded by M. Barnardo in England for orphan boys and girls. Freddie is an orphan who fell in with crooks after the death of his parents in a railway crash. They make him pose as

Lord Gregory. After a robbery in Bond Street in which Freddie is used as a pawn, he is arrested and the crooks escape. The court sends him to this home where they hope to make a better boy out of him as he is a spoiled, obnoxious brat.

"Geoffrey, we are going to be friends," says the kindly superintendent (Charles Coburn). Freddie ignores him. "Very well, then, I shall be yours," Mr. Coburn continues. "That is the spirit of our founder. The work he started has befriended more than 120,000 boys and girls."

"Oh! Charity!" Freddie remarks in dismay.

"No," Mr. Coburn corrects him, "not charity—friendship. Every boy needs help—to be put on the right path to becoming a useful citizen and, when you are a man, to earn your own way . . . to learn a trade so you can become self-reliant."

"You teach boys to become *tradespeople*!" Freddie is completely horrified. "I want to be a *gentleman*!"

"The first quality of a gentleman is to pull his own weight," the superintendent goes on unperturbed. "I would like you to choose what you want to become—a farmer, or a carpenter or a printer—almost anything."

"I'd rather go to jail," Freddie announces.

"All right, since you won't make the choice, I will. There are no limits to which a man may not rise in the Mercantile Marine," Mr. Coburn says. He goes on to tell Freddie more about it and that's the end of the scene.

Freddie comes over to talk to me. He is very tall now and his voice can't quite make up its mind whether to be a tenor or a bass! I have not really spoken much to him since "David Copperfield" and the change in him since then is quite amazing! Aunt Cissy is very pleased and proud of him. "Isn't he a big boy now?" she exclaims.

I think it is nice because many parents of screen children long for them to stay small and childish—but not Aunt Cissy! "He's going to be very tall, I think," she tells me. I ask him how he likes playing such a bad boy.

"I like it," he replies. "Charles Laughton told me he always enjoyed playing people he hated because he hated them so much he did them well! I rather hated this boy at first but he gets nice in the end so that makes it just right! Mickey Rooney's to be in this picture, too."

Speaking of Mickey reminds me I ought to be getting back to my own set. So I say goodbye to Aunt Cissy and Freddie.

Back on my own set they are still fussing with Mickey's close-up (the eleventh take!) so I go to my dressing room and start writing this. "What are you writing Sully?" Frank Albertson asks. I tell him. And then I lie down as I'm exhausted. I never knew being a writer (?) was such a strenuous job!

Mook speaking. I should give you a raspberry, Maureen, because you've done a job I'll never be able to live up to—all the intimate little details of picture-making that, I think, the fans will love knowing about and which years of set-trotting have caused me to take for granted and overlook reporting. But you've taken such a load off my shoulders and turned out such a masterpiece I'm going to call up Halchester and tell him to send his whole shop—or anyhow a dozen roses—to you. I'm also going to change my will and make you the beneficiary, hoping the three coin silver spoons I own and which you'll fall heir to, will match your service. Thanks, Angel.

M-G-M having been thoroughly covered, we'll proceed to—

20th Century-Fox

PLENTY doing here all right and no Maureen to do it for me. After all, I realize, there's only one Maureen and she's at another studio. So I wander on to the set of "Three Blind Mice." It's the opening scene of the picture which stars Loretta Young.

As I come on to the stage my guide introduces me to Marjorie Weaver. "Oh, I know *him*," Marge smiles.

"Then why didn't you speak to me in the Brown Derby the other night?" I tease her.

"Didn't I?" she asks blankly. Then she recovers her poise and smiles: "I'm sorry. But you see, I'm the sort of person who, if she hasn't got you on her mind, you don't exist." When Marge smiles you forget everything else and it is not until later—much later—I realize the portent of Marge's words and understand how little I stand for in her life.

Just then Bill Seiter, the director, calls her for a shot. Loretta, Marge and Pauline Moore (who is married to Jefferson Machamer the cartoonist) are three sisters on a drab Kansas farm. There is no romance in their lives—no glamour—no excitement. So they draw straws to see which is to be the society belle of the outfit and the other two are to constitute her retinue. Loretta is the lucky girl. Marge is to be her maid (the sort of maid, I wot, the husband always philanders with) and Polly is the secretary in her spare moments. Just now her time is largely occupied candling eggs.

"Ah, Moira," Loretta is saying to Marge, "for the dance tonight—please lay out my chinchilla wrap."

It is a strange picture and a stranger scene that follows. Each girl is, in speech and attitude, so perfect in her part—Loretta as the mistress of a fashionable home, Marge as a maid and Polly as a social secretary, each so authentic, verbally, it is not their talk that seems incongruous but their actions, attire and background.

It's a long scene and, despite the fact no one blew up in her lines it doesn't suit M. Seiter. He calls for another take. And then another. I see there's going to be no chance to make myself important in Marge's life or to chat with Loretta so I move on to—

"Always Goodbye." This stars Barbara Stanwyck—and high time it is, too, that Barbara was back on the screen. This also boasts the presence of Herbert Marshall. I have never been one of Mr. M's admirers but since seeing him in "Mad About Music" I have done an about-face. He is much more human fooling around with Deanna

Durbin than he is with Marlene Dietrich or Gloria Swanson.

With a studio's usual prescience, 20th Century-Fox have taken a beautiful book and completely re-written the story so that naught remains of the original save that the hero is still a doctor. As it stands now, Barbara is an unwed mother. Doc Marshall befriends her, has her baby adopted by two old friends (Ian Hunter and his wife). Doc goes further and gets Babs a job with Binnie Barnes who runs a fashionable dress shop. Years pass. Babs becomes almost the head of the shop. Marshall has gone junketing off on a tramp steamer. When he returns Babs is just leaving on a buying trip . . . Paris in the spring. In gay Paree she meets Cesar (whom his friends call "Butch") Romero. Butch Romero confides that both his brothers married for money but that *he* is going to be different. *He's* going to marry for LOVE—and Babs is it!

"You are the most feminine, the most mysterious, the most beautiful woman I have ever seen," he goes on ardently. "I am in love with you. I fell in love with you at first sight. Madly in love."

Well! I must say! I've listened to mush in my time but never anything as palpable as this and if *that's* the kind of tripe Butch goes around peddling to females it's



(Above) In "Yellow Jack," Robert Montgomery risks all for science. L. to R. Lewis Stone, Virginia Bruce, Stanley Ridges, Bob, and Frank Priglia. (Left) Cesar Romero meets Barbara Stanwyck in "Always Good-bye."

no wonder he remains single in a town where you're not considered sophisticated until you've been married and divorced.

Somewhere else on the lot, "I'll Give A Million" is being directed by Walter Lang which should insure it's being a good picture. This one stars Warner Baxter.

Warner is a millionaire who dives off his moving yacht to rescue a drowning bum. No one on the yacht sees him dive so the yacht proceeds and Warner has to drag the man to shore. It suddenly occurs to him that no one loves him for himself alone. While the tramp is asleep Warner changes clothes and saunters off. The police pick up the bum, want to know where he got all his dough, etc. To protect himself the tramp fabricates a story, saying that Warner gave them to him and also said he would give a million to anyone who befriended him without knowing who he was. He adds that Warner is dressed like a tramp. So everyone in the country starts befriending tramps in the hope that one of them is Warner.

Knowing nothing of all this, Warner is sauntering down the street and stops to look at a poster in the window of a shop.

It reads (in French) "Cirque Primerose." His eyes light up. The girl of his dreams (I think it's Arleen Whelan and if it is I don't blame him) works for that circus. The proprietor of the shop (Eddie Conrad) has been watching Warner through the window. Now, he rushes out to Warner excitedly.

"My friend," he beams, "what will you have?" indicating the window, "an eclair—a creampuff, with whipped cream—macaroons?"

"I—wasn't thinking of food," Warner observes thoughtfully.

"Anything, monsieur," Eddie gestures, "anything in my shop! And no charge, whatever."

"Forgive me," Warner begs him, "but—is there an epidemic of some sort in this town?"

"Ah, Monsieur will have his little joke," Eddie laughs, returning to his shop as Warner shakes his head in perplexity and saunters down the street.

I can't much blame him. In all the years I've been befriending mankind no one has ever thrust a five franc piece into my hand free, gratis, for nothing.

I move on to the next set. It's Jane Withers in "Hello, Hollywood." I love

Jane and her ma is one of the very few movie mothers of whom I wholeheartedly approve, although I must say the others don't seem to be losing weight over my disapprobation.

Well, Jane's uncle (in the picture) is Henry Wilcoxon who is a down-and-out director. Jane runs away from home to find him. She finds him before she knows who he is. He's in a cocktail lounge stewed to the gills. The girl in the case (it used to be Rochelle Hudson but now it's June Lang) sends Jane in to haul him out.

Jane draws back her arm and prepares to swing at him.

"Don't hit at him, Jane," the director interposes. "You can kick and scratch."

"She always wants to get in that sock," Mrs. Withers sighs.

I sigh, too, but for a different reason. I suddenly remember it's late and I'm only through with two studios. So I start for—

Warner Bros.

THERE are three pictures here—"Garden of the Moon" starring Jimmie Fidler, Pat O'Brien and Margaret Lindsay, "Valley of the Giants" with Wayne Morris, Claire Trevor; and Kay Francis in "In Every Woman's Life." I'll tell you about the first two next month as they're just starting.

I have never seen Kay in such high spirits as she is on this picture. Whether it's because she's in love or because it's next to the last picture on her contract I don't know. But she sure is gay.

We sit and chat for hours and she tells me when she finishes her contract she'll retire. "I don't say I'll never make another picture," she explains, "but I do say I'll never sign another contract. If a part is offered me that I like I'll take it. But from now on, doing the things I've always wanted to do is going to be paramount in my life."

Ah, me. Everything seems suddenly to have turned to gall and wormwood. When the scene is finished Kay seems to shake it off. But I can't. I'm in "A Sentimental Mood."

But, anyhow, you've made the acquaintance of Maureen O'Sullivan as a writer and that alone should justify this month's column because Maureen has shown me that the quality of mercy is not strained. I hope the lesson I have learned this month will manifest itself in next month's issue. Don't miss it!

No Glamour, Please!

[Continued from page 23]

in "The Great Ziegfeld." She had the most beautiful eyes in Europe, the publicity department maintained. She had umph, and puh-lenty of it, on the screen. But it is a measure of Miss Rainer's artistic integrity that she became a Chinese peasant, mother of a starving brood, bowed down with the cares of Oriental womanhood, and graying into old age. Can you imagine your Garbos and Dietrichs and Crawfords playing O-lan? It was an unforgettable performance.

We were curious to know how she prepared for that role. Did she steep herself in the civilization of China as Paul Muni did? Muni approaches every character given him with the systematic zest of the great naturalistic novelist. Did she live with a Chinese family, did she devour a library of books on China?

She did nothing of the sort. "I play from the inside," she asserted, putting her hands on her heart. "No book can give you that inside feeling. I felt I was O-lan. I don't know how to explain myself." There was an expression of despair in her face. We assured her we understood what she meant.

"You see," she added earnestly, "I never play with the idea that I am Luise Rainer, an actress. No! No!"

She shook her head when we asked her about Anna Held. "I did not care for it. I want human, and not glamorous parts." You may be sure that her distaste for the artificialities of Hollywood extends to conventional roles in the boy-meets girl photodramas of juvenile phantasy.

She prefers the stage. Definitely. "I want to go back to the theatre. I think I'll get permission from the studio to do a stage play next season. Oh, I lof the theatre!" Remembering "The Emperor's Candlesticks" and "Big City," we don't blame her. Her new picture, "The Toy Wife," with Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young, promises to redeem her, although we haven't seen it yet. Miss Rainer is an earnest artist. Box-office means nothing to her. She said ruefully, "I get very little satisfaction from screen acting."

She came to Hollywood with no picture experience whatsoever. A Metro talent scout saw her in Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," and signed her to a long term contract. She made her stage debut at 16, in a leading feminine role, thus starting at the top from the very beginning. Her star rapidly rose under Max Reinhardt's guidance, and not only her native Vienna, but also Paris and London acclaimed her as an emotional actress of the first calibre. In spite of her extreme youth, she played a variety of mature roles. She is 25 or 26 now.

"I don't come from a theatrical family," she said. "My father, Heinz Rainer, is a merchant. He lived in America for many years and became a naturalized citizen before returning to Europe and setting up a business of his own." Her mother recently came over from Brussels and now lives with her. They are greatly devoted to each other.

"I was very unhappy during my first few months in Hollywood," she recalled. "I did not know any English, and I thought the studio would never give me a part. I was so lonely I used to cry." For six or seven months Hollywood did not know she existed. Even her studio seemed to have forgotten her. When Myrna Loy struck for higher wages and treated herself to a vacation in Europe, Miss Rainer finally got her break and was cast opposite Bill Powell in "Escapade." It was a gamble for the studio, as she was totally unknown to American audiences and, as we said, had no film experience. But she nearly stole

the show from the versatile Mr. Powell, and when "Escapade" was previewed, Hollywood realized a new star was born.

She won a reputation as a rebel, as one who would not conform, and her artistic sensibilities were interpreted as eccentricities. She refused to play the glamour game, and was the despair of the studio's publicity department. An interview was an ordeal for her, and as a matter of fact, still is. Writers couldn't see her and had to write "interpretative" articles. She did not care for any publicity ballyhoo. Her ignorance of the Hollywood vulgate combined with her utter sincerity was the cause of considerable misunderstanding. Today she speaks a fluent, even though accented and at times highly original English. She is a guileless, lovable character, and you never resent her for being almost as elusive as Garbo, and as unpredictable. This is one of the very few interviews she has given in her home, and spoken freely, as long as the interviewer desired!

You never see her in our celebrated nocturnal salons, during premieres and other festive occasions of the film society. She lives in Hollywood, but is not of Holly-



Walter Pidgeon joins two cuties on the "Shopworn Angel" set and limbers up his old dance routine. He used to be a popular song and dance man.

wood. What does she do when she isn't working, how does she pass her days?

"I lof to walk," she said. "I walk every day for at least an hour. Sometimes two or three hours. Walking is my relaxation. I become very clear about things when I go for a walk. And I lof to listen to music, play the piano, read. My days aren't long enough. I regret only one thing—sleep at nights. If I could have my way I would never go to bed. Sometimes I don't do anything, but I am really very busy inside."

She has a special passion for music. There are magnificent stacks of records in her living-room. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy, Gershwin. We expressed our admiration for her library. "These are only half of my books," she said. "The other half is in New York."

She seldom goes to a movie, and her friends aren't in pictures. They are doctors, architects, painters, musicians, writers. "My husband's friends are also my friends. I like to be in a different environment when I am not working."

"Don't you miss Vienna?" we asked her.

"No, I don't. I don't miss anything. My country is where I can create. I lof Vienna and I lof Europe, but I also lof America. America is a wonderful country, and I am the wife of an American," she stated with obvious pride.

Miss Rainer and Clifford Odets were quietly married on January 8, 1937, after a romance that began when the brilliant young playwright with a Cause saw her in "The Great Ziegfeld." It's a first marriage for both. Two romantic rebels have found each other, and it's a very tender relationship.

And He Enjoys It

[Continued from page 34]

out of a busy movie star's time!

And oh yes, there's that land in Louisiana which he bought up—the recession kid—who starved in what Westbrook Pegler calls "the era of beautiful nonsense."

"My best friends," Ralph relates, "the ones who are never supposed to tell you, warned me. 'Now your luck's going to change,' they carolled, 'with a depression, there you go putting your money into some God-forsaken land which coyotes, let alone oil, wouldn't be seen near.'"

"I felt pretty low about it."

"And then what do you think? Two gushers developed and while they haven't made me exactly a millionaire, we're doing okay."

Because he's so impulsive—and Catherine is just like him—he frequently gives the impression of complete naiveté. But don't be fooled by it. He's as naive as Noel Coward. He has a passionate preference for real things and an intuitive knowingness about people and situations which is the synthesis of sophistication. Ralph doesn't fool easy.

He numbers among his friends doctors, actors and studio carpenters and one of his lifelong buddies is a WPA art teacher whom he considers one of the most gifted and "luckiest" men in the world! He probably knows more about art than any other star in Hollywood, excepting possibly Eddie Robinson, and he is a devotee of music, literature and other cultural pursuits. You see?

Nowadays the heroes of our fillums are the bad little boys with whom we are indulgent. Ralph plays that hero to the life! Temperamental—rather! He has the same extremes as an Irishman, although he has only English, French, Belgium and American forebears—Edward Bellamy, author of the tome "Looking Backward," being one of his more famous ancestors. One minute he'll be deep in the throes of a Russian historical novel, and is Catherine relieved! But the next he'll be rumaging the ice-box because he suddenly has developed a yen to cook—and she thinks he has gone suddenly mad!

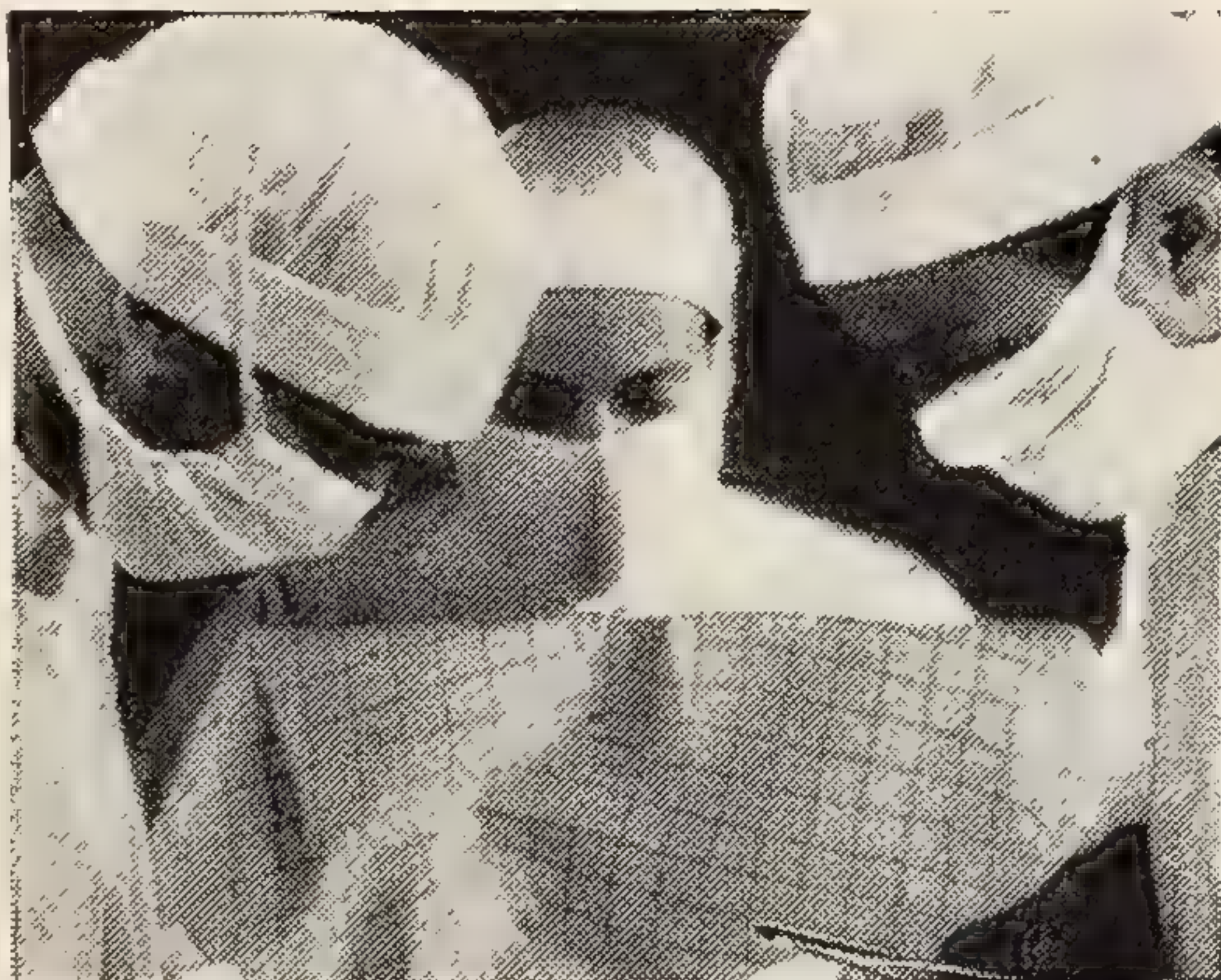
"Ralph likes to throw some eggs together and then make a sauce for them which will include everything in the refrigerator except the motor . . . beer and peppers and maybe cheese and even mushrooms. It all comes under the head of 'fun.'"

Everything does.

But he's sane about real values. The one thing he really becomes exercised over is injustice. He can get into a lather because some fourth assistant electrician has been called down unfairly during one of his close-ups. Most stars would find that entirely beneath their notice. Ralph doesn't.

"Ralph never gets so worked up over anything that affects him," Catherine explained, "as when he sees a poor, underprivileged guy hauled over the coals for some reason he doesn't, or even does, deserve. I think he'd break a blood-vessel if

"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN



Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, *when applied direct to the skin!*



New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—shows skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.



Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).



A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., writes: "I have never used anything *like* this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety and smooth."



Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin" — (*reading down*) FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; WENDY MORGAN, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT—"Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."



Druggists — answering increasing requests from women for Pond's Cold Cream with the "skin-vitamin" in it—explain to them that it comes in the very same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Tune in on "Those We Love," Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

his sense of humor didn't, eventually, break the tension."

But he does more than "get worked up." Being considerably over six feet he acts through the simple expedient of looking angry and bellowing—and so accomplishing his ends. His impulsive little boyishness, his youthful enthusiasms and his really mature quality of responsibility make up his unique personality, the quintessence of paradox!

Recently the Bellamys rented a house, furnished, on which they had an option to buy. Would they or wouldn't they buy it? They alternated each day, right up to the very minute when it was either wrap it up—or mov—

Eventually they took it over, as denuded as a barn because they felt they were being asked too much for the furnishings. And how do you suppose they solved their problem, temporarily?

They moved in all their own garden furniture and distributed it among several rooms. It was somewhat irregular but Ralph was satisfied. He hadn't been taken in—no boob he!

"Do you know, Ralph," I confessed, "I was thrilled and considerably surprised at the shag scene in 'The Awful Truth.' When you led Irene Dunne through the intricacies of that dance I simply doubled up. It was easily the high spot of the picture. Knowing your aversion to parties and meeting people and, I may say so, your self-consciousness in crowds, I was absolutely bowled over!"

"I couldn't have played that scene straight to save my soul," he admitted. "I would have become a good imitation of a wooden Indian and stuck out all over the place. But the minute I kicked up and played it 'big' I just forgot about everything."

"Ralph fusses about going to large gatherings," Catherine reminded me, "but he always manages to be the life of the party. Once he loses himself in clowning he's all right—even if it's simulated."

"Maybe it's the real you coming out—crashing through layers and layers of inhibitions!" I told him.

Ralph laughed, lustily, and there's a lot of sound and fury about a deep-seated Bellamy laugh.

"I shouldn't be surprised," he answered, "but I never thought about it that way. You may have something there!"

"Maybe a few more releases will prove it."

"Well there are several coming along," he suggested. "Take your choice. There's 'Beyond Glory,' a straight role in a picture about Sumatra, or one of those zany tidbits called 'Fools for Scandal' with Carole Lombard; and a grand role, one just cut to my measurements in 'Boy Meets Girl,' with Jimmy Cagney. As a Hollywood producer I have a really marvelous opportunity in that picture. Then, there'll be a role in the next Astaire-Rogers' film that's not to be scoffed at! It's called 'Carefree.'"

You'd think that lad was just starting out, he takes on so. Like some other of the illustrious Bellamys when Ralph looks backward he's really looking forward, and to further confuse the issue, vice versa. But he's a swell guy, and, to us gals who swoon whenever he appears on the screen, the awful truth about Ralph Bellamy isn't half as bad as the terrible uncertainty of not knowing what he's all about!

Lucky Names

[Continued from page 55]

Bette Davis! She who played Jezebel.

What do you think of Richard Van Mattimore? And how much do you like Muni Weisenfreund, Jack Millane, Merna Williams Hornblow, Fanny Boroch and Anne McKim? Never heard of them? Maybe not. Yet each is a well-known film player. Van Mattimore is merely Dick Arlen's true name, Weisenfreund is Paul Muni, Jack Millane is the true Irish title of Ray Milland, Merna Hornblow is Myrna Loy, Fanny Boroch you know as Fanny Brice (Baby Snooks!) and the McKim gal is our pal Ann Dvorak!

Claudette Colbert's real name happens to be Lily Chauchoin; W. C. Fields is Wil-

Blythe as well as John and Lionel Barrymore?

Down in old Mexico they give 'em long names. If you don't believe it, look at the one they gave Dolores Del Rio—Lolita Dolores Asunsolo de Martinez. And Gilbert Roland's is just as hard to rattle off—it's Luis Antonio Damoso de Alonzo!

You've heard Garbo's real name many a time, haven't you? She's really Greta Gustafsson. And Evelyn Brent used to be simply Elizabeth Riggs. Rex Bell's true name is George Belden and Jack Oakie's is really "Offield."

Hope Hampton, who has a nice contract with Universal, used to sign her name "Mary Elizabeth," and once upon a time there wasn't any Ricardo Cortez but in his place was a lad named Jacob Kranz. Reginald Denny is really a Dandy—yes, that's his last name. Marion Davies was born

Marian Douras, and Lane Chandler started out in life by sporting the name of Robert Clinton Oakes.

What's in a name? Plenty, say the stars—the difference perhaps between fame and oblivion. No wonder they switch to new ones, shedding old ones like last season's coat!

Long ago Al Jolson shed his true one—Asa Yoelsen—and proceeded to make the world conscious of Al Jolson. Likewise, many moons ago Douglas Ullman dropped the last part of his name and became to the world—Douglas Fairbanks!

Thinking his true name of Christian Rudolph Ebsen too "sissified" and hard to write,

Christian changed it and became simply "Buddy Ebsen." Likewise ebony-hued Theodore Lincoln Perry shed the "whole works" and took unto himself the catchy nom de plume, "Stepin Fetchit."

Many think Tyrone Power is an assumed name. It's not. He's one of the few who stuck to his true name. It derives from County Tyrone, Ireland, from whence his ancestors came. Three generations have now borne that name. The first Tyrone Power was a famed Irish comedian. The film star's own dad was a noted Shakespearean actor of stage and silent screen. It is a strange coincidence that the three named after the Irish county became famous. Those in the family bearing other names never did!

Even though most stars' names are just assumed, still there are many others scattered around the world with names just like their screen ones. The answer to this is simple. It's just because it's the style nowadays to name your infant after your favorite movie star! Thus, we find Claudette Colbert with a total of 249 children named after her—ranging from Claudette Colbert Jones to Claudette Colbert Ginsberg. Carol Lombard has 241 named after her. Gary Cooper has them by the score. So has Gable. Fred MacMurray has 84, in spite of being only a few years in films.

Rather oddly, few people name their kiddies after comedians. Perhaps they think it might influence their lives. Charlie Ruggles has only one child named after him that he knows about, his nephew.

There are, of course, plenty of Shirley Temple Jones and Shirley Temple Browns and Jane Withers Clarks and Jané Withers Smiths.

A funny business, this taking and giving and dropping of names!



Sonja Henie is the fair fare and Buddy Ebsen the taxi pilot—and when they get it right it will be a scene in "My Lucky Star." Director Roy Del Ruth knows what he wants.

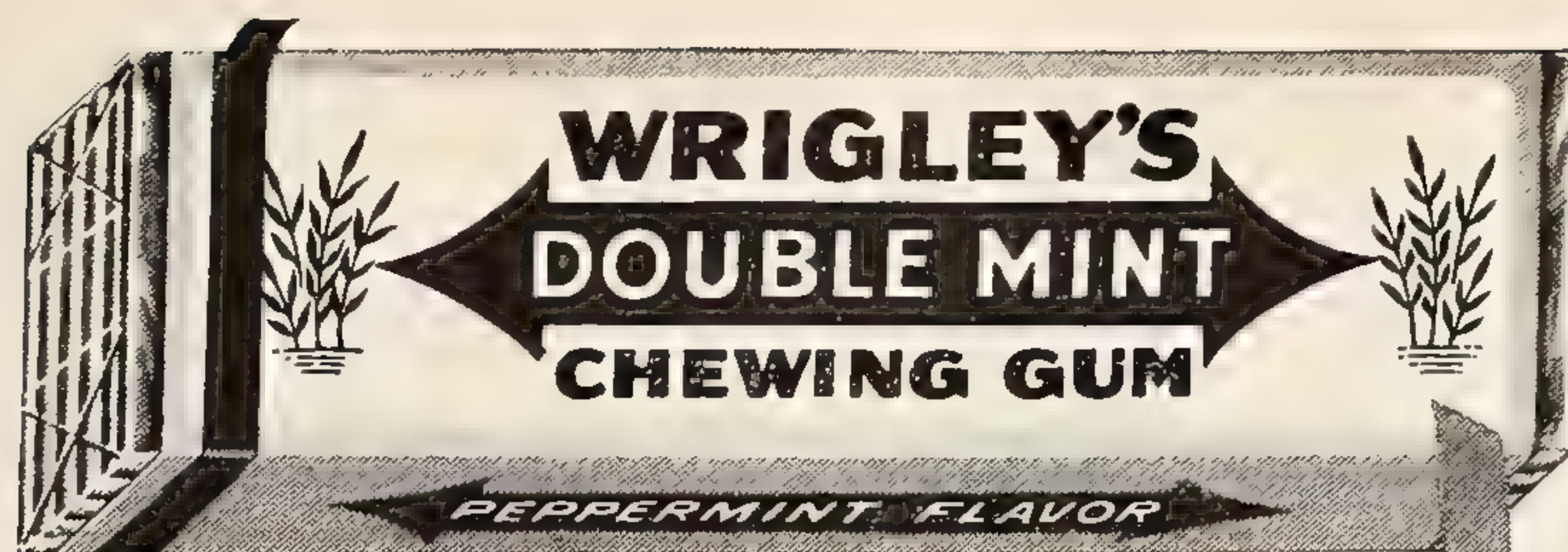
liam Claude Dunkinfield. Gasp that off. Frank Morgan's is Frank Wupperman; Jon Hal's is Charles Locher; glamour gal Dorothy Lamour's is Dorothy Slaton; and Leslie Howard's is Leslie Stainer.

Little Mary Maguire was really born Helene Terese Maguire; Slim Summerville was christened George Somerville in Albuquerque, New Mexico; and Racquel Torres, whose parents longed for a little boy, gave her the name they had picked out anyway—Billie Osterman!

Here are two very famous names—Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll. Know them? What, you don't? Shame, shame! Millions of people hear 'em every night. Their first picture (for RKO) netted them one million dollars! Nothing cheap about those two! Well, if you give up—Gosden is "Amos" and Correll is "Andy." There, you've got 'em now—AMOS 'N' ANDY!

Rudy Vallee, another noted entertainer, used to—er—enjoy the name of Herbert Prior Valle, while Richard Dix's "mom" used to call him "Pete," although his name was Ernest Brimmer. You'd hardly guess Buck Jones' right name—or would you? Anyhow, it's Charles Frederick Gebhard. Recently, he filed petition in court to have it legally changed to his famed screen name.

There's that celebrated Barrymore clan—most fans perhaps have the impression that Barrymore has always been their real name. Nope. In the very beginning the family name was Blythe, but the father of John, Lionel and Ethel legally adopted his stage name of Barrymore as his real life name. Could you fans have liked John and Lionel



A doubly lovely *You* this healthful Double Mint way...

HERE is a charm secret which everyone knows brings admiration from men—women, too, for that matter. It is that doubly lovely look which refreshing *Double Mint gum* adds to your smile and style. And this is more than a pretty promise as you see by reading below—

Add loveliness to your smile • The daily enjoyment of delicious Double Mint gum, in this soft food era, supplies beneficial chewing exercise... In a normal, natural way, this double-lasting mint-flavored gum firms sleepy face muscles and saggy chin lines, keeping facial contours young. It gives an easy, gentle chewing exercise which safely

massages your gums, stimulating healthy circulation—helps mold round, shapely lips and whitens your teeth. The added loveliness of your smile is apparent and friends like you better. Enjoy Double Mint gum any place. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Be alert to new fashions • Through Double Mint gum you can dress beautifully, flatteringly, in the most advanced style. *Below left*, is an attractive, new dress of real feminine appeal. *Below right*, is the new Snow White Double Mint party frock. To make these dresses available to you, Double Mint gum has had them put into McCall Patterns.

"Oh yes," you say, "I now see how Double Mint gum adds to my Smile and Style." Enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum. Millions do. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, assures you pleasant, inoffensive breath also. It satisfies craving for sweets, yet is not fattening. Buy several packages today.



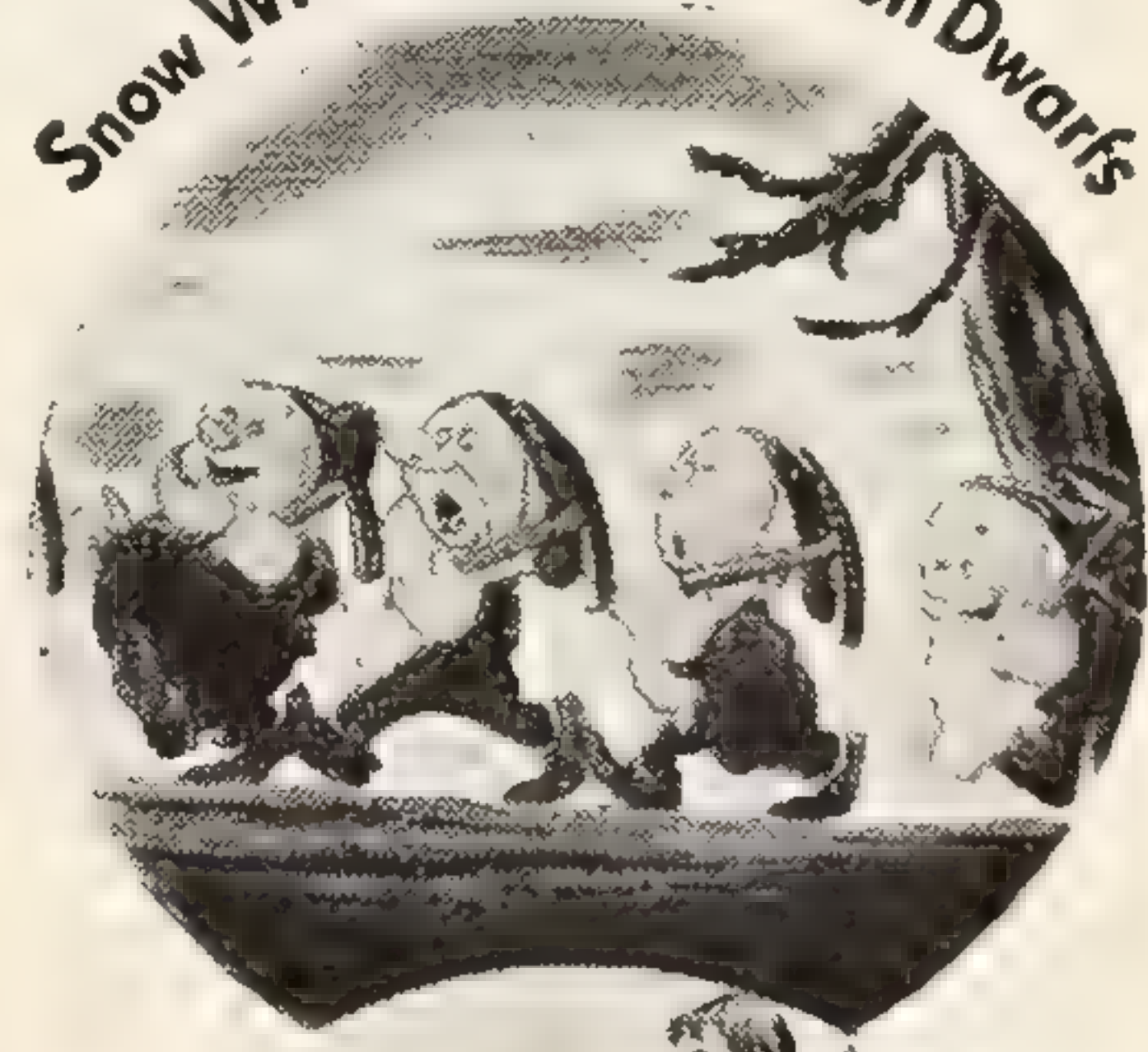
S-132



*For Travel, Schoolwear, Business, be your charming best in this smart **DOUBLE MINT** dress, designed in **NEW YORK** and made available to you by Double Mint gum in **McCALL Pattern 9758**. (Sizes 12-20)*

You can buy pattern at local department stores. Or write to McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

Scenes from Walt Disney's Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs



COPYRIGHT 1933
WALT DISNEY
ENTERPRISES

*For Parties — look as lovely as Walt Disney's star "**SNOW WHITE**" in this Snow White **DOUBLE MINT** dress made available to you by Double Mint gum in **McCALL Pattern 558**. You can buy pattern (6-14 yrs.) at local department stores. Or write McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.*

Are You a MODERN CLEOPATRA?



THE GLAMOUR-QUEEN of the Nile knew this fascinating secret — the lure of a smooth and deliciously fragrant skin...



TAKE A TIP from History's No. 1 Charmer and keep always adorable with the romantic, lingering scent of Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day... Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable... Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"



—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. B, New York.

... genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

Flashshots

[Continued from page 17]

perfection of smaller intimacy which this party so perfectly illustrated.

The very next night Marlene Dietrich arrived in town. The first evening she was with the Countess di Frasso's brother, Bertram Taylor, and his wife, also the Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitneys and Jerry Gordon. The second night, wearing a gold metal pleated dress with a gold paillette bodice, she was just with Jerry Gordon. She was off the following night and wanted to do the rounds of the town, and did. From "21" for dinner, to El Morocco for an hour, and then on in quick succession to the Ruban Bleu, with its French and South American entertainment, on to the Casa Manana, La Conga and finally to Reubens for a sandwich. A full evening in anyone's language.

At El Morocco she arrived just as a zebra, which Frank Buck had brought over from the Circus to present to John Perona, was being led back to its stable. As all the benches at El Morocco are covered in zebra cloth, Buck thought that the animal would feel quite at home. But no! He looked at the smart crowd with supreme indifference and clearly showed he'd had enough of Cafe Society. He had only been taken out through the front door when Dietrich arrived, and the glimmer of her gold dress caught the beast's attention and he gazed at her in fascinated delight. When I asked Marlene if she'd pose with him she replied, "Certainly not! Let him steal my thunder!" And so, his brief moment of possible glory having passed, the zebra went home.

Some nights later I spotted Ray Milland looking very woebegone in the lobby. Things in Hollywood had gone all wrong and he'd flown East "to get away from it all," only to find himself in New York without knowing anyone. Dejectedly he'd gone from place to place feeling more unhappy and lonely all the time. It seems incredible that Milland, whom John Engstead at Paramount tells me has enormous fan mail, could go around without being instantly recognized and swamped by admirers. After a miserable night he called up some friends and so by the time I saw him he was with charming Anita Colby, and when I last noted them he was laughing and once again in good humor.

Chester Morris was another fugitive from the Hollywoodlands, and his companion one evening was Clare Luce, who has made a smash hit as the lead in the play "Of Mice And Men." Chester has a great memory for names and faces, and will recognize instantly people he hasn't seen for years, and then only known slightly. A very rare quality in a movie actor, and certainly a sure way of making friends.

Wendy Barrie's admirers in Hollywood must have known where she was going to be the night of her birthday, for there was a large stack of telegrams waiting for her at El Morocco the first night she arrived in town. Wendy was presented with the traditional and very foolish looking large tray of uncooked vegetables, and after her party drank a toast to her health and Ernie Holst's orchestra played "Happy Birthday to Wendy," she kissed everyone all around. Many there that evening had not seen her since, very starry-eyed and hopeful she had gone out four years before to try and make a success in American films.

The same night Florence Rice came in with a friend. The first time I saw Florence was a chilly Fall afternoon in New Haven ten years ago. I was going back to my rooms in the Freshman oval when I noticed a group of four boys coming toward me. The one in the middle had a cap pulled too far

over his eyes, his trousers were a little baggy and the racoon coat much too large. This badly dressed figure was introduced to me, and turning up a lovely fresh young face, turned out to be Florence Rice. Girls were not allowed in the Oval and on a bet she dressed herself up and walked around the square three times without getting caught. Today she is every bit as lovely as she was as a sub-debutante.

Last month I wrote of the Allan Jones' trip East and I saw them once again before they went back to the Coast. This time Kitty Carlisle, star of "The Three Waltzes," was with them.

There was one good photo I missed. One evening I was giving a small dinner myself, and not paying much attention to anyone except those in my own party, when Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond came in with Irene Dunne and her husband. Irene usually stays a good while and I was in no hurry to get a shot, when in what seemed only a few minutes she called a cherry good-night as she passed the table. I was after them as fast as I could make it but Jeanette, with a backward glance as she swept out, called "you're too late." It seems they were on their way to see Paul Draper dance at the Plaza and had only come in for a minute.

Elissa Landi is a favorite of mine, but not when she wears her hair in such an unbecoming way as I last saw it, pulled high over the nape of her neck as it is now considered so chic in the East, but isn't. There are always ugly little wisps of hair escaping and by evening's end the result is always messy. As always, she was with Nino Martini; need I say more?

Like Bob Benchley, Charlie Butterworth is one of the few comedians who is just as witty and amusing in life as he is on the screen. His friends adore him and certainly that is high praise for any man. He was thoroughly enjoying New York and stuck to the usual Hollywood-New York hang-outs, like "21," where he lunched just about every day. Several times I saw him with the very pretty Peachie Fields, which was causing some eyebrow lifting in curiosity.

That's all for this month.

Are Screen Sirens Going Top Hat?

[Continued from page 27]

today are marked by the same tug-of-war between an old and tested impersonation and something a little new.

There is scarcely a star today who will not admit that this portraying of something a little new is his or her secret and sometimes public ambition. Lunching with Gary Cooper recently, I asked him point-blank whether he liked the roles in which he had been appearing. He is not a great talker and he hesitated some time before he answered.

"Sometimes I like them a lot," he said. "Sometimes I feel as though I were just parading around in front of the cameras. It's a funny thing, but you have to believe in the role you are playing to feel as though you were contributing anything important to the film."

In all honesty I told him that I thought he contributed more than a little to any movie in which he appeared. To my mind, he is one of the most engaging and convincing actors to be found in the upper register of screen notables. In any case there was quite a wait again before he said:

"The trouble is that producers make one picture which is a big hit and then

they want to go on remaking it forever. Once I have Joe Doaks, say, in a contemporary comedy, I can't do much more with that role. I've been lucky in my material. Look at the variety in 'Souls at Sea,' 'Bluebeard's Eighth Wife' and 'The Adventures of Marco Polo.' Just the same, I'd like to cut away a bit from the general character I've been portraying, granted that I could do it. Maybe I'll have to wait until I get considerably older and turn character actor."

Sometimes the attempt to change inevitable typing is too violent for as popular a medium as the cinema. When Robert Montgomery changed from a pleasant playboy to a sinister killer in "Night Must Fall," he probably confused a good many of his fans and a good many spectators who wandered in to see that film. I, myself, think he did a great job with "Night Must Fall" and that it marked him surely for big things in motion pictures. Nevertheless I can see that he may have been a bit too abrupt in dropping a familiar role and taking on a new and strangely different one.

The same problem confronts Jimmy Cagney at the moment. He climbed to his eminent position as an actor behind a machine gun, a deadly punch, a gat and a cold ruthlessness. He was the perfect gangster in the second and by far the best cycle of gangster films, in which public enemies were shown to be the rats they really are.

There can be little question that he must have become extremely weary of the same old gangster role. The point is that he changed over into other portrayals gradually. First he became the hard-hitting, straight-shooting government agent. When spectators had become accustomed to seeing him as something other than a racketeer, he was able to try a song and dance role in "Something to Sing About." From that the

transition was easy to "Boy Meets Girl." Now he wants to be hero of a Western. He should be able to pull it off with flying colors.

On the other hand, consider Marlene Dietrich. When I first saw her on the screen, she was vivid, versatile and real. That was in "Blue Angel," when she demonstrated that beautiful legs and a winning personality were coin of the realm as far as the movies were concerned. Since then, she has let her eyelashes grow longer, while adopting a set series of gestures as a femme fatale. She has continued the tradition of the siren, perhaps, but the difficulty is that the old-style siren is definitely old-fashioned. She has stuck to a type when the type itself became as dead as the dodo.

Unless I am badly mistaken, the Misses Davis and Crawford and the screen's leading men are quite right in turning thumbs down on those old, hokum impersonations. If anyone might have tried to recreate the Rudolph Valentino fascination, it was Robert Taylor. He has been much wiser in appearing in a show such as "A Yank At Oxford" as a likable, understandable modern youth, who goes through understandable experiences. After that engaging and convincing portrayal, he should be able to escape the hampering restrictions of being typed with the greatest of ease.

A number of my friends thought that Spencer Tracy was crazy to play a Portuguese fisherman in "Captains Courageous," a film which didn't even have a feminine principal in the cast. The fact is that he not only turned in an engrossing performance, but won the Academy Award with it. From that role he has been able to turn to a completely different impersonation in "Test Pilot." In case anyone didn't know it all along, he has showed that he is an actor of great range and power. It is difficult to imagine him being typed at this point.

The most curious thing about the way characters shift over a period of years is the fact that it is the public which determines those shifts. It is because you and your friends have grown tired of sultry sirens and sleek-haired sheiks that they have given way to the new types of the screen. It is because you like love-making to be represented the way it actually takes place in this land and this day, that a hero and heroine can act more naturally.

Without the public acceptance of these changes, the danger of typing would still be extremely serious, particularly for those youngsters who are carving out careers for themselves. As it is, they have a remarkable choice of roles. The lovely Ginger Rogers has been able to turn from dancing to straight acting and Katharine Hepburn has had the chance to turn away from tragic parts and play comedy. Jimmy Stewart, Andrea Leeds, or Wayne Morris, to mention only a few of the rising stars, have the opportunity of appearing in all sorts of different parts if they really want to.

I am quite certain that they will sometimes have to fight for their chances. Producers are almost certain to think of Mr. Morris if they have the role of a prizefighter to fill, while Miss Leeds is likely to be cast several times again as a young actress. The important point is that if they don't want to become typed they can do something about it. They may not be able to make extremely abrupt changes of character, but they can avoid getting deep in a rut. It is the public that has made this possible. It is because you, as film-goers, welcome new portrayals and new material on the screen, that motion picture acting is becoming really important acting. A militant Miss Davis and an aware and sympathetic audience will do more than anything else to make talk about Hollywood typing plain silly.

GO'WAY! YOU'VE GOT BAD BREATH!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO TELL MAMA ON ME, AUNT CAROL! 'CAUSE IT'S TRUE! AND I BETCHA MR. NED THINKS SO, TOO!

NED HAS BEEN AVOIDING ME LATELY, SIS. DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT COULD BE THE REASON?

WELL, I APOLOGIZE FOR DOTTY, CAROL - BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I'M GONNA TELL MAMA ON YOU, AUNT CAROL!

ATTA GIRL, DOTTY! AND TELL HER THAT AUNT CAROL'S JUST PROMISED TO BE MRS. NED, WILL YOU?

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

LARGE SIZE 20¢

GIANT SIZE 35¢

OVER TWICE AS MUCH



You'll find a dash of Magic in CABAÑA!

MAKE your summer nails lovely with CABAÑA, the color *men* admire. Here is a flattering, tawny red . . . fresh, gay and stimulating . . . a color that throbs with romance!

You'll want CABAÑA in the city to wear with stylish blacks and beiges. You'll need it in the country for your South Sea prints and whites. At the beach CABAÑA suits the scene . . . it makes moonlight dances forever memorable . . . it holds a promise of thrilling things ahead.

Use this striking shade to accent summer highlights in your hair . . . the sunny undertone of your complexion . . . the glamour of your summer self. Get CABAÑA today!

Glazo Is Ideal For Summer!

1. LONGER WEAR — new Glazo lasts days longer without peeling or chipping. Slightly heavier—*clings* to nails.
2. EASY TO APPLY — goes on evenly. Will not streak or run. Dries quickly.
3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE — won't fade or become dull in sun or water.

Get Glazo's smart new colors — CONGO, SPICE, TROPIC and CABAÑA — at all drug counters. Extra large size, only **25¢**



GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

True Story of a Stunt Girl

[Continued from page 31]

swimming. I didn't guess—

I didn't have enough brains to be scared. I was just a little gal wanting to make good. I think I'd been boasting a little bit. So in I went. The shark was tired after his long trip from Balboa where he'd been caught. I made short work of him, swam through blood, opened the conning tower, swam to the side of the tank. I was dragged out. I immediately relaxed into a horizontal position.

The joke was on me. The shark's jaws had been wired.

Have I been afraid?

The answer is yes, as I've indicated. The worst scare I ever got, however, was making a serial with Pete Morrison for Universal in 1926.

But 1926 is twelve years ago. We'd better be getting modern. Let's just write off those years by saying that Bill Koenig made me a leading woman in serials, that I rode, fell off horses, drove racing cars, leaped from windows, brawled and had a fine old time of it for a couple of years, and found a husband. A baby—Buster Miles, now 10, kept me out of pictures until late in 1928. Buster's a great boy. He played with Irene Dunne in "No Other Woman," worked with Lee Tracy, and recently was up for a role in "Men With Wings"—which he didn't quite make.

Yes, I've been hurt.

Joe Bonomo threw a bottle which hit me just above the elbow, cut a gash in my right arm. There isn't even a scar today. And Joe didn't mean to do it, naturally. To be frank, I've been hurt worse than that. It was in "Dante's Inferno." For me, that picture had a perfect title. Unless you called it "Frances' Inferno."

Spencer Tracy had the lead. Fox made it. Maybe you remember the fire on the ship. I was on a burning balcony. Beneath, fighting extras were milling, clawing at each other, slugging, throwing things. I was to jump eight feet to the floor, hit a break-away table, and be picked up by a "catch man." A fellow assigned to see that I wasn't trampled.

I jumped. The table wasn't there. The catch man had been pushed away by the surging throng. I hit the wrong table, hurt my spine. I fell to the floor. The mob closed in. The catch man saw me go under, fought to me, picked me up. Things were getting black. He staggered through the mob. He fell four different times. About this time the smoke pots which were supposed to smoke only, exploded. That added to the panic. Somebody swung something, hit my rescuer on the back of the neck. We both went down. I hit the side of my face and head.

I was in the hospital for two days.

Most of the girls—myself included—have been making much of our money in recent years by playing ourselves. Instead of doubling a leading player, we are assigned to small parts in a picture. Outstanding bits. I got a role like that in "Central Airport," which Bill Wellman directed. I was the mother of a child of ten, Betty Graham. I got the role because it would be tough, very tough, and Bill knew I could take it. Betty and I, along with other passengers, were to be forced down at sea in a transport.

That was a great picture. I just missed taking one of the ships flown in the picture. Howard Batt, one of the best pilots on the coast, came in low because the red obstruction lights at the end of the field were out, snagged high tension wires, snapped poles—and still made a safe landing! I saw it happen. My fellow-stunters were very pale and gray as they alighted

from the dreadfully damaged tri-motor.

I've doubled stars, too. I think that Carole Lombard gets the vote of the stunt girls as being the most regular fellow. After you've done something cold, or uncomfortable, or dangerous, Carole goes out of the way to thank you, to make you feel that you've helped her a little bit, put something into the picture that's worth while. On "True Confession," Carole had to go into Lake Arrowhead for those dunking scenes—and she took it. She dipped and dipped and dipped, and never lost her sense of humor. In the early days, Carole got kicked, pushed into the bath tub, whacked and chased in Sennett comedies. Shes' a trouper. Loretta Rush, who did the horseback scenes for Jeanette MacDonald in "The Girl of the Golden West," did the long shots in the water. Not because Carole wouldn't, but because the studio insisted. When you're paying \$150,000 for talent, why risk it by having the heroine take cold?

It isn't often that we see our principals. We usually work as a "second unit." We come along and do the long shots one day and then the director looks at the "rushes" and calls his principals to do close-ups in accordance with our actions—or vice-versa.

Sometimes we work after the principals are all through and away on vacations. The longest double job I ever had was in "Scarface," when I doubled for Ann Dvorak. In all the cafe scenes and mob scenes, whenever there were plain and fancy shootings, fights, machine gunnings, chases and brawls, I did the dirty work. In "The Sign of the Cross" I was Claudette Colbert for a moment. You may recall that Cleopatra met her boy friend, Fredric March, when she was being hauled about by four Nubians. She rode in a chair on their shoulders. Fred came along in a chariot and knocked over the Nubians. I was in the chair. I disappeared right after that and the real Colbert bawled out Fred.

Have you seen "Wide Open Faces," starring Joe E. Brown, yet? Maybe you remember that Joe captured the gangsters, riding in five cars with their "molls," by tossing smoke pots into their cars. The smoke blinded the gang drivers and all the cars plunged into ditches.

I was in one of the cars and I hit one of the ditches. We had a raw driver but a solidly built car, so we didn't worry—much. Cars are all fixed for crashes like that. First of all, you have a safety belt anchored soundly to the body of the car—not to the seat. Then you make your own hand holds. You fix straps the way you like them, so that when you hit you take the force of inertia in your arms. Sometimes you have toe holds. Candy glass is used in the windows. It breaks like real glass, but doesn't cut. You feel better if you're wearing a hat. Sometimes you can put a little padding in it. That breaks the shock if you bump your head. And you do better if you have one foot in front of the other, instead of both together. Remember that if you see trouble coming your way on the highway.

It isn't the expected that hurts you. It's the unexpected. Take the case of Marcelle Arnold, a stunt girl killed recently—the only direct fatality we girls have ever had. Her death resulted in a ruling at that studio that girls are not to be used any more in auto chases. Mary Wiggins, the parachute jumper I mentioned, who also makes money in the summer time by crashing cars in state fairs, was driving the first car in a two-car chase around Suicide Curve, in Pasadena. A man was at the wheel of the second car. Both cars hit the curve, made power skids and cleared it safely several times. The stunters relaxed a bit.

"Let's make it just once more to be sure we've got it," the director ordered.

The car Marcelle was in did the unex-

pected. It hit a small patch of sand, skidded against the curb, rolled over. Marcelle was thrown and crushed. Loretta Rush, who sat beside her, had good hand holds, received only one bruise.

I've not only ridden in crash cars—I've crashed them. Not long ago I whipped around a big town car which Kay Francis was supposed to be driving, sent it crashing into a curbing, jumped out, leaped a hedge in front of a country estate. Jobs like that we call "pick ups," quick jobs which pay well and are over quickly.

Right now I'm a stand-by. I work in "Prison Farm," with Shirley Ross. As a stand-by, I'm ready to do any rough stuff which might be too tough for Miss Ross, but she's willing and ready to take it. Should she decide that things are too hard for her, she bows out and I get a pay adjustment to the \$35 minimum. Personally, I'd rather know that Shirley is game and a good fellow than have my pay upped. And that's what I've found out.

Yesterday we reported for work at 9 a.m. Shirley and the other girls and I were in blue and white striped cotton dresses—about fifteen of us—working in the prison laundry. When the whistle blew to end work, we attacked the matron because she made us work too hard. Around us were the implements of a good fight. Dirty, wet clothes. Washboards. Soap. Hot water. We really turned on a fight. I watched Shirley get pummelled, kicked around. Later, Porter Hall, playing a villain—the warden of the prison farm—came in and turned live steam on. We fought, choked and gasped through that. We worked from nine o'clock in the morning to eleven o'clock at night. Shirley was soaked through to the skin several times, dunked in wash tubs, hit, knocked down, but she always came back for more. This morning she was back on the job, ready to go through with it again, at nine o'clock. Shirley hums and sings a lot of the time she isn't working. Just informally. She has a lovely voice and we girls love her for it.

Thirty-five dollars a day sounds like a lot of money. But we don't get it every day. For being kicked, socked, trampled on, riding horses, driving cars and otherwise performing with the idea of putting the theatre-goers on the edge of their seats, I turned up about \$2500 in 1937. Things have been slack so far in 1938, and right now it looks as if we—I say we for myself and the 36 others for we all average about the same—will do well to hit \$1500.

This isn't bad pay when you consider that most of us are married to studio technicians or stunt men and minor actors. I'm married again, this time to Duke York, actor and stunt man who manages to do very well for himself taking chances for the male heroes of the screen.

When girls ask me how much I think they should get for stunts which are over the minimum, I reply:

"It's your neck, honey. You know how much it's worth."

Usually, we figure that common rough stuff is worth \$35 a day. This includes any kind of a small fall. For instance, you are shot and drop to the floor. You're pushed over a chair. Or knocked down in a fight. Long falls are worth more. Net falls bring as high as \$200 and you go as high as 75 feet. The net part means that you land in a net at the bottom.

Ione Reed got an odder job recently. She understands animals. So she was signed to go on a jungle expedition to work in a short subject. A job like that is a plum.

Mary Wiggins got \$50, the standard rate, for her parachute jumps in "Central Airport." I got the minimum for doubling Ann Rutherford, who worked with Richard Dix in "The Devil Is Driving." I drove a car to within a few feet of a cliff, jammed on the brakes, stopped within inches. The car

**JIM LOVES TO
DANCE WITH ME!**

**I ALWAYS BATHE
WITH FRAGRANT
CASHMERE BOUQUET
SOAP! IT'S THE
LOVELIER WAY TO
AVOID OFFENDING!**

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A
DANCE TO ROB A GIRL OF
DAINTINESS! THAT'S WHY
I ALWAYS BATHE WITH THIS
LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP
THAT GUARDS DAINTINESS
SO SURELY AND
IN SUCH A
LOVELY WAY!

HOURS LATER—SURE OF DAINTINESS!

YOU'RE ADORABLE, ANN! STILL
FRESH AS A FLOWER, AFTER HOURS
OF DANCING!

TOO BAD ALL GIRLS
DON'T KNOW ABOUT
CASHMERE BOUQUET
SOAP'S LOVELIER WAY
OF GUARDING
DAINTINESS!

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP'S
RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER
REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF
BODY ODOR...AND THEN ITS
LOVELY, LINGERING PERFUME
CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN! LONG
AFTER YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS
YOU ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
You'll want to use this pure, creamy-
white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so
gentle and caressing. Yet it removes
dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly,
leaving your skin clearer, softer...
more radiant and alluring!



NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* — **BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

When Excitement Makes You Perspire

dew
WILL KEEP YOUR SECRET

Careful women avoid underarm odor
with DEW, the easy deodorant

Hot weather and exercise are not the *only things* that increase perspiration. When you are excited, you perspire. And it is in exciting, intimate moments that you want to be *sure* underarm odor does not offend. The other person will never mention it. You must be on guard in advance. Use DEW.

DEW is kind to your skin and easy to use. DEW is the choice of smart women who want the poise, the charm, the assurance that come from freedom from perspiration odor. Ask for DEW today at drug stores, toilet goods counters, 10¢ stores. Three sizes: 10¢, 25¢, 50¢. DEW will keep your secret.



WRITE A SONG

on any subject and send poem to
us at once for exceptional offer.

RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

IMPORTED SIMULATED RING
DIAMOND 15¢
To introduce **HOLLYWOOD'S**
Newest **ORIZABA** Diamond re-
productions, Dazzling, Brilliant,
full of Blazing Fire (worn by Movie Stars)
we will send 1/2 Kt. simulated Brazilian
DIAMOND MOUNTED IN SOLID GOLD
effect ring as illustrated, (looks like
\$150. gem) for 15¢ sent postpaid. Money
back if not delighted. Agents Wanted.
FIELD'S DIAMOND CO.—Dept. SU-510
S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif. (2 for 25¢)
White "Luck" Elephant. Imported from
the Orient, included **FREE!** Order NOW!

FREE

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre
45th Year—Drama, Dance, Vocal for Acting, Teaching, Di-
recting, 3 in 1 course—Radio, Stage, Screen. Graduates: Lee
Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel etc. Student Stock Theatre
Appearances while learning. Apply Sec'y LAND, 66 W. 85th St., N.Y.

YOUR YOUTHFUL SKIN A MASS OF PIMPLES?

Take steps now to help keep your
blood free of skin-defiling poisons

Stop being an object of shame and scorn
among your friends. Find out what often
causes those repulsive-looking pimples . . .
and get rid of them.

Between the ages of 13 and 25 your body is
changing rapidly. Important glands develop.
These gland changes upset your system. Waste
poisons from the intestines are often thrown into
the blood stream and are carried to your skin, where
they may bubble out in ugly, shameful hickies.

You must help keep your blood free of these
skin-irritating poisons. Thousands have done so,
just by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. The millions
of tiny, *living* plants in each cake of this fresh food
act to help you fight pimple-making poisons at
their source—in the intestines, before they can get
into the blood. Many get amazing results in 30
days or even less! Get Fleischmann's Yeast *now*.
Eat 3 cakes a day—one before each meal—until
your skin is clear and fresh again.

was jerked over by cable after I got out,
a dummy at the wheel—thank heavens!
That's a job when you have a car chasing
you, a camera car shooting you. You've got
to have your wits about you. You can't get
scared, and you can't think "if—" If you
do, you either don't do the stunt, or you
get hurt. One of the main things is to know
you'll make it all right, then you do. I did
all the driving that Ann was supposed to
do all the way through this picture.

In the early days I did a great deal of
horseback work. Today, I have put the
"pick ups" behind me. Picking up means
to allow someone to grab you and pull you
onto a speeding horse. You know the old
western routine of falling off horses, jump-
ing onto them, and all those things. The
reason I don't go for this now is that we
have several expert horsewomen who spe-
cialize in this work and stable their own
mounts. They have the jobs coming to
them. The last time I did anything akin
to western work was when I "stood by" as
a cowgirl with Bing Crosby, Martha Raye
and Bob Burns in "Rhythm on the Range."
I wasn't needed. Any time Martha Raye
needs a double something will be wrong
with her. Did you see that adagio dance
she did in "Mountain Music?" She was
tossed around like a badminton bird. I
watched her and Bob Burns break into the
big time in that picture. Bob doesn't need
a double, either. He did all the fish stuff in
"Tropic Holiday," which was something.

Dorothy Lamour's game, but she had to
have a double when it came to sinking a
boat on which she and George Raft rode
in "Spawn of the North." Corinne McAl-
lister drew that job. She went to Balboa,
swam out to the boat, climbed aboard,
pulled the plug, turned over with the boat
and then swam out from beneath it. She
got an extra check for that.

Now and then you see me on the screen—
but never long enough for it to mean any-
thing. If you look closely, you'll get a
glimpse of me in a scene with Barton Mac-
Lane, Bob Cummings and George Raft in
"You and Me." I get such roles because
they're rough, as you'll see. The difference
between me and an actress is that I get
paid for being rough and can act passably,
while an actress is an actress, if you see
what I mean. As far as I know, none of us
aspires to acting. If we do, we keep it a
deep secret. We'd rather have the thrills.
A glance at the opening of my story shows
that a few of us have been actresses and
have come to stunting. But, as far as I
know, no stunter has ever developed into an
actress of any note. When we graduate
from this crazy job of ours, it's either into
house-wifery, or retirement. I think the
only exception is Esther Ralston, who came
from a circus family into acrobatic work
on the screen and went from there to
stardom.

Right now, I feel sorriest for the horse-
women. Dress extras get \$15 a day and stunt
horsewomen \$16.50. The horsewoman works
a lot harder for her money. Not that the
dress extras don't earn and deserve their
pay. For instance, Mary Hurley is getting
the \$16.50 right now for driving horses and
doing chases for Joan Bennett in "The
Texans."

Well, that's about all.

Here I am, thirty years old, waiting for
Director King to decide to have Shirley
Ross get into a brawl so that I'll get the
minimum instead of stand by money.
Where do I go from here? I don't know.
I think I'm good for at least ten years yet.
Ten years of getting and giving thrills.
So I'll keep right on, just as long as my
health lasts, and I don't start to creak
when I fall or crack when I get hit by
a "breakaway" chair.

You say you get fun when you watch
me?

Think of the fun I'm having.

Stable Boy Blues

[Continued from page 53]

heard Jimmy ask. I looked up quickly from
the script and saw that Jimmy's face was
extremely bland—too bland. Paul's expres-
sion changed to one of surprise. He
fumbled and hesitated a moment, then he
said, "Why, no, Mr. Evans, a grammar
school diploma is all you need to be a
stable boy." A slight titter ran through the
audience. I saw with relief that Paul had
regained entire possession of himself. I felt
better, at the same time calling Jimmy all
sorts of names under my breath.

"Would you say that there are many
gentlemen working around horses?" Jimmy
continued—"Say in your capacity?"

This time Paul did not hesitate. "I find,
Mr. Evans, that there are gentlemen in all
walks of life—even in the newspaper busi-
ness."

Jimmy flushed and the audience roared.
"Tell us how you fix a horse to lose a
race, Mr. Remy. I'm sure the audience
would be interested."

Paul grinned. "That's easy. You just bet
a lot of money on him."

I was delighted to see that the interview
was going over much better than it would
have if Jimmy had stuck to the original.

"They tell me you sing. Does your sing-
ing have a soothing effect on the horses?"
Jimmy didn't even try to conceal the sar-
casm in his tone.

"They've never complained," Paul re-
plied quickly. The audience laughed again.
Jimmy looked decidedly annoyed. His little
scheme to make a fool of Paul was not
succeeding.

"Don't you find being a stable boy rather
degrading? The class of people you asso-
ciate with?"

This remark thoroughly burned me up.
"Not at all, Mr. Evans. Working with
sincere men of all colors and nationalities
teaches you that prejudice is no virtue. It
gives you a sense of tolerance—even of back-
stabbing columnists."

I breathed easier when the interview was
over and Paul began to sing. Three strikes
on Jimmy and a home-run for Paul, I
thought gleefully. Paul gave my song every-
thing he had, getting in all the things I had
tried to put over while writing it. In short,
he brought down the house. The applause
was so loud and spontaneous that I asked
him to sing again, cutting out one of my
own numbers.

The broadcast over, Paul was the center
of congratulations. I looked for Jimmy, to
pour out my wrath, but he had slipped out.

"Paul," I said, outside, "you were won-
derful. Better men than you have cracked
under a trick like that."

"Thanks. I didn't mind the switch. It
made me forget how nervous I was." He
grinned, "Horses may be nicer, but audi-
ences are more appreciative."

"How would you like to sing again for
me at my club?" I asked. "Jimmy may be
there, and if he is . . ." I left my threat
unsaid.

"Why yes, I'll go. I'd like to see your
friend Jimmy again, too."

On the way to the Club Stratford Paul
told me about himself. His love of horses
was genuine, and had been acquired at an
early age. He liked the simple life; had al-
ways thought he had a good voice, but had
never thought of doing anything about it.
He could have had white-collar jobs, but
preferred the carefree life of the tracks. He
talked on and on and I was surprised after
a while that he knew so much. He had
read a lot, had a nice fresh slant on things,
and was thoroughly entertaining.

The Club was satisfactorily crowded. I
did two of my numbers, and then intro-

duced Paul as he came ambling up to the little platform. He received an ovation. It appeared that most of the people had heard him on the air. He repeated the two numbers, singing in the same sensational manner, and when he finished the applause was deafening.

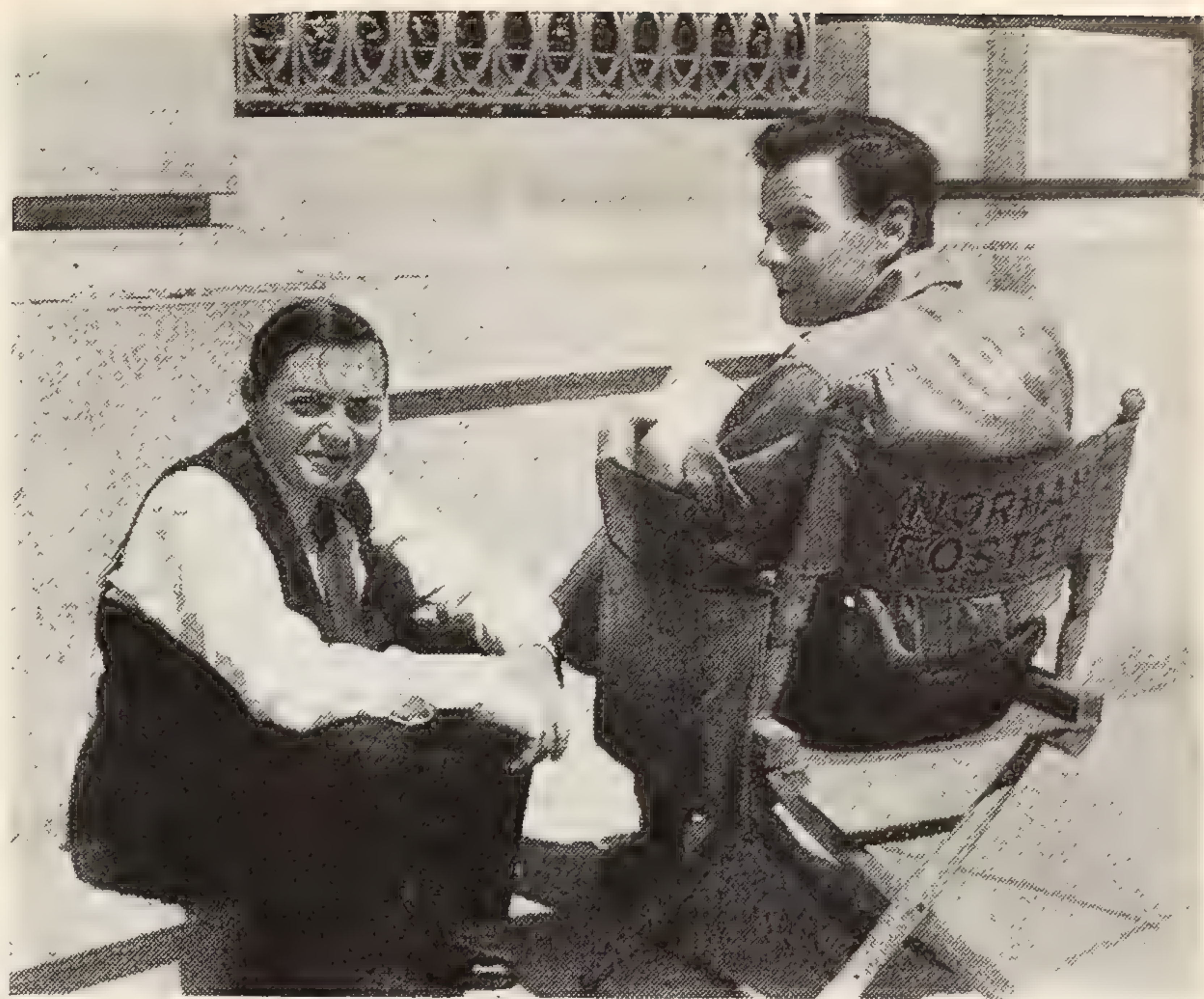
Jimmy appeared abruptly from some place. Ignoring the cold glare I gave him he went directly to Paul. "Remy," he said, "I apologize. That was a dirty trick I played on you. But I'm not sorry, for it convinced me that you have the stuff." His manner was so genuine and sincere that Paul, after a moment's hesitation, opened a clenched fist, relaxed, smiled and shook hands.

"I didn't mind," he said. "No hard feelings."

Jimmy was sitting at a large table with Janice Robinson and a group of society people. He said that his friends wanted to meet Paul so we all joined the party. I was a bit leary about this, for I was afraid Jimmy might be up to something again. Paul would be a new novelty for Jimmy's rich friends—"My dear, a singing stable boy; what could be quainter . . ." and all that. But I decided that Paul had shown he could take care of himself.

We sat down and immediately all the people made a tremendous fuss over Paul. There were about a dozen of them, all very snooty and very expensively dressed. In a few minutes, led by Jimmy, they were all plying Paul with ridiculous questions. I began to get angrier and angrier, and Paul was becoming redder and redder. "Tell them about your cute philosophy, Paul," I heard Jimmy say, and all the people clamored for Paul to take the floor. Jimmy looked at me and grinned, as much as to say, "This is what he gets for being so smart." I could do nothing but glare and mutter under my breath. Just then Janice,

Norman Foster is directing Peter Lorre in "Mysterious Mr. Moto"—so Norman gets the chair and Peter doesn't even get a straw mat to sit on. Note Peter's broken finger. He got that in a fight scene that was not done with mirrors.



Jimmy's blonde gal, came to Paul's rescue, dragging him out on the dance floor. He certainly looked grateful, and I kicked myself for not having thought of it first.

For the rest of the evening Janice kept Paul under her protecting wing, and I must say he seemed to like it there. Under her guidance he gained confidence in his retorts, and pretty soon condescension changed to admiration in most of the party. I don't think Paul realized that Jimmy had done all this for revenge, but I do know that Jimmy was pretty disgruntled—at Paul, at Janice and at me.

Paul's naturalness and carefree frankness had made quite a hit, and once again Jimmy's plans had backfired. Janice monopo-

lized Paul and I heard him promise to show her around the track the next day. Janice had certainly moved in on him, I thought. Why didn't I think of things like that? I didn't dislike Janice, but she was a predatory type of rich girl for whom instinctively I have never had much use.

After a word or two with my manager, I managed to corner Paul.

"How would you like to be a regular singer here?" I asked. "At an attractive figure?"

"I'd like to," he said, "but I have my job, and anyway after the Santa Clara Handicap next Saturday we go to a new track. By that time Gold Prince will be my meal ticket—I hope."



*ALWAYS GRAND
FOR Flaky SKIN*

Now—with the active "Skin-Vitamin" it NOURISHES Skin, too

GLORIOUS days in the out-of-doors!—Are you wondering what you can do for that flaky skin?

This year you are doubly fortunate! Pond's Vanishing Cream, always so grand for flaky skin, is now a nourishing cream, too. It contains the active "skin-vitamin" which aids in keeping skin beautiful.

This new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is never drying! . . . It simply does not come out on your skin in a "goo"! It's a triumph of modern science—a true nourishing cream—yet nothing greasy or heavy about it. Pond's Vanishing Cream is light and delicate in texture!

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

Put it on always before you powder. Again after coming in from outdoors. And of course for overnight after cleansing.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.



Miss Camilla Morgan

"Pond's 'skin-vitamin' Vanishing Cream is good news. A powder base that actually nourishes skin is almost too good to be true."

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 7SS-VU, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

**SEND FOR
THE NEW
CREAM!**

NEW . . . a CREAM DEODORANT

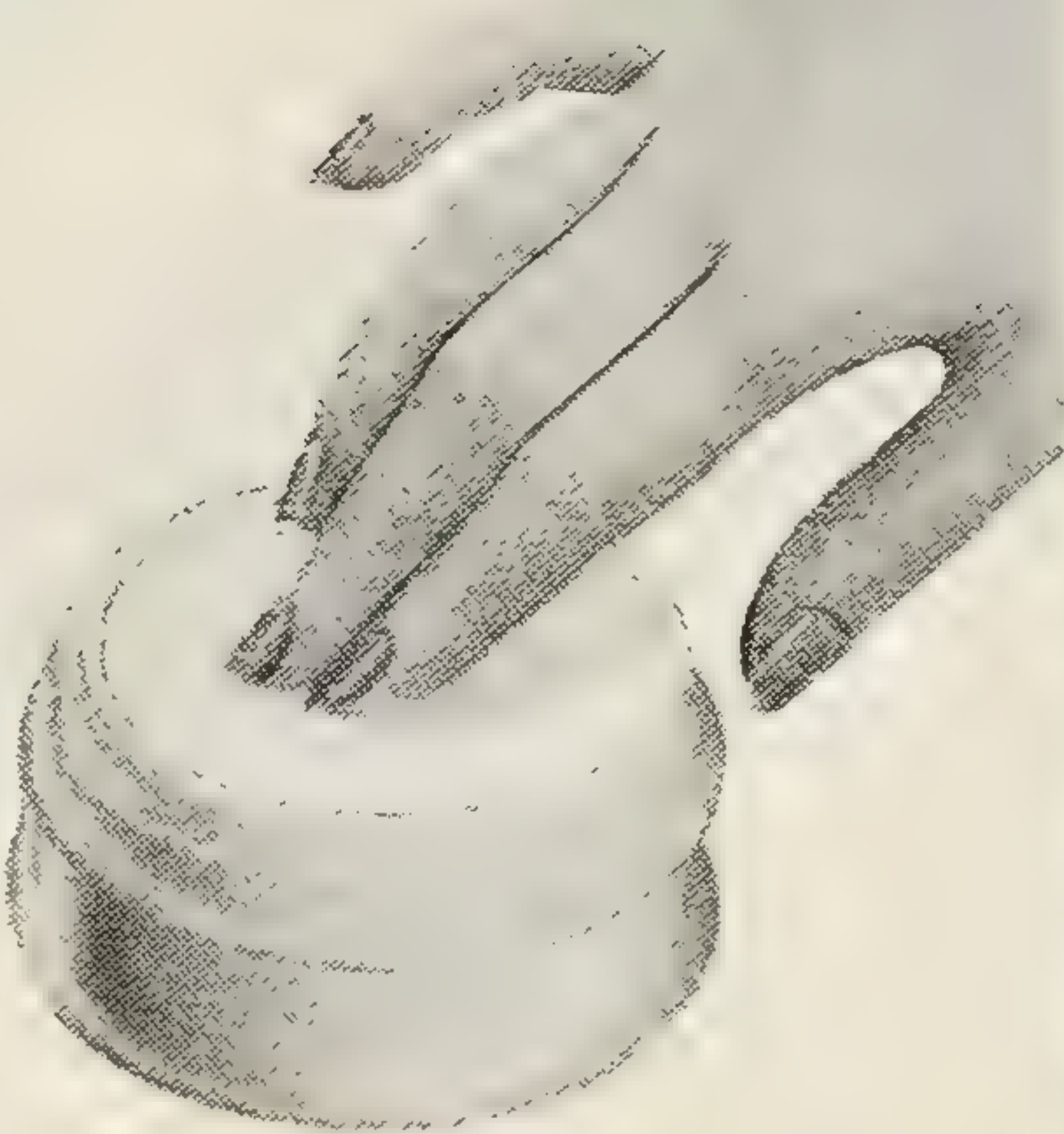
which safely

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

Arrid is the **ONLY** deodorant to stop perspiration with all these five advantages—

1. Does not harm dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days—removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless stainless vanishing cream.

5. Arrid is the **ONLY** deodorant to stop perspiration which has been awarded the Textile Seal of Approval of The American Institute of Laundering for being **HARMLESS TO FABRIC.**



39¢ a jar

At drug and dept. stores

ARRID

TRIAL JAR: Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) for generous size jar of Arrid. Feminine Products, 74A Park Place, New York, N. Y.

"Then make it for a week," I said, not to be denied. "Until next Friday. That racetrack job is nothing. Here you can make a name for yourself. Who cares about a lot of smelly old horses!"

"I do, Anne." He said my name without any formality. I liked it. "I do expect to make a name for myself," he went on, "but not singing."

"You could use the money," I suggested, "and these people are begging for you. No reason why you can't have two jobs. Besides, you'll get your horse sooner."

He began to weaken. Finally he agreed to sign up for a week.

"Maybe," I told him, "after a week we'll all be tired of you anyway," although I didn't believe it for a minute.

I was pleased. Paul could do a lot for my songs in a week. And maybe by that time he'd change his mind. There was also the pleasant prospect of seeing him every day. I had never realized before how much I liked yellow hair and blue eyes. When my manager announced Paul's engagement, the applause was enough to make me jealous. Only it didn't. But I caught a glimpse of a thoroughly disgusted Jimmy Evans.

Paul had agreed to come to my apartment every evening to rehearse, as that was the only chance he had. These rehearsals assured me that I had made no mistake about his being a nice person. His funny, direct, honest way never failed to amuse me; except when it made me have a queer fluttery feeling. The only trouble was that no matter what we talked about he always wound up on Gold Prince. But I suppose there are worse things than having a horse for a rival.

One evening he said, "Anne, I still can't understand why you took an interest in me."

"Business at the Club Stratford is excellent," I said. "Isn't it enough that you've

been a marvelous boon to the box office?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "What gets me is how lately everyone in Hollywood seems to think that being a stable boy is a most romantic job. And at first they were surprised that I even admitted I was one."

I laughed. "That's Hollywood for you."

"Did I tell you that yesterday Gold Prince," he began . . .

I interrupted: "You've told me so much about that horse that I could write his biography myself."

I was dying to bring Janice into the conversation, but I had no opening. Paul always steered clear of mentioning her somehow. Now he just grinned and went right on about Gold Prince. I had to content myself with listening to the sound of his voice and watching his face, and wondering if he preferred tall blondes like Janice to small, brown-haired girls—meaning me.

On Friday, Paul's last day as my employe, Jimmy ran an interview with Janice in his column. It was the usual stuff: impressions of Hollywood; how happy and thrilled she was; how much she liked the Club Stratford; how interested she was in her screen work. Then Jimmy went on with a few remarks of his own: how fascinating she found the racetrack; how she was thinking of acquiring a stable of her own; how this might be fine for Paul, who, in case they got married, could run it for her. Jimmy hinted Gold Prince might be her first buy, providing the horse won the next day.

There was more, but I couldn't read it. I was furious with Jimmy. He might just as well have said that Janice was buying Paul. I spent most of the day trying not to cry, or arguing with myself that this was just another one of Jimmy's publicity stories. That afternoon Jimmy called me on the telephone.

"Tough luck, kid," he said.

"About what?"

"Your stable boy. But don't mind, maybe he's not worth it."

I made a face at the telephone—so Jimmy had suspected that my interest in Paul was more than professional.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said, trying to keep a stiff upper lip.

"Win or lose you lose him," he said, trying to pretend now that he meant just professionally. "If his horse wins Saturday Paul's going to quit singing, and if the horse loses he's going to marry Janice. So he gets his horse either way."

"I don't believe it. Who told you?"

"Janice."

"Well, anyway," I said, "he took Janice away from you."

"But he didn't take you away from me," Jimmy went on. "That's all I was worried about."

Paul didn't come to my apartment that evening at all, and at ten I left for the Club feeling as low as a bass singer's bottom note. Jimmy was waiting for me, looking glum. "Where's Paul?" he asked.

"I don't know, but you should, being such a smart newspaperman."

"Janice isn't here either, if that's any comfort."

"It isn't."

"You haven't changed your mind, have you, Anne?"

"No," I said. "I haven't." Then, "Nice of you to practically propose for Janice in your rotten column. Now there's nothing left for her to do but marry him."

Jimmy was annoyed. "Well, if she's going to buy Gold Prince she might as well buy Paul—according to him, one wouldn't be very good without the other."

I turned on my heel and walked away. Presently Paul came in with Janice. He looked as depressed as I felt. In a few minutes he went on, and he sang just as well as ever. Afterwards he came back to my dressing room instead of rejoining Janice. He said nothing about not showing up for rehearsal, so neither did I. All he could talk about was the race the next day, and for the first time I noticed he seemed worried about the outcome. I couldn't help wondering what he and Janice had been up to, but naturally I said nothing.

He left after his last number, before I had a chance to wish him luck. Jimmy insisted on driving me home, and when we left I saw that Janice had gone too. Jimmy was morose and kept saying that I ought to give him a break. I just told him he made me sick.

In Jimmy's column the next morning he said he had a hot tip on a sure thing in the Santa Clara Handicap: Gold Prince. I didn't realize it at the time, but this was a sure way of bringing the odds on Gold Prince down to practically nothing. Jimmy's idea, of course, was to deliver Paul safely into Janice's hand, win or lose. I figured that out over a tasteless luncheon.

I decided I couldn't stand seeing the race, or Paul either; and not even to listen on the radio. To try to occupy my mind I spent the afternoon sitting at my piano working on a new song, having first sent the maid home so I would be alone. I was in a melancholy mood, and I guess that helped, for what I turned out was, I realized, one of my best songs. It was a little number entitled "Stable Boy Blues," and while it wasn't exactly a tear jerker, it certainly showed how I felt.

It was suddenly dark and I thought about the race for the first time all afternoon. Paul's future was settled now, while all I had been able to do was to pour out my heart in a popular song, like the little fool that I was. I couldn't bear to find out who had won the race, so I mechanically hunted up something to eat, and bathed and

dressed for the evening. Then until it was time to go I sat putting a few finishing touches on my song. I dreaded the Club that night. It would be deadly—no Paul, people talking about the race, Jimmy gloating. I felt like chucking everything.

In my bedroom I gave a final half-hearted pat to my hair, and after a brief examination hoped that people wouldn't look too closely at my eyes. I switched out the light and opened the door and suddenly I heard the sound of music. I walked toward the music room, and then I realized it was Paul singing my new song—singing it the way I had written it, heart-brokenly. I stood in the doorway until he had finished. Then I said, "Hello, where did you come from?"

"Oh I'm a hard guy to shake loose." He looked up and smiled, and we stood looking at each other for what seemed like hours.

"Well," I said, "who won?"

"Gold Prince ran fourth," he said sadly, "out of the money."

"I'm sorry."

He went on playing softly. "I remember," he said, "what you told me the first day I saw you, there in the paddock. That no horse was good enough to risk your future on. Well, you were right."

"I didn't mean to be a great seer," I said.

Paul stopped playing and sat looking at me. I went over and leaned against the piano—I had to lean against something.

"Before I said goodbye I wanted to thank you. That's why I came here tonight." He hesitated. "I just wanted you to know. So you wouldn't think I was an ingrate. I know how it is with you and Jimmy, but that won't matter now, either, because I'm going away."

"You might tell me how it is with me and Jimmy."

"Aren't you engaged to Jimmy? In love with him?"

"Certainly not!"

Paul looked stunned. "Jimmy told Janice you were." He paused; then he blushed. "I thought there was something funny about this song!"

"Wait a minute," I said. "What about Janice?"

"Janice? Oh. Well, last night we straightened things out. I couldn't stand that stuff in the papers any longer. And Janice didn't like it any better than I did. You see, Anne, I was more or less just a novelty to her—her real interest was in the horses. She was nice to me—and I took advantage of that to keep away from you—on account of Jimmy. Janice is no more in love with me than I am with her."

"And what about Gold Prince?"

"He's still a swell horse, and I'd still like to own him. But no horse with any intelligence would win when the odds were one to two." Paul grinned and his face lit up. I couldn't take my eyes from his. I gripped the edge of the piano tightly.

"But he might have won," I said, "just for you—with all that money on him. I think it's a shame."

"But I didn't bet. Not with odds like that. I can see now that Jimmy cooked up the whole thing. He thought if I lost or didn't make a killing I'd marry Janice, so I'd get Gold Prince anyway. And he'd have you to himself. Well, he was wrong all the way around. Also, from now on horses are just going to be a hobby—that money I saved is going to make me a real singer."

I nodded joyfully.

"Anyway," he said, getting up, "I decided if I couldn't have you I didn't want anything. And I guess if you hadn't written this song I'd never have known."

"My biggest success," I murmured. Then suddenly, I don't know how it happened. I was in his arms and we were saying all sorts of silly things to each other, which I won't repeat here. After all, a girl must be discreet once in a while.



Wherever you go BEECH-NUT GUM gives extra pleasure and refreshment



WHENEVER YOU PLAY

... gum helps keep you "on your game"... it helps steady your nerves... keeps mouth and throat moist.

BEECHIES are the candy-coated individual pieces of gum... in three flavors... Peppermint, Pepsin or Spearmint... select the kind you like best.



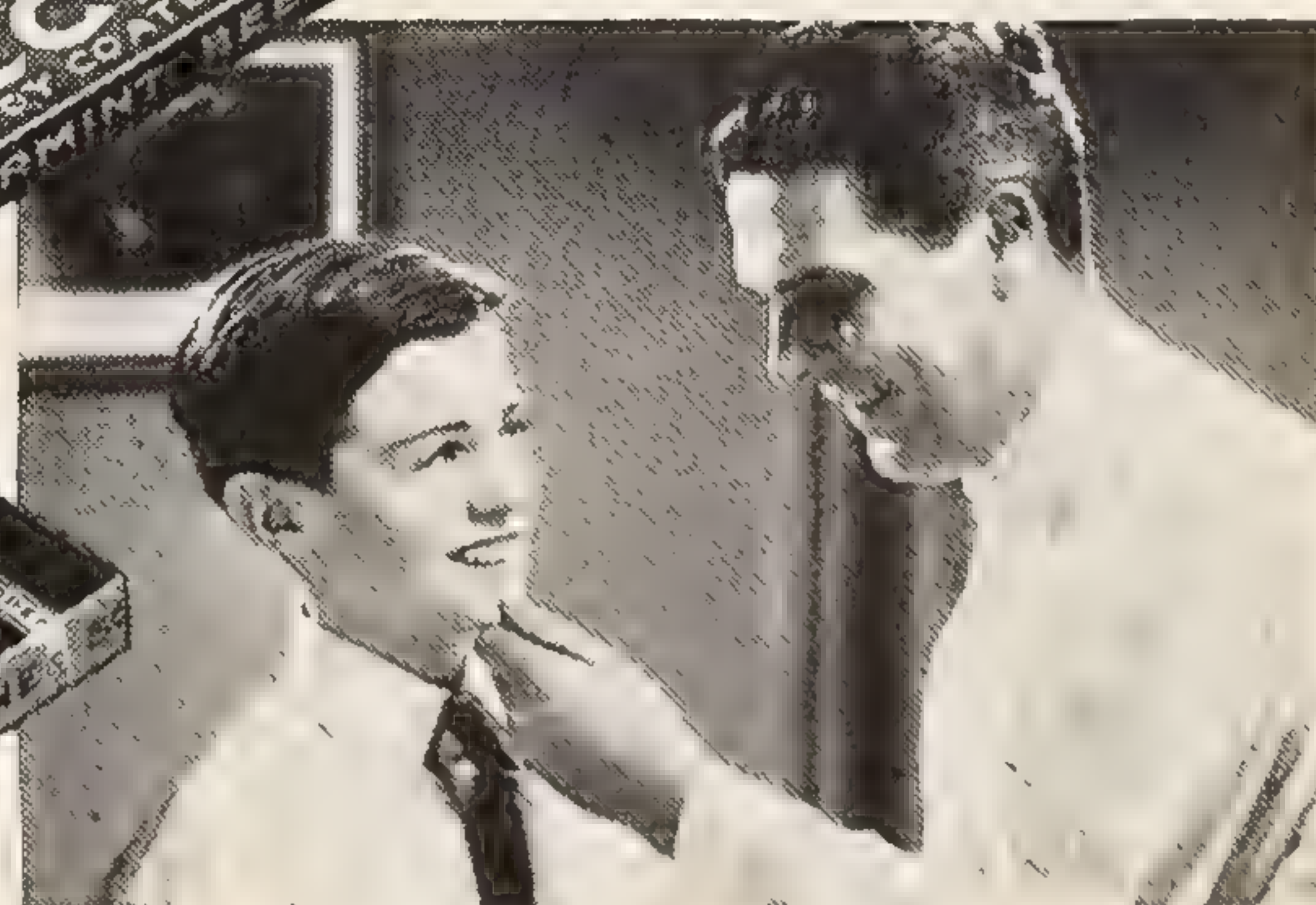
Always worth stopping for.



ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America.

Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.



"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralene is specially made for this purpose. It's firmer, "chewier"... helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking.



USE SAFE NONSPI

Here's a full-strength deodorant that keeps underarms dry and immaculate, 2 to 5 days—yet is *non-irritating!* Medical authority has pronounced Nonspi entirely safe when properly applied. Now Nonspi goes on more easily . . . dries more quickly. Sold at all drug and department stores—35¢ and 60¢. Slightly higher in Canada.



SAFE Deodorant
—Stops Perspiration

The Nonspi Company
113 West 18th St., N. Y. C.

Please send special trial bottle of Nonspi. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

SU77

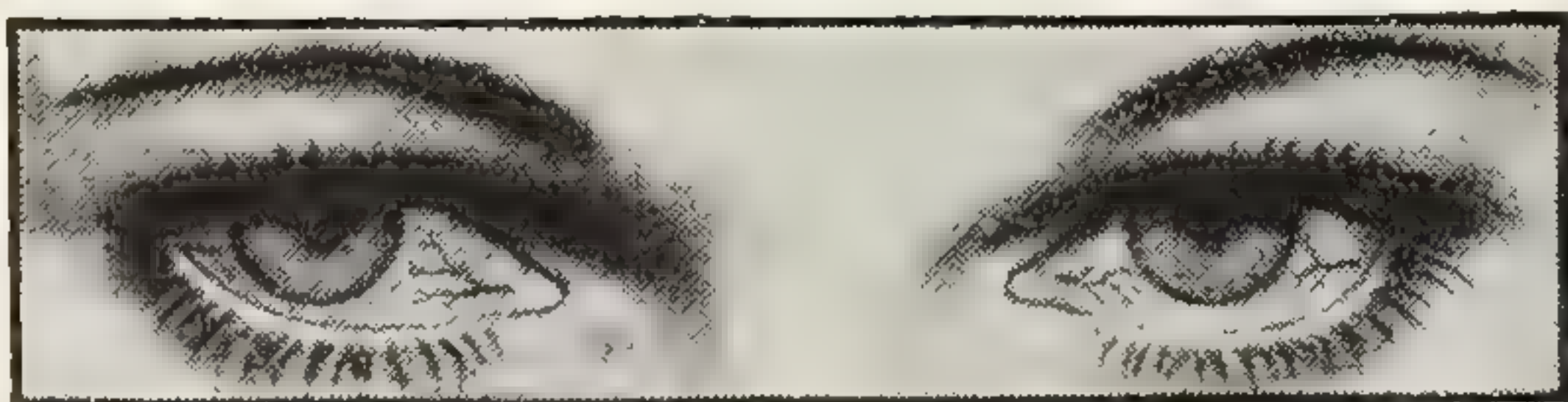
WAKE UP

Without Calomel—
And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the
Morning Rarin' to Go

**YOUR
LIVER
BILE**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



WHAT A DIFFERENCE



**IN EYE MAKE-UP WHEN NEW LOTION
CLEARS EYES**

Eye make-up beauty is doubled when you change dull, red, veined eyes (due to fatigue, late hours, exposure, etc.) to clear, white, sparkling loveliness with just two drops of Eye-Gene. Formula of two eye specialists. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Soothing . . . refreshing! Purse size at all 10c stores. Economy size at all drug stores.

EYE-GENE

The Fan Law

[Continued from page 29]

That was good enough for me. When they wanted a leading man for 'Lloyds of London,' I asked that Power be given the role. They told me that he lacked experience but I told them that the fans liked him, which was more important. He got the role and the rest is movie history."

It was the same with Robert Taylor. The fans made him, not the studio or anyone in it. M-G-M was making a series of shorts under the general heading of "Crime Doesn't Pay." To lend added authenticity to the pictures, the actors who played the parts were not listed on the credit sheet. Taylor appeared in one of these shorts. Immediately there was an explosion of fan mail asking his name, suggesting in addition that the studio should give him fatter parts. Leo the Lion roared over that mail, for when the fans speak, it means that a star is born.

Myrna Loy, Sonja Henie, Shirley Temple, Hugh Herbert, Loretta Young, Gary Cooper and Bette Davis are all products of the fans. The letters of the fans say that Myrna is the national conception of the ideally happy young American wife; that Sonja Henie is the clean, good-natured kid sister of the country; that Shirley Temple is the cute little girl who is Mr. and Mrs. America's daughter or niece; that Hugh Herbert is the happy-go-lucky tippling uncle who is the favorite of every American family; that Loretta Young is a concentrate of American campus loveliness; that Gary Cooper is the rangy country boy who refuses to be taken in by the city slickers; that Bette Davis is every girl standing up for her rights. The letters, you see, characterize each player as representing someone the letter-writers know, and that is the secret of their appeal.

The Fan Law was feared when M-G-M made "San Francisco." Spencer Tracy, playing the part of the priest, was struck savagely by Clark Gable. The studio feared that the scene might ruin Gable's career instantaneously, and you can understand that apprehension. First they asked several Los Angeles priests to look at the picture. The priests agreed that the portrait of the priest was painted reverently, and that there was no offense when Gable, in the heat of anger, lashed out at him. The fans thought so too. Audiences gasped when Gable struck the priest, but did not resent it. Quick to resent the tomato-pelting of Gladys Swarthout, because of the insincerity and "forcing" of the scene for a laugh, the fans just as quickly okayed Gable punching the priest because the drama was on the level. And they say that the national I. Q. reaction is that of a 12-year old!!

For obvious reasons, there is one angle of this Fan Law which I'd rather not discuss, because there's no point in kicking people who are down. That is The Fan Law as it passes sentence on those players who transgress certain social conventions. While the fans extend unusual liberality to movie performers in their private lives, there are certain things which they will not tolerate. Go through the list of stars who have passed out of the spotlight in the past five years, stars who were comparatively young and who suddenly disappeared. You'll find that they were twice and thrice divorced, or that they mocked at marriage and went openly with other married men.

The Fan Law, disciplined and made powerful as it now is because of the organization of Catholic, Protestant and Jewish boards of film supervision, drives flagrant offenders of the moral code into retirement quickly. That the power is used sparingly is a tribute to you, you, you and you.



One of the most devoted mother-daughter combinations in Hollywood is Dorothy Lamour and her young looking mother.

Titah-Ma-Titah—or Strictly Slugola!

[Continued from page 19]

a funny situation across, it is sometimes better to give the best lines to others. That's Jack Benny's method. If you will notice, he always plays the patsy: the pleasant oaf strutting down the street, so sure that he's making a tremendous impression, until he steps on a banana peel. When he takes a fall, you laugh at him but you pity him a little too. That audience sympathy, known as "honey in the horn" is sure-fire.

Jack doesn't depend on the conventional question-and-answer routine to get a laugh; it is very incidental with him. "Gags die, but humor lives on forever" is his motto and he never uses a gag for a gag's sake. Instead he starts with a situation that is funny in itself—his effort to sell his Maxwell, a car that nobody in his right mind would buy; the idea that he is a virtuoso on the violin; or the absurdity of trying to palm himself off as a sheriff of the old school—and sprinkles gags through these situations, as they may be needed.

Playing himself, he might go into a spiel about his wonderful automobile and how much pleasure he gets out of it in the summertime. Then Mary Livingstone would would interrupt to say he's got a good-looking trailer. Trailer? Jack says he has no trailer to his car. "Oh, yes, you have," snaps back Mary, "A handsome guy from the Finance Company." While the resulting laugh is on Jack, he's also got the sympathy of his listeners because probably they all recall their own difficulties meeting payments on their own cars.

After the laughter on that one, he could pull the same gag in his Sheriff Buck Benny routine. Explaining the hazardous life a law officer leads, he might mention the fact that in tune with the times he has turned in his trusty pinto pony for a car. "Yeah, but what do you want with that ugly trailer?" asks frau Mary Livingstone. Trailer? The sheriff declares he has nary a one. "Oh yes you have," assures Mary, "and that plug-ugly bandit told me that when he finishes trailing you, Buck Benny would be full of buckshot."

Fred Allen, on the other hand, doesn't go in for such situations. What he relies on for laughs is his peculiar choice of words. For example, he would never dream of saying "lorgnette." To him it becomes "bifocals on a stick." When someone offers him the cold shoulder, he returns a "chilled flank." To show how he tosses vocabulary around and makes it come up smiling, listen in on his interview with a lady iceman.

In the first place, he called her "a congealed water hostess." Then, questioning her about her work, he asked: "Is it difficult to catapult a 100-pound numbed cube into the refrigerator?"

Lady Iceman: "Not always. Sometimes my daughter helps me."

Allen: "In that case, I shall call her a Lorelei of the solidified H₂O!"

That's how these two feudists of the airwaves garner grins. George Burns, on the other hand, because he has Gracie Allen both on his hands and on his mind at the same time, has to go in for goofy gags.

Says George, "When you try to tell a joke with Gracie mixed up in it, there's no right or wrong way. Gracie's sense of humor is thrown a little off-balance by a dizzy sense of logic, which is also thrown off-balance by her dizzy little brain. However, I have to make a living telling jokes with Gracie, so I use a system that is a great deal like a man going fishing with a fishing pole, a gun, a mousetrap, a butterfly net and a few sheets of fly paper. He's ready for most anything. So am I.

"For instance, here's the way a joke usually works out with Gracie. I lead with my chin by saying, 'Well, Gracie, just mention a word and I'll make up a sentence with it.' She suggests the word pencil and I say, 'I have to wear suspenders or my pencil fall down.' Gracie laughs and says she can do it too. That's a bad sign, but I go ahead and suggest the word razor. Gracie thinks out loud and fast and says, 'Razor? Listen to this. A girl fell down. Who'll pick her up?'

"I say, 'Gracie, where's the razor?' Then she explains that her daddy has pawned it so that he can buy shaving cream. Stubbornly I try to explain, showing that she nearly had it right but instead of saying 'Who'll pick her up?' what should you have said?"

"Before her mammoth mind stages a mutiny she comes back with, 'I guess I should have said that she winked her eye.' This gets me excited. 'Winked her eye?' I shout, a trifle impatient. 'Certainly,' she interrupts, 'when a girl wants someone to pick her up, the best thing she can do is wink her eye.'

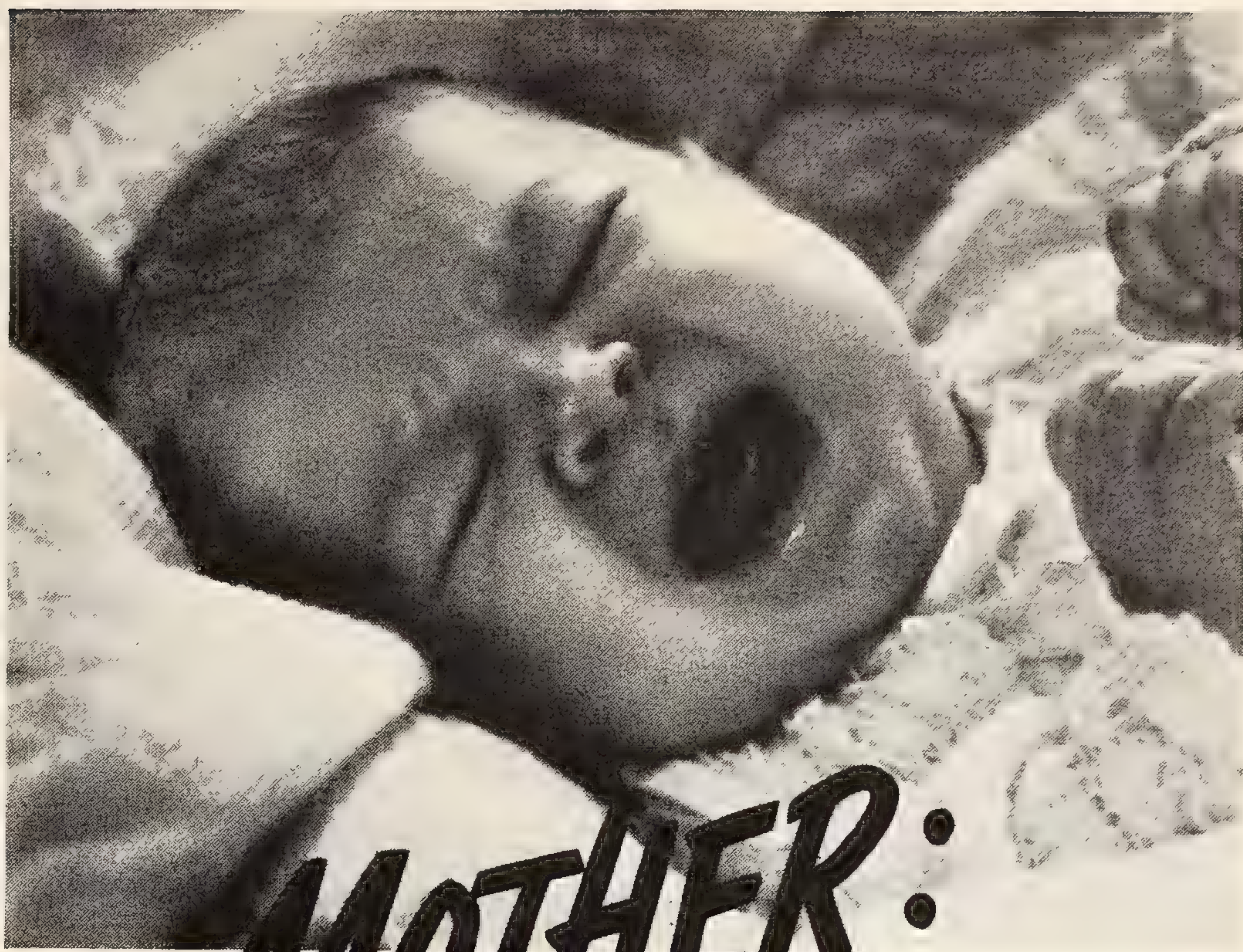
"Gracie, I plead, 'I showed you how it's done. I made up a sentence with pencil, didn't I?' 'That's nothing,' belittles Gracie, 'my brother made up a whole paragraph with a pencil and he made up a whole poem with a fountain pen.'

"Well, for some people there might be a right and a wrong way to tell a joke. But take it from me, the absolutely wrong way for anybody to tell a joke is to Gracie. I hope you see what I mean."

I might add that I hope this has all been a lesson to you for at this point the class is about to be dismissed with a final caution.

Telling a joke like a big-time comedian calls for nothing more nor less than being word-perfect in the story, knowing your audience, and timing the lines for the proper climax. The best way to get this all down pat is to study the professional funsters as they do their stuff on the screen and over the radio.

Once you master their technique, you'll find that your stuff brings forth terrific, tremendous, colossal laughter. In short, you'll be strictly *slugola*. That, my friends is how to tell a joke!



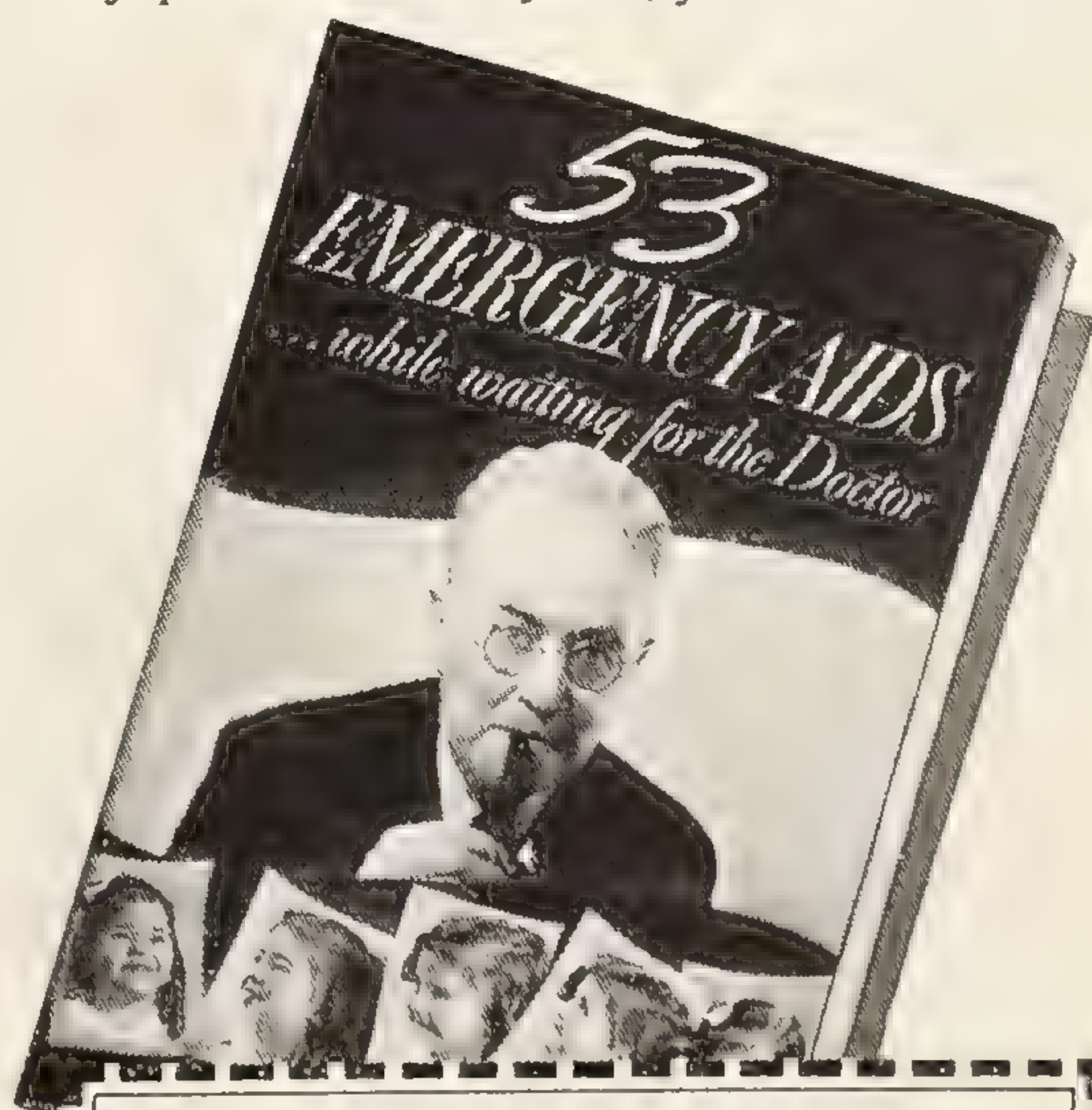
When your baby is suffering **KNOW** what to do!

DON'T be *helpless* when an emergency arises! Every mother should *know* what to do. Don't trust to luck that your household will *escape* emergencies. You may be next. Be prepared!

At your drug store you can now get (while they last) a copy of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's new book—*free* with a purchase of "Lysol" disinfectant. Few doctors have had to deal with home emergencies as Dr. Dafoe has. Great distances, hard travel, in the Canadian back country forced him to teach his people what to do in emergencies till he got there. Now the benefit of this experience is yours, *free*! Accept "Lysol's" offer of first-aid facts. Ask, when you buy "Lysol", for your copy of Dr. Dafoe's book.

FREE! Dr. Dafoe's Book on Home Emergencies, 32 pages, 53 sections.

Do you know how to . . . Dress a wound? Treat animal bites? Give artificial respiration? Relieve sudden illness? Stop hiccups? Revive an asphyxiated person? These are just a few of many subjects this book covers, in clear, simple language anyone can understand. Free with any purchase of "Lysol", for a limited time.



Used in the care of the
Quintuplets since the day
they were born . . .

Lysol
Disinfectant

If your drug store cannot supply you—
mail this to

LYSOL, Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. 7-S.S.

(Enclose "Lysol" carton front. Dr. Dafoe's book will be sent at once, free and post-paid.)

Name _____

Address _____

Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



Do you get "poodle permanents"? Hair all frizzy? Brittle, dry hair is usually the cause. You can overcome this by a simple home treatment. First, stop using all alkaline, sudsing chemicals. Instead try proved oil and scalp tonic treatment. Try Admiracion Soapless Shampoo. It not only cleans the hair safely and thoroughly but does not steal the natural scalp oils that keep your hair strong, elastic and healthy. Easy to use, Admiracion is a beauty treatment approved by thousands of beauticians. If you'd like to have a sample, send three 3-cent stamps. ADMIRACION LABORATORIES, HARRISON, N. J.

NO MORE CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve, quickly remove corns. Prevent corns, sore toes, blisters. Ease new or tight shoes. Soothing. Safe, sure. Cost but a trifle. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

DR. WALTER'S
QUICK REDUCING GUM
RUBBER GARMENTS

Obtain trim, slender ankles at once. Relieves swelling, varicose veins and they fit like a glove.

Bust Reducers . . . \$2.25
14 inch Special Ankle Reducers . . . \$3.00 pr.
14 inch Stockings \$6.75 pr.
Send ankle and calf measures.

Uplift Brassiere . . . \$3.25
Girdle (laced up back) . . . \$4.50
Abdominal Reducers for men and women \$3.50
Send measures. Pay by check or money order—no cash. Write for literature. Dr. Jeanne S. C. Walter 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

LEGGINGS \$3.00 pr.
STOCKINGS \$6.75 pr.

Says Everybody is Hypnotized

If there is any lack whatever in your life—if you suffer from poverty, fear, doubt, disappointment, disease, discord, inferiority complex, or failure—if your life is not a continuous record of abounding health, success, wealth and happiness—very likely it is because you're hypnotized! Such is the astounding declaration of Edwin J. Dingle, well-known explorer and geographer. He tells of a strange method of mind and body control that leads to immense powers never before experienced. He found the method in mysterious Tibet, often called the Land of Miracles.

He maintains that all of us are giants in strength, ability, and mind-power, capable of prolonging youth, defying sickness, developing great talents, and achieving dazzling success. From childhood, however, we are hypnotized, our powers put to sleep, by suggestions of associates, by what we read, and by various other experiences. To realize their really marvelous powers, men and women must escape from this hypnotism. The method found by Mr. Dingle in Tibet is said to be remarkably instrumental in freeing people of such hypnotizing ideas. Send today for the free 9,000 word treatise revealing the startling results of this strange system, by which men in the Far East can do things never equalled in the Western world. No obligation. Simply send your name and address.

The Institute of Mentalphysics, Dept. 463
213 So. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.



Partners For Rent

[Continued from page 33]

initiation ceremony. They break an egg over the top of your head, and out comes confetti! Everybody is scared to death."

Charlotte Worth, 21, blonde, blue-eyed, with a Grecian hair-dress, operates a beauty shop in Pasadena. She is known as the dream girl. Daughter of a wealthy family, she lives alone and is entirely self-supporting. She became an escort because she could use the extra money.

Charlotte is a high school graduate, with one year of college. I happened to know her particularly well. In spite of her brittle epigrams on the foibles of my sex, she is a soft sentimentalist, and reads books on art and ancient history. She tells me all the men she escorts try to kiss her. "They wouldn't be men if they didn't." A South American engineer almost swept her off her feet. Under his polished exterior he was a savage, a type for which she admits having a special weakness.

According to Charlotte, many of the men who pay for girl escorts suffer from an inferiority complex, and need someone to brag to about themselves. She considers the most important qualification for a girl escort the ability to look into a man's eyes, and say, "Oh, but you are wonderful!"

Charlotte recalled that one night she took an out of town visitor to the Trocadero, and witnessed a bit of night club drama. "Sally Blane and Norman Foster were having dinner. Both looked very bored. They even didn't dance. Then Claudette Colbert came in with her husband and two other couples. They sat at a long table very close to them. You could immediately feel something electric in the atmosphere. Sally Blane asked Norman Foster to get up and dance. She had a forced smile on her face, while he continued to look bored and glum. Miss Colbert had an amused twinkle in her eye. They danced only once and left at 11 o'clock, which is very early. Miss Colbert's party stayed until two."

She witnessed another bit of nocturnal drama at the Lamaze. "Errol Flynn was dining with a girl and another couple. At about 7:30, Lili Damita, wearing a plain tailored suit, walked in. The waiter made the mistake of taking her to Flynn's table. She saw him with this other girl, turned on her heel and walked out. I suppose they were having one of their quarrels and weren't going out together."

Kay Brooks is a graduate of the University of Missouri, where she specialized in journalism. She is 22, auburn-haired, brown-eyed, très chic in black, and smokes a cigarette with elegant nonchalance. She has edited a weekly paper, speaks fluent Spanish. She came to Hollywood two years ago, attracted by its glamour and cosmopolitan atmosphere. "Here nobody cares what you do with your own life," she stated, blowing a smoke ring into the air. She learned about the escort service through a man friend of hers, who told her it was "on the up and up."

Kay never lets them kiss her. "That isn't included in the price." Her most interesting date was with a Mexican gentleman visiting Hollywood. They went to Hollywood Bowl and enjoyed a glorious symphony under the stars. They are corresponding. She might marry him. She averages three professional dates a week, which seems to be the average for the whole group. In order to be a popular escort, a girl shouldn't be tough, with a hard face, she says, for it would imply the wrong thing. She should have a good wardrobe and know how to wear clothes. She should speak good English, be a good listener, and above all have a sense of

humor. As an escort, she constantly meets interesting men she couldn't meet otherwise. So many girls, no matter how educated and fortunate, have no opportunities to meet men outside their narrow circle. "And every girl, after all, is looking for someone to marry."

Kay is partial to the La Conga, on Vine Street. It has a revolving band stand, with a swing orchestra playing on one side, a rhumba on the other. It's a new nocturnal salon, and is packing 'em in. The other night Louis B. Mayer, who is a rhumba specialist, dropped by with a party of friends, but couldn't get in. One night Kay escorted a Chicago attorney to the La Conga, and he was as excited as any movie fan seeing Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Ethel Merman, Robert Taylor with Barbara Stanwyck, Marlene Dietrich with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Simone Simon, Loretta Young and Andrea Leeds.

Patricia Platnik is the "baby" of this escort family, and her burning ambition is to be an actress. Life wouldn't be worth living otherwise. Like thousands of other movie-struck girls, she came to Hollywood, to find its portals of fame locked before her. One by one her clothes went to the pawnshop. "They were nice clothes, too."

"Men come to Hollywood," Patricia says, "with the idea this is a wild place and they can do anything, and they are disappointed when they find us escort girls like their own sisters or daughters."

Alyce and Faye McCoy are sisters, 22 and 21 respectively, junior college graduates, daughters of a physician. They came to Hollywood two years ago, and do "escorting" in their evenings. Alyce, black-haired, blue-eyed, is a dancer and model.

And now we come to the men who act as paid cavaliers. Meet Arthur Sherman. He is a graduate of the Culver Military Academy, which Tim Holt and Hal Roach, Jr., assure me is the greatest prep school in the world, of Dartmouth College, noted for its aggregation of tough hombres in the scholastic field, and of the New York state police school.

Arthur, in his early thirties, has done about everything. He has policed the Canadian border, played seven years of professional football, boxed, wrestled, held the altitude record of light planes in the East and is a lieutenant in the Air Reserve, and held an executive position with a manufacturing firm before, for reasons of his own, he sought a change of environment in Hollywood. Since then, he has been an extra, dish washer, ditch-digger, truck driver, Sunday School teacher—all of which he considers excellent training for professional escorting.

Six feet two, powerfully built, with keen blue eyes and a mild voice, he is the type of man women like to go around with. As he belonged to exclusive clubs in the East, he has that *savoir-faire* they appreciate. He knows how to order a dinner, how to tip.

"When I heard of this escort business, I thought I might as well pick up a few extra dollars," he told me smiling. Among his regular clients is the widow of a prominent motion picture executive. "A nice motherly type. We go to the races, and sometimes take a trip to Mexico. I act as her bodyguard."

At the moment his best client is a beautiful young widow. "I first took her to the Troc. and then we went to the Clover Club. She wanted to see everything in one night. She gave me \$50 cash in an envelope, but I had to spend some of my own money, because dinner at the Troc is \$4.50 per person, and a bottle of champagne costs \$8 or \$9. But she reimbursed me later. She had plenty of money." That first night she was just a customer to him. But a few days later, she called for him

again, and they went to the races. He has been taking her out regularly twice a week. The rules forbid romantic attachments, but human nature being what it is, they cannot be altogether avoided.

As a professional escort, he was at first embarrassed. It was a strange experience for him to let a woman do the spending, made him uncomfortable. "But here is the way I look at it now," he says. "Every year thousands of girls and single women come to Hollywood for a vacation. They are regular people, there is nothing queer about them. They just want to see the town and movie stars. But they don't know a soul out here to take them around. If you have been in a hotel in a strange city you know what a lonely experience it is. A woman can't go places alone like a man can. They are up against it. They need somebody who knows the town and they can rely on. Hence, professional escorts like me. It's strictly business with us. We are bodyguards."

Another Dartmouth graduate is Robert Wentworth. He is 25—the average age for the men—and has traveled extensively. He knows all the hot spots in Hollywood, the hidden, secretive places frequented by a number of movie stars of strong Sybaritic tastes. Robert took the premedical course at Dartmouth, and has made women his special field of scientific study. He hopes to write books about them, and has already lectured before women's clubs about them. During the day, he is a highly successful salesman of beauty shop supplies. His experiences in movieland would make a volume which Boccaccio, Balzac and Dumas could have used as source material.

Robertson E. Thomas came to Hollywood after two years in the University of Minnesota to try his luck in pictures. No luck. He clerks in a leading department store, and escorts at nights. He is 25, has wavy blonde hair, blue eyes, is a good dresser and good talker. Lives with his mother, who, too, has a fine position, and they are pals. He became an escort because he likes to go out and meet people. "The ideal of this organization is very high," he said. "It's an honest business proposition and not a racket. It's something Hollywood needs. I am not a gigolo. I am an entertainer. By far the most important thing for success in this business is the ability to carry on good conversation."

His first professional date was particularly interesting. "I was a little nervous. She sent her chauffeur and I was driven to her home in Beverly Hills in a luxurious Packard, which made quite an impression on me. I was wondering what kind of a woman she was. She turned out to be very attractive, about 32 years old, wearing a dark evening gown with a corsage of gardenias. She was a blonde widow. Her husband, a stock broker in New York, had died, and she was living alone. We went to the Trocadero for dinner."

"We went around to several night spots, and she spent freely. At 3 a.m. we dropped the chauffeur and went to the beach, to watch the ocean. A gray dawn was creeping over the Pacific. It was beautiful."

"She decided to go on a world cruise, and wanted me to go along. She had plenty of money and wanted to see the world. Her husband was a drab gentleman and spent most of his time piling up money. But she had been faithful to him. She had friends, but of a different sort, and what she craved was romance, which she hoped I would be able to give her. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, like being offered a gold mine. But I thought it over and decided not to take it. She was hurt, didn't call me again. The last I heard she was in London."

Oh, shucks! What's the use being a reporter. I'm going to apply for a job as professional escort in Hollywood!

Control Yourself

from "stem to stern" in a glamorous *B.V. D. Swim Suit!

In every enchanting color, stitch and style, B. V. D. Swim Suits have been created to bestow upon you a sculptured, goddesslike grace! You'll find reasons galore for choosing "Brassette" or "Sculptura" (left to right)—among them these special B. V. D. features...



Brassiere Brilliance that wins new applause for B. V. D. — new loveliness for you. The self-adjusting elastic uplift assures you the firm and flowing silhouette of feminine beauty.

Streamline Control of that crucial midriff section is yours in these flattering, flexible B. V. D. knits. Resilient, soft — yet they "girdle" you in snug and slenderizing firmness.

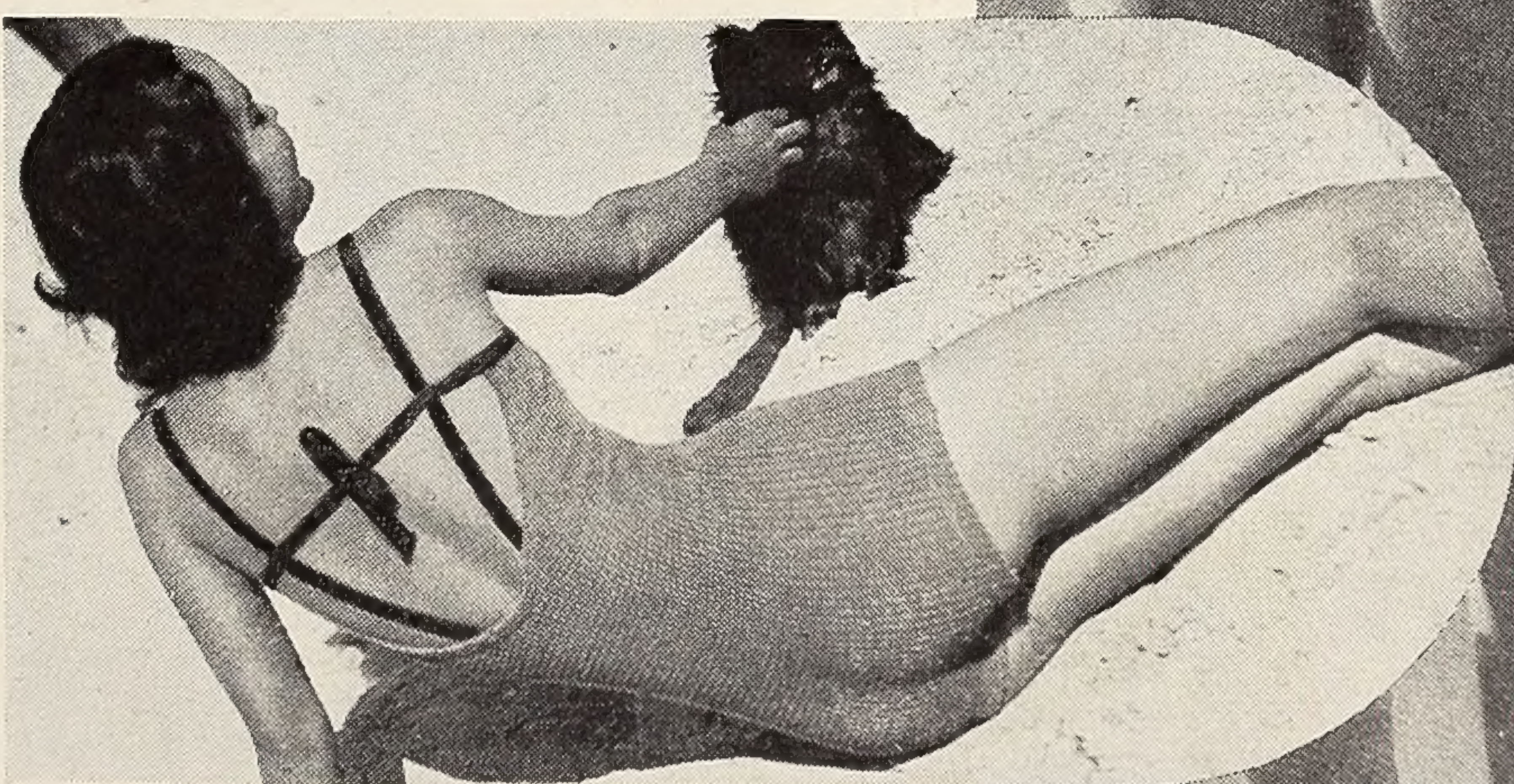


Trunkline Triumph by B. V. D. gives you that extra seat-fullness so essential to perfect fit and unhampered freedom of action—an important feature of all the new B. V. D. swim suits!

The Sea Horse is the sign of aquatic beauty, of sculptured lines and exclusive beauty and comfort features. Look for this emblem on the smartest swim suit fashions for 1938!

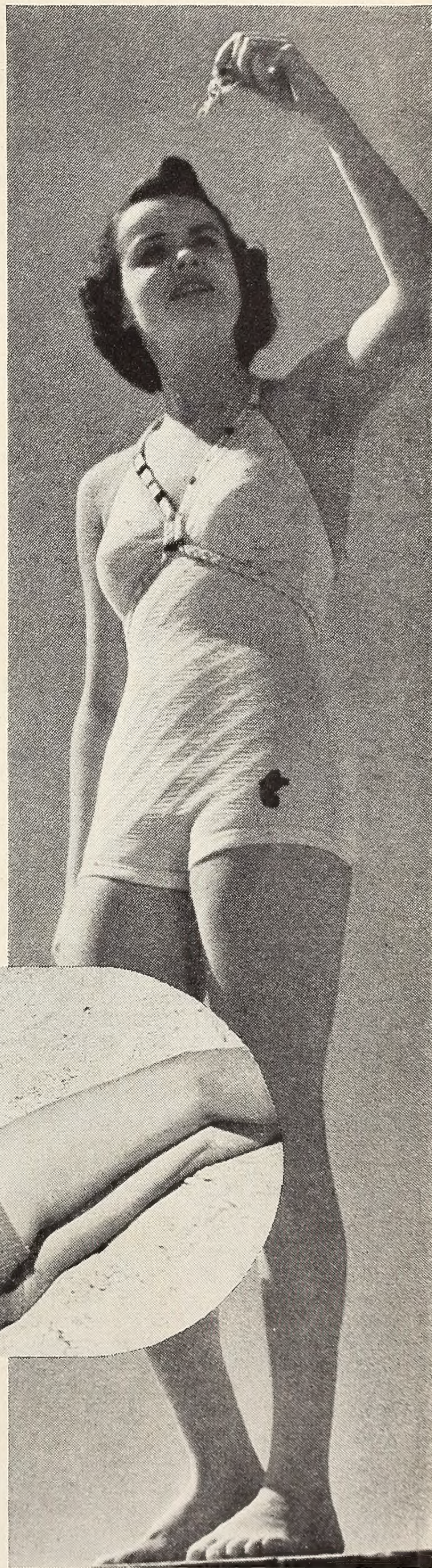


"Brassette" (below) is named for its famous bra-top design. The back straps that help control the lovely bust line, untie for an even coat of tan. Like all B. V. D. maillots, it is fully lined (skirted suits are lined through the bust). **\$5.95.**



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The B. V. D. Corporation, Empire State Building, New York City



"Sculptura" (above) in B. V. D.'s new "Crosstide" stitch. Adjustable braided rope straps outline and hold the bust. Elastic banding inside the maillot trunks keeps them snugly in place. **\$4.95.**

The Final Thing

ONE of the best liked actresses on the Warner Brothers lot is little Marie Wilson who gets her first big screen part in "Boy Meets Girl." Marie has been playing bits in small unpretentious pictures for some time, and simply yearning her heart out for a big time "A" picture. But, immediately she was signed for an "A" picture, "Boy Meets Girl," poor little Marie's face broke out in a rash and started swelling. She was afraid she had lost the part but the studio promised to wait for her until she got well. "Oh, dear," she said to the producer, "I guess I'm just allergic to "A" pictures."

IT COULD only happen in Hollywood. On May 27, 1937, H. Bruce Humberstone, a director at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio, dropped into a Hollywood barber shop for a shave and a manicure. He was attracted by the movie possibilities of the pretty manicurist and asked her to take a screen test.

On May 27, 1938, Twentieth Century-Fox released their screen version of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped" in which Arleen Whelan, ex-manicurist, plays the leading feminine role opposite Warner Baxter. Arleen, who is sentimental, asked to have her first picture released on May 27, and her request was granted by the studio.

WHEN you see Ronald Colman being pelted with cobblestones in the streets of Paris for a scene in "If I Were King" don't get excited. The cobblestones are being molded out of bread and can't possibly hurt anyone. The studio prop department first used rubber cobblestones, but they had the habit of bouncing, and that would never do.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Why not go to Hollywood on your vacation? When you read how inexpensive this trip can be you will want to pack your bag and be off at once. You can stay in Hollywood and see everything, including the big stars and important premieres, at small cost. Next month Silver Screen gives all the details. Don't miss this article.

The fascination of the high-tensioned life of the screen colony vibrates from our monthly fiction story. All of us welcome romance and you will find plenty of it here.

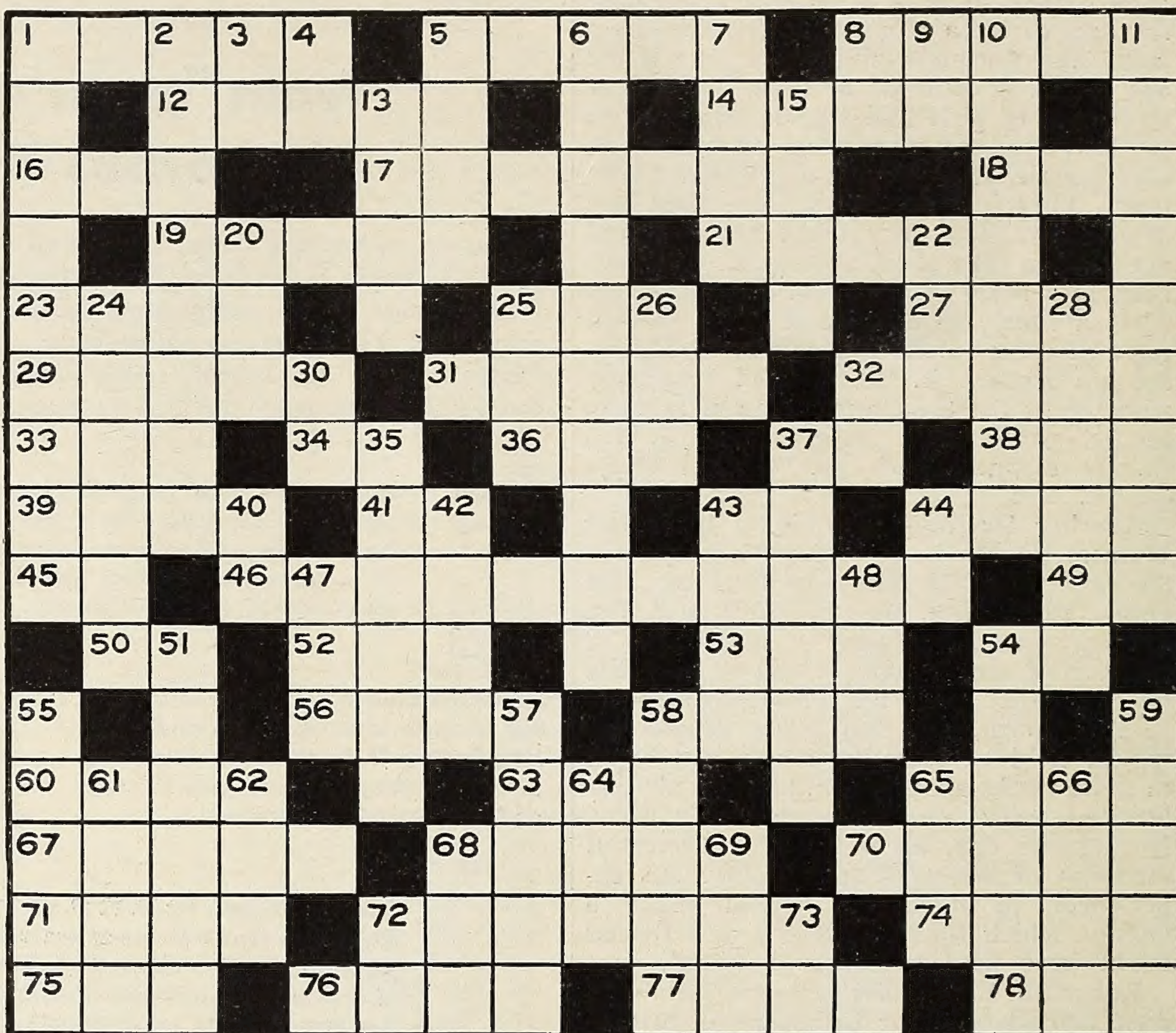
The gifted Norma Shearer and the gifted Elizabeth Wilson are collaborating—sort of—on a story for Silver Screen. Norma has lived and is living one of the quietest but most dramatic lives in Hollywood. Miss Wilson has talked with her and will tell the story in her next Projection.

The True Stories of girls for whom the going has been tough in the many varied jobs of picture-making have aroused considerable interest. These girls are necessary to the studios and it is time they had a little recognition. Watch for the next True Story in this series.

All these absorbing features as well as many others will appear in our August issue, on sale July 13th.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

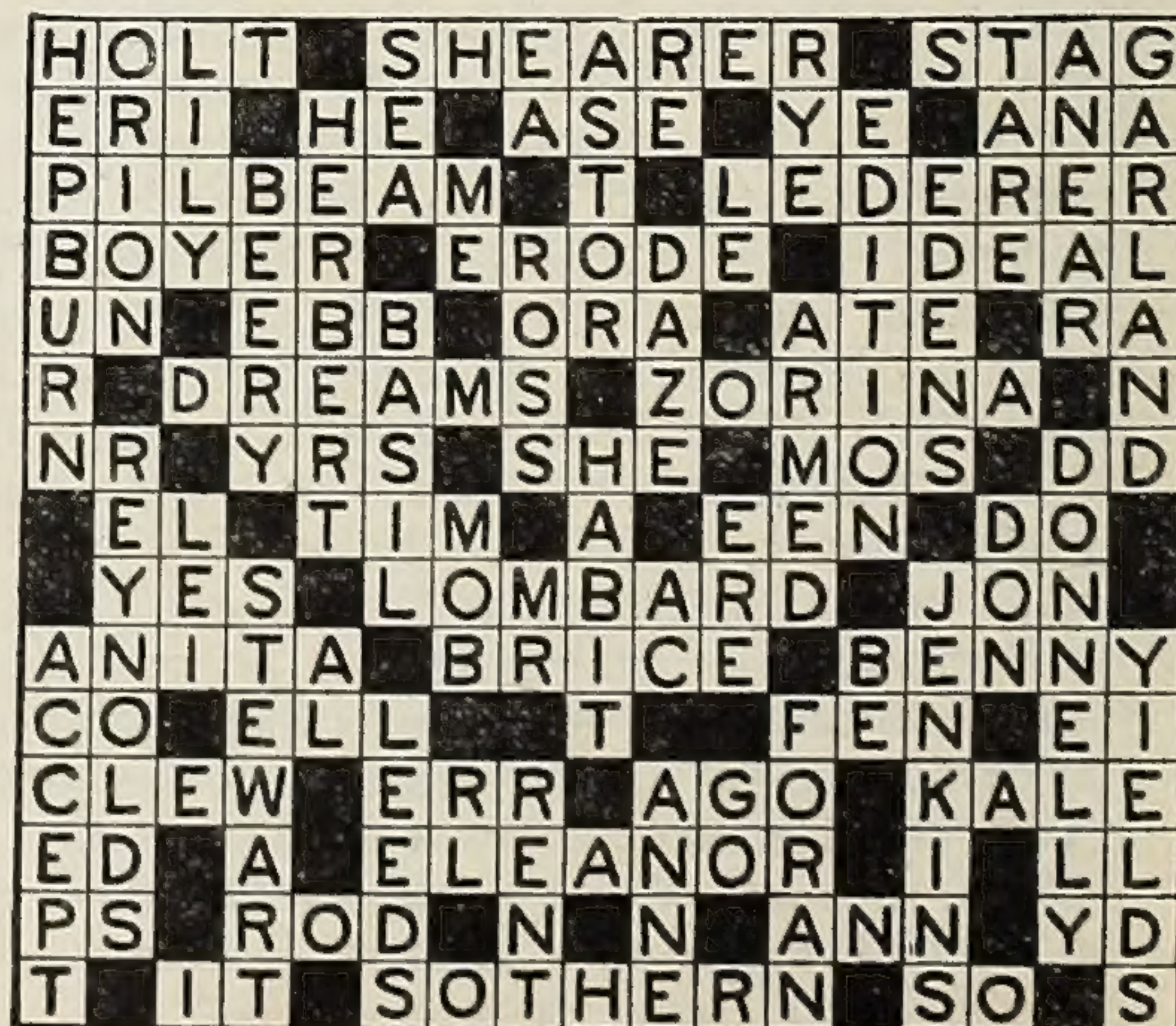
- 1 In "Divorce of Lady X"
- 5 "The Buccaneer"
- 8 Operatic tenor in "Romance in the Dark"
- 12 Humble
- 14 Musical drama
- 16 To be able
- 17 Aunt in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"
- 18 She was born in Covington, Ky.
- 19 Something owed
- 21 Dismal
- 23 Scent
- 25 Fondle
- 27 Cosy place of abode
- 29 In "Tip-off Girls"
- 31 Star of "Adventures of Robin Hood"
- 32 An establishment for rearing cattle
- 33 Small venomous snake
- 34 Biblical pronoun
- 36 Frequently (poet.)
- 37 Degree (abbr.)
- 38 Cry of a dove
- 39 Comedian in "Josette"
- 41 Perform
- 43 Behold
- 44 Bill of fare
- 45 Decigram (abbr.)
- 46 Persevering lover in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"
- 49 New England state (abbr.)
- 50 To whom Charlie McCarthy owes all (initials)
- 52 To prosecute
- 53 Ripen
- 54 Regarding (abbr.)
- 56 In "Condemned Women"
- 58 Any open space
- 60 Slave
- 63 Took precedence
- 65 In "Big Broadcast of 1938"
- 67 Bleach
- 68 Princess in "Marco Polo"
- 70 Singing chef in "Everybody Sing"
- 71 Small or insignificant mark
- 72 Sheriff in "Girl of the Golden West"
- 74 Part of the verb "to be"
- 75 Mineral spring
- 76 Theatre box
- 77 Single thing
- 78 Nevertheless

DOWN

- 1 The "Girl of the Golden West"
- 2 Now at work in "The Texan"
- 3 Measure of weight (abbr.)
- 4 Every (abbr.)
- 5 Encounter
- 6 In "Judge Hardy's Children"
- 7 Cultivated
- 8 Exist
- 9 Either
- 10 Young barrister in "Divorce of Lady X"

- 11 Star of "Romance in the Dark"
- 13 Move progressively in the water
- 15 Funeral pile
- 20 Period of time
- 22 Collection of notable sayings
- 24 Administering of medicine in prescribed quantity
- 25 No longer an amateur (slang)
- 26 Small child
- 28 Wall-bracket for holding a light
- 30 Birthplace of James Cagney (abbr.)
- 32 Sun god
- 35 With Mae West in "Every Day's a Holiday"
- 37 Eccentric dancer in "Rosalie"
- 40 Recording secretary (abbr.)
- 42 Forbode
- 43 One addicted to lying
- 44 Myself
- 47 United States of America (abbr.)
- 48 Meadow
- 51 Spoiled brat in "Merrily We Live"
- 54 Son in "Judge Hardy's Children"
- 55 "Judge Hardy" himself
- 57 Dodge
- 58 Farewell
- 59 On the credit side
- 61 Place for purchasing goods
- 62 Greek letter
- 64 Unit of energy
- 65 Use an oar
- 66 Withered
- 68 Two-wheeled vehicle for one horse
- 69 Period of time
- 72 Italian river
- 73 Nickel (abbr.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



NEW STARLIGHT FOR HOLLYWOOD

The New Universal proudly presents The American Debut of

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

*The girl whose exquisite beauty...
charm of performance...has made her
the most beloved stage and screen
star in all Europe...The star of the
sensational MAYERLING...which all
America has taken to its heart!*

DANIELLE DOUGLAS
DARRIEUX • FAIRBANKS, Jr.

in

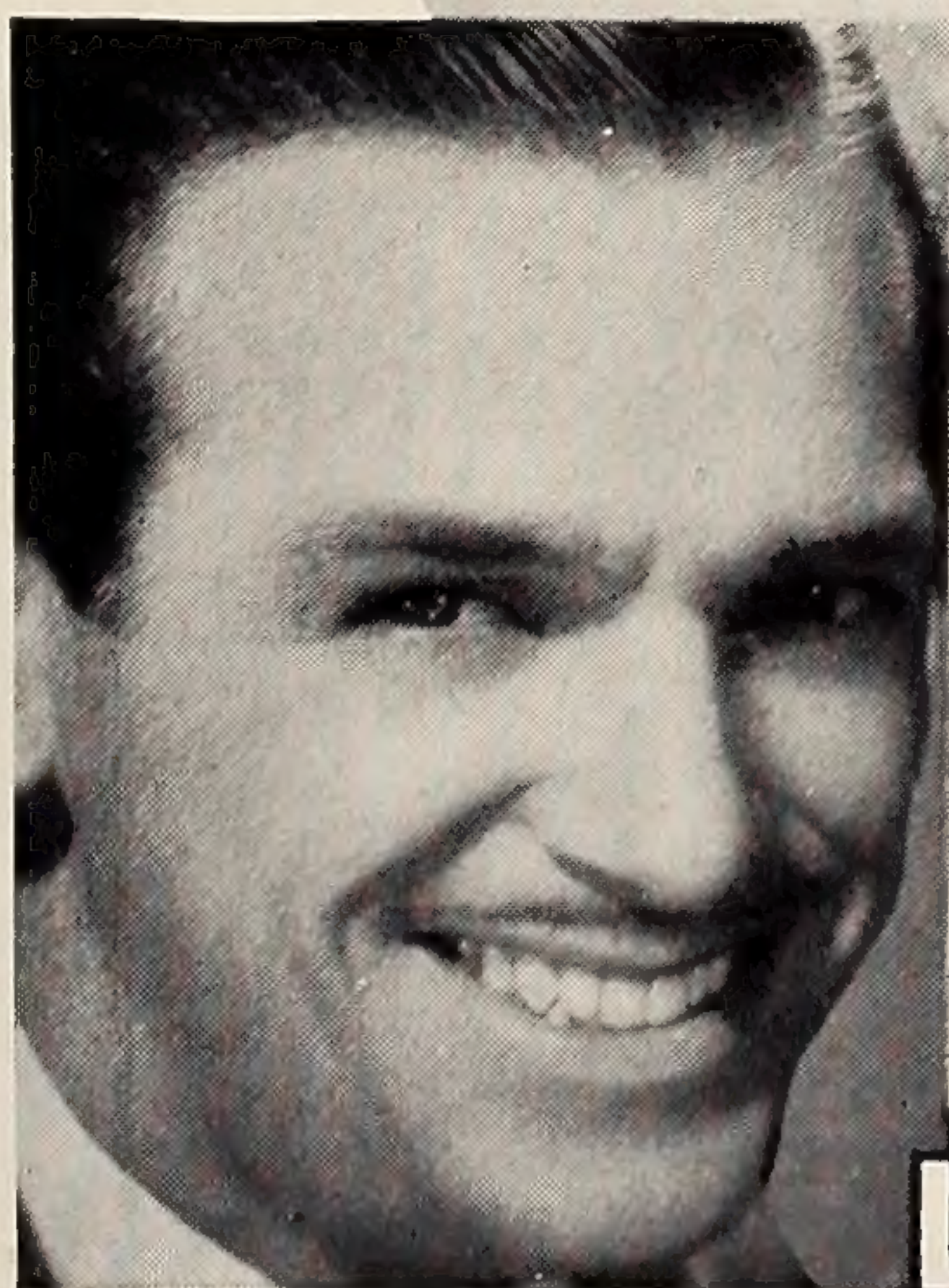
"THE RAGE OF PARIS"

with

MISCHA HELEN LOUIS
AUER BRODERICK HAYWARD

*Original Story and Screen Play by Bruce Manning
and Felix Jackson*

*Directed by HENRY KOSTER who made
"3 SMART GIRLS" and "100 MEN AND A GIRL"*
Produced by B. G. de SYLVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production



DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR.



HELEN BRODERICK



MISCHA AUER

Creature of a thousand new moods of femininity!

*Spirit
of '38*

fall in with the army
of happy smokers who know
that *Chesterfield's* milder and
better taste *really satisfies*



Chesterfield

... the right cigarette for
MORE PLEASURE